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THE WORKS OF

# WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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EDINBURGH AND LONDON

# THE WORKS OF

# WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE TEXT REVISED

BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

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# KING LEAR.

# KING LEAR.

Was acted before King James on Dec. 26th, 1606, as we learn by the following memorandum in the Stationers' Registers, dated Nov. 26th, 1607; "Na. Butter and Jo. Bushby] Entered for their copie under t' hands of Sir Geo. Bucke, Kt., and the Wardens, a booke called Mr. Willm Shakespeare his Hystorye of Kinge Lear, as yt was played before the King's Majestie at Whitehall, upon St. Stephen's night at Christmas last, by his Majesties Servants playing usually at the Globe on the Banckside." During the next year three editions of the play were put forth in quarto by Butter; nor was it reprinted till it appeared in the folio of 1623. Very large portions found in the quartos are omitted in the folio, which yet here and there affords lines not contained in the quartos.—Steevens observes that *King Lear*, or at least the whole of it, could not have been written till after the publication of Harsnet's *Discovery of Popish Impostors*, in 1603, for the names of the fiends mentioned by Edgar are taken from Harsnet's work. Malone remarks; "It seems extremely probable that its first appearance was in March or April, 1605; in which year the old play of *King Leir*, that had been entered at Stationers' Hall in 1594, was printed by Simon Stafford for John Wright, who, we may presume, finding Shakespeare's play successful, hoped to palm the spurious one on the public for his. The old *King Leir* was entered on the Stationers' Books, May 8, 1605, as it was *lately* acted." *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 404.—Our author had read the story of King Lear and his daughters in Geoffrey of Monmouth, in Holinshed, in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, &c.; with the anonymous old play *The True Chronicle History of King Leir, and his Three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella*, he was doubtless acquainted, and would seem to have made some slight use of it; and he certainly appears to have formed the episode of Gloster and his sons on the story of the blind King of Paphlagonia in Sidney's *Arcadia*, B. ii. ch. 10 of ed. 1590. (The old play of *King Leir* has been reprinted by Steevens in vol. iv. of *Twenty of the Plays of Shakespeare*, &c., 1766, and by Nichols among *Six Old Plays, on which Shakespeare founded*, &c., 1779; and Higgins's legend, in verse, of "*Queene Cordila*," from *The Mirror for Magistrates*, and "*The pitifull state and storie of the Paphlagonian unkinde King*," &c., from Sidney's *Arcadia*, are included in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. ii.)

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEAR, king of Britain.
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Kent.
Earl of Gloster.
EDGAR, son to Gloster.
EDMUND, bastard son to Gloster.
CURAN, a courtier.
Old Man, tenant to Gloster.
Doctor.
Fool.
OSWALD, steward to Goneril.
An Officer employed by Edmund.
Gentleman attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL,
REGAN,
CORDELIA, } daughters to Lear.

Knights attending on Lear, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—*Britain.*

# KING LEAR.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. *A room of state in* King LEAR'S *palace.*

*Enter* KENT, GLOSTER, *and* EDMUND.

*Kent.* I thought the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

*Glo.* It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

*Kent.* Is not this your son, my lord?

*Glo.* His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to't.

*Kent.* I cannot conceive you.

*Glo.* Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

*Kent.* I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

*Glo.* But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came something saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

*Edm.* No, my lord.

*Glo.* My Lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

*Edm.* My services to your lordship.

*Kent.* I must love you, and sue to know you better.

*Edm.* Sir, I shall study deserving.

*Glo.* He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. [*Sennet within.*]—The king is coming.

*Enter* LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, *and* Attendants.

*Lear.* Attend the Lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.[1]

*Glo.* I shall, my liege. [*Exeunt Gloster and Edmund.*

*Lear.* Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.—
Give me the map there.—Know that we've divided
In three our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,—
Since now we will divest us both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,—
Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge.—Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

(1) *Attend the Lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.*] Walker, who (*Versification of Shakespeare*, &c., p. 240) has a section on the spelling and pronunciation of the name "*Burgundy*," observes that in this passage "the pronunciation *Burgogne* would restore harmony." But see note 2 on *The Second Part of King Henry VI.*

*Gon.* Sir,
I love you more than words can wield the matter;[2]
Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valu'd, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour;
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found;
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

*Cor.* [*aside*] What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent.[3]

*Lear.* Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.[4]

*Reg.* Sir,[5]
I'm made of that self metal as my sister,

(2) *more than words can wield the matter;*] So the quartos.—The folio has "*more then* word *can*," &c.; which is retained by Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier; and by Delius, who defends it by citing *as parallel*, from act iii. sc. 2, "When priests are more *in word than matter*." Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier at least, being Englishmen, ought to have *felt* that here the author must have used the plural.—1865. Mr. Collier in the second edition of his *Shakespeare* prints "*words*."

(3) *What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent.*] So the quartos.—The folio has "*What shall Cordelia* speake? *Loue, and be silent;*" which is retained by Mr. Knight, Mr. Collier, and Delius. ("The quartos," says Mr. Knight, "read 'What shall Cordelia *do?*' This feebler reading destroys the force of the answer, 'Love, and *be silent.*'" Now, to my thinking, "the answer" shows most distinctly that the reading of the folio is the wrong one.)

(4) *Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.*] So the quartos.—The folio omits "*Speak:*" but Lear has concluded his address to Goneril with "*speak* first;" and he afterwards finishes that to Cordelia with "*Speak.*"

(5) *Sir,*] Omitted in the folio, is now added from the quartos, which have

"*Sir I am made of* the *selfe*-same *mettall* that *my sister is*," &c.

Compare Goneril's speech,

"*Sir*,
I love you more," &c.

and Cordelia's, "Nothing, *my lord.*"

And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short,—that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense possesses;[6]
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

*Cor.* [*aside*] Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More richer than my tongue.

*Lear.* To thee and thine hereditary ever
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although our last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interess'd; what can you say to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.[7]

*Cor.* Nothing, my lord.

*Lear.* Nothing!

(6) *Which the most precious square of sense possesses;*] So the quartos.—The folio has "—— *sense* professes."—By "*square*" Johnson understands "compass, comprehension:" Edwards "believes that Shakespeare uses '*square*' for the full complement of all the senses."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters "*square*" to "sphere."

(7) *Now, our joy,*
*Although our last, not least; to whose young love*
*The vines of France and milk of Burgundy*
*Strive to be interess'd; what can you say to draw*
*A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.*]

The quartos have

"but *now our ioy,*
*Although* the *last, not least* in our deere *loue,*
*What can you say to* win *a third, more opulent*
*Then your sisters?*"

The folio has

"*Now our Ioy,*
*Although our last* and *least; to whose yong loue,*
*The Vines of France, and Milke of Burgundie,*
*Striue to be interest. What can you say, to draw*
*A third, more opilent then your Sisters? speake,*"—

with a flagrant error in the second line, which (instead of correcting it by means of the quartos) Mr. Knight, Mr. Collier, and Delius [and,

*Cor.* Nothing.

*Lear.* Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.

*Cor.* Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more nor less.

*Lear.* How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes.

*Cor.* Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty:
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

*Lear.* But goes thy heart with this?

*Cor.* Ay, good my lord.[8]

*Lear.* So young, and so untender?

*Cor.* So young, my lord, and true.

*Lear.* Let it be so,—thy truth, then, be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries[9] of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operation of the orbs
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me

1865, Mr. Grant White] retain. ("So, in the old anonymous play King Leir speaking to Mumford,

'to thee last of all;
Not greeted last, 'cause thy desert was small.'" STEEVENS.

"Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, written before 1593;

'The *third* and *last*, *not least*, in our account.'" MALONE.)

([8]) *good my lord.*] So the quartos.—The folio has "my good Lord:" but compare Cordelia's preceding speech.

([9]) *mysteries*] So the second folio.—The quartos have "mistresse;" while the first folio has "miseries."

Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime daughter.

*Kent.* Good my liege,—

*Lear.* Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.—
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight![10]
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—who stirs?
Call Burgundy.—Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name, and all th' additions to a king;
The sway,
Revenue, execution of the rest,
Belovèd sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*Giving the crown.*

*Kent.* Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

*Lear.* The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

[10] *Hence, and avoid my sight!*—] "These words are in all the [modern] editions directed to Cordelia, which undoubtedly are addressed to Kent. For in the next words Lear sends for France and Burgundy, in order to tender them his youngest daughter," &c. HEATH.—And compare what Lear afterwards says to Kent, "Out of my sight!" p. 11.—Malone, however, has no doubt that the direction "*To Cordelia*" is right; and he remarks truly enough, that "Kent has hitherto said nothing that could extort even from the choleric king so harsh a sentence," &c.

*Kent.* Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound,
When majesty falls to folly. Reverse thy doom;[11]
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.
*Lear.* Kent, on thy life, no more.
*Kent.* My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.
*Lear.* Out of my sight!
*Kent.* See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.
*Lear.* Now, by Apollo,—
*Kent.* Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.
*Lear.* O, vassal! miscreant!
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
*Alb., Corn.* Dear sir, forbear.
*Kent.* Do;
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.
*Lear.* Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance, hear me!—
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,—
Which we durst never yet,—and with strain'd pride

(11) *Reverse thy doom;*] So the quartos.—The folio has "reserue *thy* state."—"I am inclined to think that '*reverse thy doom*' was Shakespeare's first reading, as more appoeite to the present occasion, and that he changed it afterwards to '*reserve thy state*,' which conduces more to the progress of the action." JOHNSON.

To come between our sentence and our power,—[12]
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,—
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world;[13]
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! by Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.

*Kent.* Fare thee well, king: sith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—
[*To Cordelia*] The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—
[*To Regan and Goneril*] And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of love.—
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*

*Flourish. Re-enter* GLOSTER, *with* FRANCE, BURGUNDY, *and* Attendants.

*Glo.* Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

*Lear.* My Lord of Burgundy,
We first address towards you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter: what, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

*Bur.* Most royal majesty,

(12) *To come between our sentence and our power,—*] In this line the folio has "sentences;" as, by the same sort of error, it has, p. 7, "To thine and Albanies *issues*," &c.; and Mr. Knight adheres to it in both places! Delius also retains and defends "sentences"!

(13) *diseases of the world;*] "Thus the quartos. The folio has '*disasters* of the world.' The alteration, I believe, was made by the editor in consequence of his not knowing the meaning of the original word. *Diseases*, in old language, meant the slighter *inconveniences*, *troubles*, or *distresses of the world*. . . . . The provision that Kent could make in five days might in some measure guard him against the *diseases* of the world, but could not shield him from its *disasters*." MALONE.

I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

*Lear.* Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands:
If aught within that little seeming[14] substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

*Bur.* I know no answer.

*Lear.* Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

*Bur.* Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.

*Lear.* Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—[*To France*] For you, great king,
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
T' avert your liking a more worthier way
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost t' acknowledge hers.

*France.* This is most strange,
That she, who even but now was your best object,[15]
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dear'st,[16] should in this trice of time

(14) *little seeming*] "Read '*little-seeming.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 275.

(15) *That she, who even but now was your best object,*] The quartos have

"*that she* that *euen but now*
*Was your best obiect.*"—

The folio has "*That she* whom *euen but now, was your obiect,*" &c.—(Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "—— *your* blest *object.*")

(16) *Most best, most dear'st,*] So the quartos.—The folio has "The *best*, the *deerest.*" (Compare, at p. 47, "To take the basest and *most poorest* shape:" and in the speech preceding the present one we have "T' avert your liking a *more worthier* way.")

Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall'n into taint: which to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.

*Cor.* I yet beseech your majesty.—
If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,[17]
I'll do't before I speak,—that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,[18]
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour;
But even for want of that for which I'm richer,—
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
As I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.

*Lear.* Better thou
Hadst not been born than not t' have pleas'd me better.

(17) *since what I well intend,*] So the quartos.—The folio has "*since what I* will *intend;*" as afterwards, p. 24, it has, by the same mistake, "If but as *will* I other accents borrow:" yet here Mr. Knight adheres to the folio; and so does Delius.

(18) *It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,*] In this line the spelling of the quartos is "*murder*," that of the folio "*murther*."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes

"*It is no vicious blot*, nor other *foulness:*"

and undoubtedly the original reading is a very suspicious one, though a critic in *Blackwood's Magazine* for Oct. 1853, p. 464, defends it as follows; "The King of France has just before said,

'Sure her offence
Must be of such *unnatural* degree
That *monsters it;*'

that is, that makes a monster of it—it can be nothing short of some crime of the deepest dye; and therefore 'murder' does not seem to be so much out of place in the mouth of Cordelia:"—who had been described by Lear as

"a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost t' acknowledge hers."—

1865. "What has '*murder*' to do here? Read '*umber.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 275.

*France.* Is it but this,—a tardiness in nature
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do?—My Lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love's not love
When it is mingled with regards that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

*Bur.* Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

*Lear.* Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

*Bur.* I'm sorry, then, you have so lost a father
That you must lose a husband.

*Cor.* Peace be with Burgundy![19]
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

*France.* Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be't lawful I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Can buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou losest here, a better where to find.

*Lear.* Thou hast her, France: let her be thine; for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again:—Therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison.—
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Lear, Burgundy, Cornwall, Albany, Gloster, and Attendants.*

*France.* Bid farewell to your sisters.

(19) *Burgundy!*] See note 1.

*Cor.* Ye jewels[20] of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Love well our father:
To your professèd bosoms I commit him:
But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So, farewell to you both.

*Reg.* Prescribe not us our duties.

*Gon.* Let your study
Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

*Cor.* Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides:
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper![21]

*France.* Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt France and Cordelia.*

*Gon.* Sister, it is not little I have to say of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think our father will hence to-night.

[20] *Ye jewels*] The old eds. have "The *iewels*."—See note 168 on *The Third Part of King Henry VI.*; note 44 on *Coriolanus*; and note 107 on *Julius Cæsar*.—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 276) would support the old text by passages of Spenser and Browne, which are not parallel to the present one.

[21] *Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides:*
*Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.*
*Well may you prosper!*]

"So the quartos (excepting that 'cover,' by a very common error, is misprinted *covers*), correctly; and the folio, corruptly, 'at last *with* shame derides.'" COLLIER.—But Mr. Knight and Delius have brought back the reading of the folio, "*Who* covers *faults, at last* with *shame derides*,"—understanding "*Who*" as the relative to "*time*," and supposing,—very erroneously, I think,—that the line unaltered will bear the same meaning as it does with Hanmer's alteration, "*Who* cover'd [Mason proposes "covert"] *faults at last* with *shame derides*."—I adhere to the quartos, because I feel convinced that "*Who*" refers to people in general,—"Those *who*," &c.:—and it certainly would seem that here, as Henley observes, Cordelia alludes to a passage in Scripture, *Prov.* xxviii. 18, "He that *covereth* his sins shall not *prosper*," &c. As to the "with" of the folio (which, by the by, Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector changes to "*them*"), I can no more account for it, than for the hundreds of other strange things which the folio exhibits.

*Reg.* That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

*Gon.* You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little:[22] he always loved our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.

*Reg.* 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

*Gon.* The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engraffed condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

*Reg.* Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him as this of Kent's banishment.

*Gon.* There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit together: if our father carry authority with such dispositions[23] as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

*Reg.* We shall further think of it.

*Gon.* We must do something, and i' the heat. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. *A hall in the* Earl of GLOSTER'S *castle.*

*Enter* EDMUND, *with a letter.*

*Edm.* Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I

(22) *the observation we have made of it hath not been little:*] Here the "*not*" happens to have dropt out of the folio; and accordingly Mr. Knight and Delius, in defiance of common sense, print "—— the observation we have made of it hath been little."

(23) *hit together: if our father carry authority with such dispositions*] So the quartos ("*hit*, i.e. agree." STEEVENS).—The folio has "sit *together, if our Father carry authority with such* disposition *as*," &c.; which Mr. Knight gives, though "sit" is a stark misprint. As to "*dispositions*" or "disposition,"—either reading may stand: we have afterwards from the mouth of the present speaker, p. 30,

"and put away
These *dispositions;*"

and p. 33,

"But let his *disposition* have that scope."

Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tirèd bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well, then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
As to the legitimate: fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:—[24]
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

*Enter* GLOSTER.

*Glo.* Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his power!
Confin'd to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad!—Edmund, how now! what news?

*Edm.* So please your lordship, none.

[*Putting up the letter.*

*Glo.* Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

*Edm.* I know no news, my lord.

*Glo.* What paper were you reading?

[24] *Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:*—] The quartos have "*shall* tooth' *legitimate: I grow, I prosper.*"—The folio has

"*Shall* to' th' *Legitimate: I grow, I prosper.*"—

Rowe printed "*Shall* to th' *legitimate—I grow, I prosper,*" supposing the sentence to be imperfect; which it evidently is not.—Theobald reads "*Shall* be *th' legitimate,*" &c.—Hanmer gives "*Shall* toe *th' legitimate,*" &c.—I have adopted the more probable correction of Capell, which he communicated to Edwards.

*Edm.* Nothing, my lord.

*Glo.* No? What needed, then, that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

*Edm.* I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

*Glo.* Give me the letter, sir.

*Edm.* I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

*Glo.* Let's see, let's see.

*Edm.* I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

*Glo.* [*reads*] "This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, EDGAR."

Hum—conspiracy!—"Sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue,"—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? who brought it?

*Edm.* It was not brought me, my lord,—there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

*Glo.* You know the character to be your brother's?

*Edm.* If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

*Glo.* It is his.

*Edm.* It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

*Glo.* Has he never before sounded you in this business?

*Edm.* Never, my lord: but I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining,

the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

*Glo.* O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him:—abominable villain!—Where is he?

*Edm.* I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

*Glo.* Think you so?

*Edm.* If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

*Glo.* He cannot be such a monster—

*Edm.* Nor is not, sure.

*Glo.* To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution.

*Edm.* I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

*Glo.* These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature[25] finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason;

[25] *though the wisdom of nature . . . . yet nature*, &c.] "*Possibly* wrong." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 287.—For the first "*nature*" Hanmer substituted "mankind."—Johnson's explanation of the text is, "though natural philosophy can give account of eclipses, yet we feel their consequences."

and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves.—Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully.—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty!—'Tis strange. [*Exit.*

*Edm.* This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune,—often the surfeit of our own behaviour,—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: an admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major;* so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut,[26] I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.—Edgar! pat he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy: my cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.

*Enter* EDGAR.

O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.

*Edg.* How now, brother Edmund! what serious contemplation are you in?

*Edm.* I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

*Edg.* Do you busy yourself with that?

(26) *Tut,*] The folio omits this interjection; but without it the sentence has a baldness. (In all the quartos I have seen it stands "Fut;" which seems to be a misprint for "*Tut,*" rather than intended for "Foot" or "'Sfoot.")

*Edm.* I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

*Edg.* How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

*Edm.* Come, come; when saw you my father last?

*Edg.* The night gone by.

*Edm.* Spake you with him?

*Edg.* Ay, two hours together.

*Edm.* Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word nor countenance?

*Edg.* None at all.

*Edm.* Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

*Edg.* Some villain hath done me wrong.

*Edm.* That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: pray ye, go; there's my key:—if you do stir abroad, go armed.

*Edg.* Armed, brother!

*Edm.* Brother, I advise you to the best; I am no honest man if there be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have seen and heard but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it: pray you, away.

*Edg.* Shall I hear from you anon?

*Edm.* I do serve you in this business. [*Exit Edgar.*

A credulous father! and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A room in the* Duke of ALBANY'S *palace.*

*Enter* GONERIL *and* OSWALD.

*Gon.* Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

*Osw.* Ay, madam.

*Gon.* By day and night, he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle.—When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him; say I am sick:—
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

[*Horns within.*

*Osw.* He's coming, madam; I hear him.

*Gon.* Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:
If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-rul'd. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd
With checks as flatteries,—when they're seen abus'd.
Remember what I have said.

*Osw.* Very well, madam.

*Gon.* And let his knights have colder looks among you;
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak:—I'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my very course.—Prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV. *A hall in the same.*

*Enter* KENT, *disguised.*

*Kent.* If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

*Horns within. Enter* LEAR, Knights, *and* Attendants.

*Lear.* Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now! what art thou?

*Kent.* A man, sir.

*Lear.* What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

*Kent.* I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

*Lear.* What art thou?

*Kent.* A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

*Lear.* If thou be as poor for a subject as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

*Kent.* Service.

*Lear.* Who wouldst thou serve?

*Kent.* You.

*Lear.* Dost thou know me, fellow?

*Kent.* No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

*Lear.* What's that?

*Kent.* Authority.

*Lear.* What services canst thou do?

*Kent.* I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

*Lear.* How old art thou?

*Kent.* Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

*Lear.* Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool?—Go you, and call my fool hither. [*Exit an Attendant.*

*Enter* OSWALD.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

*Osw.* So please you,— [*Exit.*

*Lear.* What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back. [*Exit a Knight.*]—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.

*Re-enter* Knight.

How now! where's that mongrel?

*Knight.* He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

*Lear.* Why came not the slave back to me when I called him?

*Knight.* Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

*Lear.* He would not!

*Knight.* My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants[27] as in the duke himself also and your daughter.

*Lear.* Ha! sayest thou so?

*Knight.* I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mis-

(27) *dependants*] "'*Dependance*'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 277.

taken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged.

*Lear.* Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

*Knight.* Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

*Lear.* No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*]—Go you, call hither my fool. [*Exit an Attendant.*

*Re-enter* OSWALD.

O, you sir, you, come you hither, sir: who am I, sir?

*Osw.* My lady's father.

*Lear.* "My lady's father"! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

*Osw.* I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

*Lear.* Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[*Striking him.*

*Osw.* I'll not be struck, my lord.

*Kent.* Nor tripped neither, you base football player.

[*Tripping up his heels.*

*Lear.* I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

*Kent.* Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away! go to; have you wisdom? so.

[*Pushes Oswald out.*

*Lear.* Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service. [*Giving Kent money.*

*Enter* Fool.

*Fool.* Let me hire him too:—here's my coxcomb.

[*Offering Kent his cap.*

*Lear.* How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

*Fool.* Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

*Kent.* Why, fool?[28]

*Fool.* Why, for taking one's part that's out of favour: nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb: why, this fellow has banished two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!

*Lear.* Why, my boy?

*Fool.* If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

*Lear.* Take heed, sirrah,—the whip.

*Fool.* Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipped out, when the lady brach[29] may stand by the fire and stink.

*Lear.* A pestilent gall to me!

*Fool.* Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

*Lear.* Do.[30]

*Fool.* Mark it, nuncle;

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest;

(28) Kent. *Why, fool?*] So the quartos.—The folio has "Lear. *Why* my Boy?"—the eye of the transcriber or compositor having most probably caught the next speech but one.—Here Mr. Collier and Delius adhere to the folio, and consequently mark the words "Why, for taking one's part that's out of favour" (which they wrongly point, with the folio, "Why? for taking," &c.) as spoken by the Fool *to Lear*. But it is plain that the Fool addresses the king for the first time when he says "How now, nuncle," &c.

(29) *when the lady brach*] So the folio.—The quartos have "*when* lady oth'e *brach*."—This has been altered to "*when the* lady's *brach*," and to "*when* Lady, the *brach*" (as in *The First Part of King Henry IV.* act iii. sc. 1, "Lady, my brach").—Steevens cites from "the old black-letter Booke of Huntyng," &c., no date, "and small *ladi popies*," &c.: and see Nares's *Gloss.* in v. "Brach."

(30) Lear. *Do.*] Capell gives this to *Kent*.

Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

*Kent.* This is nothing, fool.

*Fool.* Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer,—you gave me nothing for't.—Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

*Lear.* Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

*Fool.* [*to Kent*] Prithee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool.

*Lear.* A bitter fool!

*Fool.* Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

*Lear.* No, lad; teach me.

*Fool.* That lord that counsell'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,—
Do thou for him stand;
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

*Lear.* Dost thou call me fool, boy?

*Fool.* All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

*Kent.* This is not altogether fool, my lord.

*Fool.* No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.[31]—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

[31] *lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.*] From "*Fool.* That lord that counsell'd thee" down to the end of the present quotation is only in the quartos; which have here "loades" and "lodes" instead of "*ladies.*"—"Modern editors," observes Mr. Collier, "without the slightest authority, read 'and *ladies* too,' when the old copies have not a word about ladies: all the fool means to say is, that if he had a monopoly of folly, great men

*Lear.* What two crowns shall they be?

*Fool.* Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

Fools had ne'er less grace in a year; [*Singing.*
For wise men are grown foppish,
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

*Lear.* When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

*Fool.* I have used it, nuncle, e'er since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers: for when thou gavest them the rod, and puttedst down thine own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep, [*Singing.*
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

*Lear.* An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

*Fool.* I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle:—here comes one o' the parings.

*Enter* GONERIL.

*Lear.* How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown.

would have part of it, and a large part too." But mark the ridiculous inconsistency of expression in the passage, if the Fool be speaking of *lords* only,—"they would have *part* on't"—"and *loads* too"—"they'll be *snatching*."

*Fool.* Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—[*To Gon.*] Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

> He that keeps nor crust nor crum,*
> Weary of all, shall want some.—

That's a shealed peascod. [*Pointing to Lear.*

*Gon.* Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endurèd riots.
Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
T' have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

*Fool.* For, you trow, nuncle,

> The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
> That it had its head bit off by its young.(32)

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

*Lear.* Are you our daughter?

*Gon.* Come, sir,
I would you would make use of that good wisdom
Whereof I know you're fraught; and put away
These dispositions, that of late transform you
From what you rightly are.

* *He that keeps nor crust nor crum*, &c.] This couplet and the next "are, no doubt, parts of some satirical ballad [or ballads]." COLLIER.

(32) *That it had its head bit off by its young.*] The old eds. have "*That it* [and "it's"] *had* it *head bit off* beit [and "*by* it"] *young*."—See Preface to the second edition, p. 7, note.

*Fool.* May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?
—Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

*Lear.* Doth any here know me?—Why, this is not Lear:
Doth Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, or his discernings
Are lethargied—Ha! waking? 'tis not so.—
Who is it that can tell me who I am?—

*Fool.* Lear's shadow.

*Lear.* I would learn that; for, by the marks of sovereignty,
Knowledge, and reason, I should be false-persuaded
I had daughters.(33)

*Fool.* Which they will make an obedient father.

*Lear.* Your name, fair gentlewoman?

*Gon.* This admiration, sir, is much o' the savour(34)
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, should be wise.(35)
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy: be, then, desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,

(33) *I had daughters.*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 4) would read "That *I had daughters.*"—This speech is only in the quartos, where it stands as prose.

(34) *savour*] "The folios, Steevens's reprint of the 4tos, [Rowe,] Pope, Theobald, [Hanmer,] and Knight have '*savour*' here; while Capell, Var. 1821, and Collier, [Staunton, and Grant White] have '*favour*,' all in silence." W. N. Lettsom, note on Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 230.—"Whether the word of some old editions be '*favour*' or '*savour*' is hard pronouncing; nor is there much choice between them, in this place: all the moderns have inclined towards '*savour*.'" Capell, *Notes*, &c., vol. i. P. ii. p. 152.—"'*favour*,' i.e. *complexion*. So in *Julius Cæsar*, 'In favour's like the work we have in hand.'" Steevens.

(35) *As you are old and reverend, should be wise.*] So the folio.—The quartos have "*As you are old and reverend*, you *should be wise.*"—Rowe printed "You, *as you are old and reverend, should be wise.*"—Steevens proposes "*As you are old and reverend, be wise.*"

To be such men as may besort your age,
Which know themselves and you.
*Lear.* Darkness and devils!—
Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee:
Yet have I left a daughter.
*Gon.* You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

*Enter* ALBANY.

*Lear.* Woe, that too late repents,—[*To Alb.*] O, sir, are you come?
Is it your will? Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.—
Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child
Than the sea-monster!
*Alb.* Pray, sir, be patient.
*Lear.* [*to Gon.*] Detested kite! thou liest:
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name.[36]—O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in, [*Striking his head.*
And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people.
*Alb.* My lord, I'm guiltless, as I'm ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.
*Lear.* It may be so, my lord.—[37]

[36] *The worships of their name.*] Qy. "*The worships of their* names," or "*The* worship *of their name*"?

[37] Lear. *It may be so, my lord,* &c.] So this passage (which, slightly different, stands as prose in the quartos) is divided in the folio.—A modern arrangement is

> "*Lear.* It may be so, my lord.—Hear, nature, hear;
> Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
> Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!
> Into her," &c.

Hear, nature, hear; dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt,—that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—Away, away! [*Exit.*

*Alb.* Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?

*Gon.* Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

*Re-enter* LEAR.

*Lear.* What, fifty of my followers at a clap!
Within a fortnight?

*Alb.* What's the matter, sir?

*Lear.* I'll tell thee,—[*To Gon.*] Life and death! I am asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus;
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs upon thee!
Th' untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.—Ha, is it come to this?
Let it be so:—I have another daughter,[38]

(38) *I have another daughter,*] So the folio; which I follow in preference to the reading of the quartos, "yet haue I left a *daughter*," because we have already had, p. 32,

"Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee:
*Yet have I left a daughter.*"

Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable:
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolvish visage. Thou shalt find
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.
[*Exeunt Lear, Kent, and Attendants.*

*Gon.* Do you mark that, my lord?

*Alb.* I cannot be so partial, Goneril,[30]
To the great love I bear you,—

*Gon.* Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!—
[*To the Fool.*] You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

*Fool.* Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take the fool with thee.—

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter:
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*

*Gon.* This man hath had good counsel:—a hundred knights!
'Tis politic and safe to let him keep
At point a hundred knights: yes, that, on every dream,
Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!—

*Alb.* Well, you may fear too far.

*Gon.* Safer than trust too far:
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken: I know his heart.
What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister:
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd th' unfitness,—

(30) Alb. *I cannot be so partial, Goneril,* &c.] "Arrange

'I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,—
*Gon.* Pray you, content.—
What, Oswald, ho!—You, sir, more knave than fool,
After your master.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 277.

*Re-enter* OSWALD.

How now, Oswald!
What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

*Osw.* Ay, madam.

*Gon.* Take you some company, and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own
As may compact it more. Get you gone;[40]
And hasten your return. [*Exit Oswald.*] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness and course of yours,
Though I condemn it[41] not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attask'd for want of wisdom
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

*Alb.* How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell:
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

*Gon.* Nay, then—

*Alb.* Well, well; the event. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Court before the same.*

*Enter* LEAR, KENT, *and* Fool.

*Lear.* Go you before to Gloster with these letters. Acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

*Kent.* I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*

*Fool.* If a man's brains[42] were in's heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

*Lear.* Ay, boy.

(40) *As may compact it more. Get you gone;*] "Qu. '*Go*, get you gone.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 258.—Most probably a word has dropt out from this line, though our old poets seem occasionally to have used "*more*" as a dissyllable.

(41) *it*] Not in any of the old copies, as far as I know.

(42) *brains*] "'*Brain*' surely; and so Pope and some others." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 256.

*Fool.* Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slipshod.

*Lear.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Fool.* Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can what I can tell.

*Lear.* What canst tell, boy?

*Fool.* She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle on's face?

*Lear.* No.

*Fool.* Why, to keep one's eyes of either side's nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

*Lear.* I did her wrong—

*Fool.* Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

*Lear.* No.

*Fool.* Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

*Lear.* Why?

*Fool.* Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

*Lear.* I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

*Fool.* Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

*Lear.* Because they are not eight?

*Fool.* Yes, indeed: thou wouldst make a good fool.

*Lear.* To take't again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!

*Fool.* If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

*Lear.* How's that?

*Fool.* Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

*Lear.* O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!

*Enter* Gentleman.

How now! are the horses ready?

*Gent.* Ready, my lord.

*Lear.* Come, boy.

*Fool.* She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *A court within the castle of the* Earl of GLOSTER.

*Enter* EDMUND *and* CURAN, *meeting.*

*Edm.* Save thee, Curan.

*Cur.* And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.

*Edm.* How comes that?

*Cur.* Nay, I know not.—You have heard of the news abroad,—I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

*Edm.* Not I: pray you, what are they?

*Cur.* Have you heard of no likely wars toward 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

*Edm.* Not a word.

*Cur.* You may do, then, in time. Fare you well, sir.

[*Exit.*

*Edm.* The duke be here to-night? The better! best!
This weaves itself perforce into my business.
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queasy question,
Which I must act:—briefness and fortune, work!—
Brother, a word;—descend:—brother, I say!

*Enter* EDGAR.

My father watches:—O sir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You've now the good advantage of the night:—
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' th' haste,
And Regan with him: have you nothing said

Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

*Edg.* I'm sure on't, not a word.

*Edm.* I hear my father coming:—pardon me;
In cunning I must draw my sword upon you:—
Draw: seem to defend yourself: now quit you well.—
Yield:—come before my father.—Light, ho, here!
Fly, brother.—Torches, torches!—So, farewell. [*Exit Edgar.*
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[*Wounds his arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavour: I've seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.—Father, father!—
Stop, stop!—No help?

*Enter* GLOSTER, *and* Servants *with torches.*

*Glo.* Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

*Edm.* Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, cónjuring the moon
To stand auspicious mistress,—

*Glo.* But where is he?

*Edm.* Look, sir, I bleed.

*Glo.* Where is the villain, Edmund?

*Edm.* Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

*Glo.* Pursue him, ho!—Go after. [*Exeunt some Servants.*]
—By no means what?

*Edm.* Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;[43]
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father;—sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:

(43) *the revenging gods*
*'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;*]

So the quartos.—The folio has "—— *did all* the thunder *bend*,"—a vile reading; which, however, Mr. Knight, Delius, and Mr. Grant White prefer.

But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to th' encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

*Glo.* Let him fly far:
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught:
And found—dispatch.[44]—The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He that conceals him, death.

*Edm.* When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him: he replied,
"Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny,—
As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character,—I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damnèd practice:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs[45]
To make thee seek it."

*Glo.* Strong and fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.—

[*Tucket within.*

(44) *And found—dispatch.*] "Warburton reads 'And found, *dispatch'd;*' as also does Mr. Collier's annotator. But the old text is right: thus in [Middleton's] 'Blurt, Master Constable,' Act v. Sc. 1,—'There to find Fontinelle: found to kill him.'" STAUNTON.—I cannot see that Mr. Staunton's quotation supports the old reading.

(45) *potential spurs*] In this passage "*spurs*," which is the reading of the quartos, means, of course, incitements.—The folio has "—— *potentiall* spirits;" which Delius adopts, and defends by what he considers to be a *parallelism*,—"As he is very *potent* with such *spirits*," *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2. But here the lection of the folio, "spirits," is as evidently wrong as is its reading "strange," in the commencement of the next speech; "O strange [instead of "*Strong*," *i.e.* determined] *and fastend villaine;*" which, however, Mr. Knight and Delius prefer.

Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes.—
All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

*Enter* CORNWALL, REGAN, *and* Attendants.

*Corn.* How now, my noble friend! since I came hither,—
Which I can call but now,—I've heard strange news.
*Reg.* If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue th' offender. How dost, my lord?
*Glo.* O madam, my old heart is crack'd,—it's crack'd!
*Reg.* What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?[46]
*Glo.* O lady, lady, shame would have it hid!
*Reg.* Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?
*Glo.* I know not, madam:—'tis too bad, too bad.
*Edm.* Yes, madam, he was of that consort.[47]
*Reg.* No marvel, then, though he were ill affected:
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have th' expense and waste of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.
*Corn.* Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.
*Edm.* 'Twas my duty, sir.
*Glo.* He did bewray his practice: and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.
*Corn.* Is he pursu'd?

([46]) *your Edgar?*] Some slight mutilation here.
([47]) *Yes, madam, he was of that consort.*] Qy. "——*he was* one *of that* consort"?—Here the quartos have merely "*Yes, madam, he was.*"

*Glo.* Ay, my good lord.
*Corn.* If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours:
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.
*Edm.* I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.
*Glo.* For him I thank your grace.
*Corn.* You know not why we came to visit you,—
*Reg.* Thus out of season, threading dark-ey'd night:
Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poise,
Wherein we must have use of your advice:—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home; the several messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.
*Glo.* I serve you, madam:
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. *Before* GLOSTER'S *castle.*

*Enter* KENT *and* OSWALD, *severally.*

*Osw.* Good dawning to thee, friend: art of this house?
*Kent.* Ay.
*Osw.* Where may we set our horses?
*Kent.* I' the mire.
*Osw.* Prithee, if thou lovest me, tell me.
*Kent.* I love thee not.
*Osw.* Why, then, I care not for thee.
*Kent.* If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.
*Osw.* Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

*Kent.* Fellow, I know thee.

*Osw.* What dost thou know me for?

*Kent.* A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking, whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.

*Osw.* Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee!

*Kent.* What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days since I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you: draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw. [*Drawing his sword.*

*Osw.* Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

*Kent.* Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take Vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father: draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.

*Osw.* Help, ho! murder! help!

*Kent.* Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*

*Osw.* Help, ho! murder! murder!

*Enter* EDMUND.

*Edm.* How now! What's the matter?

*Kent.* With you, goodman boy,[48] if you please: come, I'll flesh ye; come on, young master.

([48]) Edm. *How now! What's the matter?*
Kent. *With you, goodman boy,* &c.]

So the quartos.—The folio has

"Bast. *How now, what's the matter?* Part.
Kent. *With you goodman Boy,*" &c.

But "Part" is undoubtedly a stage-direction. This is clear from its

*Enter* GLOSTER.

*Glo.* Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

*Enter* CORNWALL, REGAN, *and* Servants.

*Corn.* Keep peace, upon your lives;
He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

*Reg.* The messengers from our sister and the king.[49]

*Corn.* What is your difference? speak.

*Osw.* I am scarce in breath, my lord.

*Kent.* No marvel, you have so bestirred your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee.

*Corn.* Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

*Kent.* Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours o' the trade.

*Corn.* Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

*Osw.* This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spared at suit of his gray beard,—

*Kent.* Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. —"Spare my gray beard," you wagtail?

interference with the dialogue: Edmund asks "What's the matter?" and Kent immediately replies, "With you [*i.e.* the matter is with you, I will deal with you], goodman boy," &c.—The stage-direction "Part" is found in other old dramas: *e.g.*

"*Rich.* Art thou content to breath? [*Fight & part once or twise.*"
*A Pleasant Commodie, called Looke about you*, 1600, sig. I 3.—

(Here the quartos have "*Enter Edmund with his rapier drawne, Glocester, the Duke and Dutchesse;*" while the folio has "*Enter Bastard, Cornewall, Regan, Gloster, Seruants,*"—the entrances, as is often the case in copies of early plays, being marked *en masse*: but it is evident that the persons in question enter as I have made them enter in my text.)

(49) *The messengers from our sister and the king.*] On this line Mr. Collier observes, "All the old copies have 'messengers,' but Oswald is the only one upon the stage."—The old copies are quite right:—Oswald is the *messenger* "from our sister," Kent the *messenger* "from the king." 1865. In the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, Mr. Collier silently prints "*messengers.*" But Mr. Grant White, to my surprise, gives "messenger," observing that "the old copies add a superfluous *s* to the word."

*Corn.* Peace, sirrah!
You beastly knave, know you no reverence?
*Kent.* Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.
*Corn.* Why art thou angry?
*Kent.* That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain
Which are too intrinse t' unloose; smooth every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebel;[50]
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
Knowing naught,[51] like dogs, but following.—
A plague upon your epileptic visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.
*Corn.* What, art thou mad, old fellow?
*Glo.* How fell you out? say that.
*Kent.* No contraries hold more antipathy
Than I and such a knave.
*Corn.* Why dost thou call him knave? What's his offence?
*Kent.* His countenance likes me not.
*Corn.* No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.
*Kent.* Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:
I have seen better faces in my time
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.
*Corn.* This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he,—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth!

[50] *smooth every passion*
*That in the natures of their lords rebel;*]

See note 116 on *Love's Labour's Lost.*

[51] *Knowing naught*, &c.] A line slightly mutilated.—The usual modern emendation is "As *knowing naught*," &c.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "And *knowing naught*," &c.

An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends
Than twenty silly-ducking observants
That stretch their duties nicely.

*Kent.* Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,
Under th' allowance of your great aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front,—

*Corn.* What mean'st by this?

*Kent.* To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you in a plain accent was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to't.

*Corn.* What was the offence you gave him?

*Osw.* I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the king his master very late
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

*Kent.* None of these rogues and cowards
But Ajax is their fool.

*Corn.* Fetch forth the stocks!—
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you—

*Kent.* Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

*Corn.* Fetch forth the stocks!—As I have life and honour,
There shall he sit till noon.

*Reg.* Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night too.
*Kent.* Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.
*Reg.* Sir, being his knave, I will.
*Corn.* This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away the stocks!
[*Stocks brought out.*[52]
*Glo.* Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction
Is such as basest and contemned'st wretches[53]
For pilferings and most common trespasses
Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valu'd in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.
*Corn.* I'll answer that.
*Reg.* My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—
[*Kent is put in the stocks.*
Come, my lord, away. [*Exeunt all except Gloster and Kent.*
*Glo.* I'm sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for thee.
*Kent.* Pray, do not, sir: I've watch'd, and travell'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!

(52) *Come, bring away the stocks!*
[Stocks brought out.]
In the folio the stage-direction "*Stocks brought out*" is placed two lines earlier (as it no doubt stood in the prompter's book, that the stocks might be in readiness); and so it is given by the modern editors, without any regard to the present speech.—Here the quartos have no stage-direction.—1865. Mr. Staunton, Mr. Grant White, and the Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*) place this stage-direction rightly.

(53) *Is such as basest and contemned'st wretches*] So Capell here corrected the quartos, which have "*Is such, as basest and* temnest *wretches.*" —This passage, from "His fault is much" to "Are punish'd with" inclusive, is not in the folio (where, in consequence of that omission, the words "The king must take it ill" are altered to "The King *his Master needs* must take it ill").

*Glo.* The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken.
[*Exit.*

*Kent.* Good king, that must approve the common saw,—
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun!
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees miracles
But misery:—I know 'tis from Cordelia,
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscurèd course; and shall find time[54]
From this enormous state, seeking to give
Losses their remedies.—All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.
Fortune, good night: smile once more; turn thy wheel!
[*Sleeps.*

## SCENE III. *The open country.*

*Enter* EDGAR.

*Edg.* I heard myself proclaim'd;
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may scape,
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,

(54) *and shall find time*, &c.] Of this obscure, and, it may be, corrupted passage, no satisfactory explanation or emendation has yet been given.

Strike in[55] their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity.—"Poor Turlygood![56] poor Tom!"
That's something yet:—Edgar I nothing am. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Before* GLOSTER'S *castle;* KENT *in the stocks.*

*Enter* LEAR, Fool, *and* Gentleman.

*Lear.* 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.
*Gent.* As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.
*Kent.* Hail to thee, noble master!

[55] *Strike in*] *i.e.* Strike into.—But Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 36) proposes, with great probability, "Stick *in*."

[56] *Turlygood!*] So the quartos.—The folio has "Turlygod."—"Warburton would read *Turlupin*, and Hanmer *Turluru;* but there is a better reason for rejecting both these terms than for preferring either; viz. that *Turlygood* is the *corrupted* word in *our* language. The Turlupins were a fanatical sect that overran France, Italy, and Germany, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. They were at first known by the names of *Beghards* or *Beghins*, and brethren and sisters of the free spirit. Their manners and appearance exhibited the strongest indications of lunacy and distraction. The common people alone called them *Turlupins;* a name which, though it has excited much doubt and controversy, seems obviously to be connected with the *wolvish howlings* which these people in all probability would make when influenced by their religious ravings. Their subsequent appellation of *the fraternity of poor men* might have been the cause why the wandering rogues called *Bedlam beggars*, and one of whom Edgar personates, assumed or obtained the title of *Turlupins* or *Turlygoods*, especially if their mode of asking alms was accompanied by the gesticulations of madmen. *Turlupino* and *Turluru* are old Italian terms for a fool or madman; and the Flemings had a proverb, As *unfortunate as Turlupin and his children.*" DOUCE.—"*Turlygood.* Seemingly a name for the sort of beggar described in the preceding lines, which Shakespeare calls a *bedlam-beggar.* I cannot persuade myself that this word, however similar in meaning, has any real connection with *turlupin*, notwithstanding the authority of Warburton and Douce. It seems to be an original English term, being too remote in form from the other, to be a corruption from it." NARES'S *Gloss.*

*Lear.* Ha!
Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?
*Kent.* No, my lord.
*Fool.* Ha, ha! he wears cruel garters. Horses are tied by the head, dogs and bears by the neck, monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man's over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.
*Lear.* What's he that hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee here?
*Kent.* It is both he and she,—
Your son and daugther.
*Lear.* No.
*Kent.* Yes.
*Lear.* No, I say.
*Kent.* I say, yea.
*Lear.* No, no, they would not.
*Kent.* Yes, they have.
*Lear.* By Jupiter, I swear, no.
*Kent.* By Juno, I swear, ay.
*Lear.* They durst not do't;
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage:
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.
*Kent.* My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,—
Being the very fellow which of late

Display'd so saucily against your highness,—
Having more man than wit about me, drew:
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries.
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

*Fool.* Winter's not gone yet, if the wild-geese fly that way.

Fathers that wear rags
Do make their children blind;
But fathers that bear bags
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours for thy daughters as thou canst tell in a year.

*Lear.* O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!
*Hysterica passio*,—down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

*Kent.* With the earl, sir, here within.

*Lear.* Follow me not;
Stay here. [*Exit.*

*Gent.* Made you no more offence but what you speak of?

*Kent.* None.
How chance the king comes with so small a train?

*Fool.* An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

*Kent.* Why, fool?

*Fool.* We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring i' the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That sir which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool that runs away:
The fool no knave, perdy.[57]

*Kent.* Where learned you this, fool?

*Fool.* Not i' the stocks, fool.

*Re-enter* LEAR *with* GLOSTER.

*Lear.* Deny to speak with me? They're sick? they're weary?
They have travell'd all the night? Mere fetches;
The images[58] of revolt and flying-off.
Fetch me a better answer.

*Glo.* My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremovable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

*Lear.* Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak to the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.

*Glo.* Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

*Lear.* Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

*Glo.* Ay, my good lord.

*Lear.* The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:
Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood!—
Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke that—
No, but not yet:—may be he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office
Whereto our health is bound; we're not ourselves

(57) *The knave turns fool that runs away:*
*The fool no knave, perdy.*]

"The sense will be mended if we read

'*The* fool *turns* knave *that runs away;*
*The* knave *no* fool, *perdy.*'" JOHNSON.

And so Capell in the first line.

(58) *images*] Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 255) proposes to read "image'," marked as a plural.

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefóre
[*Looking on Kent.*
Should he sit here? This act persuades me
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.
Go tell the duke and 's wife I'd speak with them,
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum
Till it cry sleep to death.

*Glo.* I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

*Lear.* O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but, down!

*Fool.* Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels when she put 'em i' the paste alive; she knapped[59] 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, "Down, wantons, down!" 'Twas her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.

*Enter* CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, *and* Servants.

*Lear.* Good morrow to you both.

*Corn.* Hail to your grace!
[*Kent is set at liberty.*

*Reg.* I am glad to see your highness.

*Lear.* Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adultress.—[*To Kent*] O, are you free?
Some other time for that.—Belovèd Regan,
Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here,—
[*Points to his heart.*
I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe
Of how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!

(59) *knapped*] So the folio.—The quartos have "rapt."

*Reg.* I pray you, sir, take patience: I have hope
You less know how to value her desert
Than she to scant her duty.
*Lear.* Say, how is that?
*Reg.* I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.
*Lear.* My curses on her!
*Reg.* O, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return;
Say you have wrong'd her, sir.
*Lear.* Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house:
"Dear daughter, I confess that I am old; [*Kneeling.*(60)
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food."
*Reg.* Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:
Return you to my sister.
*Lear.* [*rising*] Never, Regan:
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:—

(60) "*Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;*" [Kneeling.]

The "[Kneeling" is not in the old eds. (which are generally sparing of stage-directions): but even if the present speech were not sufficient (and I think it is) to show that Lear, *wishing to impress Regan with the utter absurdity of his asking forgiveness of her sister*, drops upon his knees, the immediately following words of Regan would be decisive on the point,

"Good sir, no more; *these are unsightly tricks.*"—

Here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector also inserts "*Kneeling*," in accordance with what was the stage-practice of his time, just as it is of ours, and as it will no doubt continue to be, in spite of what Delius has said to the contrary.

All the stor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

*Corn.* Fie, sir, fie!

*Lear.* You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride![61]

*Reg.* O the blest gods! so will you wish on me,
When the rash mood is on.

*Lear.* No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse:
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce; but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

*Reg.* Good sir, to the purpose.

*Lear.* Who put my man i' the stocks? [*Tucket within.*

*Corn.* What trumpet's that?

[61] *To fall and blast her pride!*] So the quartos.—The folio has "*To fall*, and blister;" a mere blunder (possibly for "*To fall and* blast her," as Walker observes, *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 278); which, however, Mr. Knight finds a reason for preferring.—1865. It will be understood that I quote what follows merely *animi causa:* "That the folio is right, I have no doubt, and that the quarto [*which was printed* FIFTEEN YEARS BEFORE THE FOLIO] substituted '*to blast her pride*' for '*blister*,' from an inability to give to the latter expression an applicable signification. Now, the state of atmosphere caused by the falling fogs, renders us extremely obnoxious to skin diseases, and to none more so than to erysipelas —known in Shakespeare's time as St. Anthony's fire. The moisture drawn up by the sun, and held suspended by its influence during the day, condenses quickly when that influence is withdrawn, and falling again to the earth, causes a great and sudden degradation of temperature. The skin, excited by the previous heat, feels this rapid transition, and erysipelas follows, attacking for the most part the face, '*infecting its beauty*,' and covering it over with extensive vesications or '*blisters*.'" *Notes on Shakespeare, No.* II, *by James Nichols, M.R.C.P., Eng.*, p. 1.

*Reg.* I know't,—my sister's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.

*Enter* OSWALD.

Is your lady come?

*Lear.* This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.—
Out, varlet, from my sight!

*Corn.* What means your grace?

*Lear.* Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know on't.—Who comes here? O heavens,

*Enter* GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—
[*To Gon.*] Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?—
O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

*Gon.* Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence that indiscretion finds
And dotage terms so.

*Lear.* O sides, you are too tough;
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks?

*Corn.* I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.

*Lear.* You! did you?

*Reg.* I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:
I'm now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

*Lear.* Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' th' air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—

Necessity's sharp pinch![62]—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot.—Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. [*Pointing at Oswald.*

*Gon.* At your choice, sir.

*Lear.* I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad:
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—

(62) *To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—*
*Necessity's hard pinch!*]

Mr. Collier prints, with his Ms. Corrector,

"*To be a comrade with the wolf, and* howl
*Necessity's sharp pinch;*"

and observes (Preface to the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, p. xxvii.) that "Mr. Dyce has an antipathy to the old corrector's aspirate, and declines to adopt the reading 'howl,' because in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays ('The Custom of the Country,' A. i. sc. 2), he allowed the laughable cockneyism *me high* to stand instead of 'my eye.'" Now, there can be no stronger proof of Mr. Collier's downright infatuation than his blindness to the glaring absurdity of "the old corrector's aspirate" in the present speech,—the alteration of "*owl*" to "howl," which will inevitably be treated by every future editor with the contempt it deserves. —The passage of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Custom of the Country*, in which, according to Mr. Collier, I "allowed a laughable cockneyism to stand," is this;

"*Clod.* . . . . . Now fetch your daughter;
And bid the coy wench put on all her beauties,
All her enticements; out-blush damask roses,
And dim the breaking east with her bright crystals.
I am all on fire; away!
*Char.* And I am frozen. [*Exit with Servants.*

*Enter* ZENOCIA *with bow and quiver, an arrow bent; after her,* ARNOLDO *and* RUTILIO, *armed.*

*Zen.* Come fearless on.
*Rut.* Nay, an I budge from thee,
Beat me with dirty sticks.
*Clod.* What masque is this?
What pretty fancy to *provoke me high?*" &c.;

and I have no hesitation in asserting that the old reading "*provoke me high*" (*i.e.* excite me highly—"*high*" being used adverbially), is what the poet really wrote; and that Mr. Collier's "What pretty fancy to provoke *my eye*" is an emendation utterly uncalled for.

But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossèd carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights.

*Reg.* Not altogether so:
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

*Lear.* Is this well spoken?

*Reg.* I dare avouch it, sir: what, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

*Gon.* Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants or from mine?

*Reg.* Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack you,
We could control them. If you will come to me,—
For now I spy a danger,—I entreat you
To bring but five-and-twenty: to no more
Will I give place or notice.

*Lear.* I gave you all—

*Reg.* And in good time you gave it.

*Lear.* Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number. What, must I come to you
With five-and-twenty, Regan? said you so?

*Reg.* And speak't again, my lord; no more with me.

*Lear.* Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the worst
Stands in some rank of praise.—[*To Gon.*] I'll go with thee:
Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

*Gon.* Hear me, my lord:
What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

*Reg.* What need one?

*Lear.* O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need![63]
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,
And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:—

(63) *You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!*] Capell says this line "was to be altered of course [by the modern editors], for having a middle redundancy, and a repetition of which they saw not the meaning; and so its tame conclusion is this, in the four latter moderns —— *give me that patience* which *I need*, &c." *Notes*, &c., vol. i. P. ii. p. 162.—Other alterations have been suggested by Malone, Ritson, Mason, and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector; nor would I assert, with Capell, that the old text is uncorrupted.—1865. "I would expunge the second '*patience*,' or perhaps adopt Ritson's second suggestion,

'You heavens, give me patience!—*that* I need.'"
Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 278.

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or e'er I'll weep.—O fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt Lear, Gloster, Kent, and Fool.*
*Storm heard at a distance.*

*Corn.* Let us withdraw; 'twill be a storm.

*Reg.* This house is little: the old man and his people
Cannot be well bestow'd.

*Gon.* 'Tis his own blame; 'hath put himself from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.

*Reg.* For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

*Gon.* So am I purpos'd.
Where is my Lord of Gloster?

*Corn.* Follow'd the old man forth:—he is return'd.

*Re-enter* GLOSTER.

*Glo.* The king is in high rage.

*Corn.* Whither is he going?

*Glo.* He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.

*Corn.* 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.

*Gon.* My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

*Glo.* Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

*Reg.* O, sir, to wilful men
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors:
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

*Corn.* Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night:
My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm.

[*Exeunt.*

# ACT III.

## SCENE I. *A heath.*

*A storm, with thunder and lightning. Enter* KENT *and a* Gentleman, *meeting.*

*Kent.* Who's there, besides foul weather?

*Gent.* One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

*Kent.* I know you. Where's the king?

*Gent.* Contending with the fretful elements;[64]
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curlèd waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease; tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;
Strives in his little world of man t' out-scorn[65]
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinchèd wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

*Kent.* But who is with him?

*Gent.* None but the fool; who labours to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.

*Kent.* Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There's division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have—as who have not, that their great stars
Throne[66] and set high?—servants, who seem no less,

(64) *elements;*] So the folio.—The quartos have "elements;" which Malone adopts, explaining it, "the *air*." But compare, in the next scene, p. 62, "I tax not you, you *elements*, with unkindness."

(65) *out-scorn*] Steevens proposes "*out*-storm."

(66) *Throne*] The folio has "Thron'd."—This part of the speech is not in the quartos.

Which are to France the spies and speculations[67]
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes;
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
Whereof perchance these are but furnishings;—
But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner.—Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
This office to you.

*Gent.* I will talk further with you.

*Kent.* No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,—
As fear not but you shall,—show her this ring;
And she will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

*Gent.* Give me your hand: have you no more to say?

*Kent.* Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet,—
That, when we've found the king,—in which your pain

(67) *Which are to France the spies and speculations*] Mr. Collier prints, at his Ms. Corrector's bidding, "*Which are to France the spies and* spectators;" and, to make the matter more laughable, seriously tells us that the substituted word is to be pronounced "spéctătors."—Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c., p. 272) says, "There can be no doubt that it should be *speculators*, as I find it corrected in my second folio; and Mr. Collier, in a supplemental note, has seen that this is most probably the true word." (Johnson too, in his *Dict.* sub v., suggested "speculators.")—I must refer the reader to note 142 on *Love's Labour's Lost.*

That way, I'll this,—he that first lights on him
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the heath. Storm continues.*

*Enter* LEAR *and* Fool.

*Lear.* Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

*Fool.* O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' blessing: here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

*Lear.* Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription: then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this! O! O! 'tis foul!

*Fool.* He that has a house to put's head in has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;—
So beggars marry many.

The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake:

for there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

*Lear.* No, I will be the pattern of all patience;
I will say nothing.

*Enter* KENT.

*Kent.* Who's there?

*Fool.* Marry, here's grace and a cod-piece; that's a wise man and a fool.

*Kent.* Alas, sir, are you here? things that love night
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
Th' affliction nor the fear.

*Lear.* Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother[68] o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulgèd crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular of virtue[69]
That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life: close pent-up guilts,

([68]) *pother*] Here the spelling of the folio is "pudder,"—which Mr. Knight retains, observing "this is always modernized into *pother*," &c. But one of the quartos (considerably less "modern" than the folio) has "powther:" and in *Coriolanus*, act ii. sc. 1, the folio has

"such a *poother*,
As if that whatsoever God," &c.;

where Mr. Knight prints "such a *pother*."

([69]) *Thou perjur'd, and thou simular of virtue*] So the folio.—The quartos have "—— *thou simular* man *of vertue*."—Theobald and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector read "*Thou* perjure,"—a substantive which occurs in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iv. sc. 3.

Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.

*Kent.* Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest:
Repose you there; while I to this hard house—
More harder than the stones whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in—return, and force
Their scanted courtesy.

*Lear.* My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy: how dost, my boy? art cold?
I'm cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.—
Poor fool and knave, I've one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

*Fool.* He that has and a little tiny wit,—* [*Singing.*
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day.

*Lear.* True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel.
[*Exeunt Lear and Kent.*

*Fool.* This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.—I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:

When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurses come to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;—

* *He that has and a little tiny wit,*—&c.] See footnote on *Twelfth-Night*, vol. iii. p. 398.

Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion: *
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.
This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A room in* GLOSTER'S *castle.*

*Enter* GLOSTER *and* EDMUND.

*Glo.* Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

*Edm.* Most savage and unnatural!

*Glo.* Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be spoken;—I have locked the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will seek him,(70) and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. Though I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must

* *Then shall the realm of Albion*
*Come to great confusion:*]

"These lines are taken from Chaucer. Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589 [p. 187], quotes them as follows;

'When faith fails in priestes saws,
And lords hests are holden for laws,
And robbery is tane for purchase,
And letchery for solace,
*Then shall the realm of Albion*
Be brought *to great confusion.*'" STEEVENS.

These lines, entitled *Chaucer's Prophecy*, are found in Mss. with great variations.

(70) *I will seek him,*] So the quartos.—The folio has "*I will* looke *him*" (which is equally good sense: see note 144 on *King Henry V.*).

be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*

*Edm.* This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
Instantly know; and of that letter too:—
This seems a fair discerning, and must draw me
That which my father loses,—no less than all:
The younger rises when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A part of the heath, with a hovel. Storm continues.*

*Enter* LEAR, KENT, *and* Fool.

*Kent.* Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure.

*Lear.* Let me alone.

*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.

*Lear.* Wilt break my heart?

*Kent.* I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

*Lear.* Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free,
The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home:—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.

*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.

*Lear.* Prithee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease:
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in.—
[*To the Fool*] In, boy; go first. You houseless poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—
[*Fool goes in.*
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,(71)
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

*Edg.* [*within*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom! [*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*

*Fool.* Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit. Help me, help me!

*Kent.* Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

*Fool.* A spirit, a spirit: he says his name's poor Tom.

*Kent.* What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw? Come forth.

*Enter* EDGAR *disguised as a madman.*

*Edg.* Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—*
Hum! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.(72)

(71) *Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 292) cites this line with a "*Qu.:*" but I see no reason for supposing it to be corrupt.

* *Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.*—] A quotation it would certainly seem, from some ballad.

(72) *go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.*] So the quartos: and the very same words (which appear to have passed into a sort of proverbial expression) occur in the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*; see footnote, vol. iii. pp. 99–100.—Here the folio has only "*goe to thy bed and warme thee;*" and Delius, who, with the folio, omits "*cold,*" conjectures that Shakespeare himself may have struck out the word, in order to get rid of the comic turn which it gives to the sentence:—if so, why did

*Lear.* Didst thou give all to thy daughters? And art thou come to this?

*Edg.* Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor.—Bless thy five wits!—Tom's a-cold,—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes:—there could I have him now,—and there,—and there again, and there. [*Storm continues.*

*Lear.* What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?—
Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give 'em all?

*Fool.* Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

*Lear.* Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!

*Kent.* He hath no daughters, sir.

*Lear.* Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd nature
To such a lowness but his unkind daughters.—
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

not Shakespeare also strike out what Edgar presently says about "eating cow-dung for sallets"? The fact is, the poet has studiously made the assumed madness of Edgar somewhat akin to the comic, that it might contrast the better with the real insanity of Lear.—Mr. Staunton observes; "The commentators, with admirable unanimity, persist in declaring this line ['*go to thy cold bed, and warm thee*'] to be a ridicule on one in *The Spanish Tragedy* [by Thomas Kyd], act ii.;

'What outcries pluck me from my naked bed?'

But to an audience of Shakespeare's age there was nothing risible in either line. The phrase to *go to a cold bed* meant only to *go cold to bed*; to *rise from a naked bed* signified to *get up naked from bed*; and to say one *lay on a sick bed* (a form of expression far from uncommon even now) implied merely that he was lying *sick a-bed*."

*Edg.* Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill :—*
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

*Fool.* This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

*Edg.* Take heed o' the foul fiend: obey thy parents; keep thy word justly;(73) swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

*Lear.* What hast thou been?

*Edg.* A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap; served the lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: wine loved I deeply, dice dearly; and in woman out-paramoured the Turk: false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—

Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind; †
Says suum, mun, nonny.
Dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa! let him trot by. ‡

[*Storm continues.*

* *Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill :—*] A line from some popular piece of rhyme. In Ritson's *Gammer Gurton's Garland, or the Nursery Parnassus*, &c., we find

"Pillycock, pillycock, sate on a hill;
If he's not gone, he sits there still." p. 36.

(73) *keep thy word justly;*] The quartos have "*keepe thy* words *iustly*." —The first folio has "*keepe thy* words Iustice;" and the second folio "*keepe thy word*, justice."—Mr. Knight and Delius make out from the first folio the ridiculous reading, "*keep thy* word's justice," &c.

† *Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind;*] See note, p. 67.

‡ *Dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa! let him trot by.*] If we are to believe Steevens, he heard "an old gentleman" repeat the following stanza about the Dolphin (*i.e.* the Dauphin) "from a very old ballad written on some battle fought in France;"

"Dolphin, my boy, my boy,
Cease, let him trot by;
It seemeth not that such a foe
From me or you would fly."

And Farmer remarks, that in Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* Cokes exclaims,

*Lear.* Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume.—Ha! here's three on's are sophisticated! —Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings!—come, unbutton here.

[*Tearing off his clothes.*

*Fool.* Prithee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild(74) field were like an old lecher's heart,—a small spark, all the rest on's body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

*Edg.* This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Swithold footed thrice the old; *
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

*Kent.* How fares your grace?

*Enter* GLOSTER *with a torch.*

*Lear.* What's he?

*Kent.* Who's there? What is't you seek?

*Glo.* What are you there? Your names?

*Edg.* Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for

"Od's my life! I am not allied to the sculler yet; he shall be *Dauphin my boy*," act v. sc. 3; where Gifford says, "*Dauphin my boy* is the burden of a ridiculous old song."

(74) *wild*] "Read '*wide*;' see context. And so the 1770 edition of *King Lear*, 'collated with the old and modern editions;' with a note,—'All editions read *wild*; but *wide* is better opposed to *little*.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 278.

* *Swithold footed thrice the old*, &c.] The source of this quotation has not been ascertained.

sallets; swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tithing to tithing, and stock-punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear;

> But mice and rats, and such small deer,*
> Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower.—Peace, Smulkin; peace, thou fiend!

*Glo.* What, hath your grace no better company?

*Edg.* The prince of darkness is a gentleman: †
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.

*Glo.* Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

*Edg.* Poor Tom's a-cold.

*Glo.* Go in with me: my duty cannot suffer
T' obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

*Lear.* First let me talk with this philosopher.—
What is the cause of thunder?

*Kent.* Good my lord, take his offer; go into th' house.

*Lear.* I'll talk a word with this same learnèd Theban.—
What is your study?

*Edg.* How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

*Lear.* Let me ask you one word in private.

* *But mice and rats, and such small deer*, &c.] "This distich is part of a description given in the old metrical romance of *Sir Bevis*, of the hardships suffered by Bevis when confined for seven years in a dungeon;

> 'Rattes and myce and such smal dere
> Was his meate that seven yere.' Sig. F iij." PERCY.

† *The prince of darkness is a gentleman*, &c.] "In *The Goblins*, by Sir John Suckling, a catch is introduced which concludes with these two lines;

> 'The prince of darkness is a gentleman:
> Mahu, Mahu is his name.'

I am inclined to think this catch not to be the production of Suckling, but the original referred to by Edgar's speech." REED.

*Kent.* Impórtune him once more to go, my lord;
His wits begin t' unsettle.
*Glo.* Canst thou blame him?
His daughters seek his death:—ah, that good Kent!—
He said it would be thus,—poor banish'd man!—
Thou say'st the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I'm almost mad myself: I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late: I lov'd him, friend,
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,
[*Storm continues.*
The grief hath craz'd my wits.—What a night's this!—
I do beseech your grace,—
*Lear.* O, cry you mercy, sir.—
Noble philosopher, your company.
*Edg.* Tom's a-cold.
*Glo.* In, fellow, there, into th' hovel: keep thee warm.
*Lear.* Come, let's in all.
*Kent.* This way, my lord.
*Lear.* With him;
I will keep still with my philosopher.
*Kent.* Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.
*Glo.* Take him you on.
*Kent.* Sirrah, come on; go along with us.
*Lear.* Come, good Athenian.
*Glo.* No words, no words: hush.
*Edg.* Child Rowland to the dark tower came;*
His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man. [*Exeunt.*

* *Child Rowland to the dark tower came*, &c.] Of the ballad here cited (and probably with some variation from the original) fragments of a Scottish version have been preserved by Jamieson in *Illustr. of Northern Antiquities*, &c., 4to, 1814. He gives (p. 402);

"With fi, fi, fo, and fum!
I smell the blood of a Christian man!
Be he dead, be he living, wi' my brand
I'll clash his harns frae his harn-pan,"

(*i.e.* I'll knock his brains out of his skull). Child Rowland, it appears, was the youngest son of King Arthur.

## SCENE V. *A room in* GLOSTER'S *castle.*

*Enter* CORNWALL *and* EDMUND.

*Corn.* I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.

*Edm.* How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

*Corn.* I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

*Edm.* How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

*Corn.* Go with me to the duchess.

*Edm.* If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

*Corn.* True or false, it hath made thee Earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

*Edm.* [*aside*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persever in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

*Corn.* I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI. *A chamber in a farmhouse adjoining* GLOSTER'S *castle.*

*Enter* GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, *and* EDGAR.

*Glo.* Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

*Kent.* All the power of his wits have given way[75] to his impatience:—the gods reward your kindness! [*Exit Gloster.*

*Edg.* Frateretto calls me; and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness.—Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

*Fool.* Prithee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?

*Lear.* A king, a king!

*Fool.* No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

*Lear.* To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hissing in upon 'em,—

*Edg.* The foul fiend bites my back.

*Fool.* He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

*Lear.* It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.—[*To Edgar*] Come, sit thou here, most learnèd justicer;—[76] [*To the Fool*] Thou, sapient sir, sit here.—Now, you she foxes!—

*Edg.* Look, where he stands and glares!—Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o'er the bourn,[77] Bessy, to me:—*

*Fool.* Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.

(75) *All the power of his wits have given way*] See note 116 on *Love's Labour's Lost.*

(76) *justicer;*—] The quartos have "iustice."—This portion of the scene, from the preceding speech but one, "*Edg.* The foul fiend bites my back" to "False justicer, why hast thou let her scape?" inclusive, is omitted in the folio.

(77) *bourn,*] The quartos have "broome."—See the preceding note.

* *Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me:*—] "This, and what follows from the Fool, are certainly parts of an old song, which was imitated by W. Birch in his 'Dialogue between Elizabeth and England' (printed by W. Pickering without date), which thus commences;

'Come over the bourn, Bessy, come over the bourn, Bessy,
Sweet Bessy, come over to me;
And I shall thee take,
And my dear lady make
Before all that ever I see.'

It is in the same measure as the addition by the Fool; and in W.

*Edg.* The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

*Kent.* How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

*Lear.* I'll see their trial first.—Bring in the evidence.—
[*To Edgar*] Thou robèd man of justice, take thy place;—
[*To the Fool*] And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his side:—[*To Kent*] You are o' the commission,
Sit you too.

*Edg.* Let us deal justly.

Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?*
Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth
Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is gray.

*Lear.* Arraign her first! 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

*Fool.* Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

*Lear.* She cannot deny it.

*Fool.* Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.†

*Lear.* And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store[78] her heart is made on.—Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place![79]
False justicer, why hast thou let her scape?

Wager's interlude 'The longer thou livest, the more Fool thou art' [black letter, n. d.], part of the same song is thus sung by Moros, who may be called the hero;

'Come over the boorne, Besse,
My little pretie Besse,
Come over the boorne, Besse, to me.'

See also 'Old Ballads from early printed copies' published by the Percy Society in 1840, p. 41." COLLIER.

* *Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd*, &c.] "This seems to be a stanza of some pastoral song." JOHNSON. No doubt it is.

† *Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.*] "This is a proverbial expression, which occurs likewise in *Mother Bombie*, 1594, by Lyly" [and elsewhere]. STEEVENS.

[78] *store*] Mr. Collier prints "stone."

[79] *place!*] Altered by Mr. Grant White to "palace."

*Edg.* Bless thy five wits!

*Kent.* O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

*Edg.* [*aside*] My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting.

*Lear.* The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.

*Edg.* Tom will throw his head at them.—Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,[80]
Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail,—
Tom will make them weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

do de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes and fairs and market-towns.—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

*Lear.* Then let them anatomize Regan; see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?—[*To Edgar*] You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say they are Persian attire; but let them be changed.

*Kent.* Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.

*Lear.* Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: so, so, so: we'll go to supper i' the morning: so, so, so.

*Fool.* And I'll go to bed at noon.

*Re-enter* GLOSTER.

*Glo.* Come hither, friend; where is the king my master?

*Kent.* Here, sir; but trouble him not,—his wits are gone.

*Glo.* Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy arms;

(80) *lym,*] The old eds. have "him" and "Hym."

I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready; lay him in't,
And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:
If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assurèd loss: take up, take up;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

*Kent.* Oppress'd nature sleeps:—
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken sinews,[81]
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—[*To the Fool.*] Come, help to bear thy master;
Thou must not stay behind.

*Glo.* Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt Kent, Gloster, and the Fool, bearing off Lear.*

*Edg.* When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind:
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that which makes me bend makes the king bow,
He childed as I father'd!—Tom away!
Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thoughts defile[82] thee,
In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe scape the king!
Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*

(81) *sinews,*] Here Theobald's very specious alteration of "*sinews*" to "senses" is generally adopted (and without any note by Mr. Knight, who seems to take it for the original reading).—This speech, and all that follows to the end of the scene, excepting "*Glo.* Come, come, away," is omitted in the folio.

(82) *thoughts defile*] In my former edition I altered this (with Theobald) to "thought defiles:" see note 49 on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

SCENE VII. *A room in* GLOSTER'S *castle.*

*Enter* CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, *and* Servants.

*Corn.* Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter:—the army of France is landed.—Seek out the traitor Gloster. [*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

*Reg.* Hang him instantly.

*Gon.* Pluck out his eyes.

*Corn.* Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister:—farewell, my Lord of Gloster.

*Enter* OSWALD.

How now! where's the king?

*Osw.* My Lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence:
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lords dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover; where they boast
To have well-armèd friends.

*Corn.* Get horses for your mistress.

*Gon.* Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

*Corn.* Edmund, farewell.

[*Exeunt Goneril, Edmund, and Oswald.*

Go, seek the traitor Gloster,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

[*Exeunt other Servants.*

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control.—Who's there? the traitor?

*Re-enter* Servants *with* GLOSTER.

*Reg.* Ingratèful fox! 'tis he.
*Corn.* Bind fast his corky arms.
*Glo.* What mean your graces?—Good my friends, consider
You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.
*Corn.* Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*
*Reg.* Hard, hard.—O filthy traitor!
*Glo.* Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.
*Corn.* To this chair bind him.—Villain, thou shalt find—
[*Regan plucks his beard.*
*Glo.* By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.
*Reg.* So white, and such a traitor!
*Glo.* Naughty lady,
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee: I'm your host.
With robbers' hands my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?
*Corn.* Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?
*Reg.* Be simple-answer'd,[83] for we know the truth.
*Corn.* And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?
*Reg.* To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?
Speak.
*Glo.* I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.
*Corn.* Cunning.
*Reg.* And false.
*Corn.* Where hast thou sent the king?
*Glo.* To Dover.
*Reg.* Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at peril—
*Corn.* Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.

(83) *Be simple-answer'd,*] "The old quarto reads '*Be simple answerer.*' Either is good sense: *simple* means *plain.*" STEEVENS.

*Glo.* I'm tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.
*Reg.* Wherefore to Dover?
*Glo.* Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up
And quench'd the stellèd fires:
Yet, poor old heart, he holp the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou shouldst have said, "Good porter, turn the key,"
All cruels else subscrib'd:—but I shall see
The wingèd vengeance overtake such children.
*Corn.* See't shalt thou never.—Fellows, hold the chair.—
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.
*Glo.* He that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help!—O cruel!—O you gods!
*Reg.* One side will mock another; th' other too.
*Corn.* If you see vengeance,—
*First Serv.* Hold your hand, my lord;
I've serv'd you since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you
Than now to bid you hold.
*Reg.* How now, you dog!
*First Serv.* If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?
*Corn.* My villain! [*Draws.*
*First Serv.* Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger.
[*Draws. They fight. Cornwall is wounded.*
*Reg.* Give me thy sword.—A peasant stand up thus!
[*Takes a sword from another Servant, and runs at First Servant behind.*
*First Serv.* O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on them.[84]—O! [*Dies.*

(84) *To see some mischief on them.*] The old eds. have "—— *on* him." But the Servant is evidently speaking of Cornwall *and Regan;* and "*them*" (and "*'em*") are often confounded with "him" by transcribers

*Corn.* Lest it see more, prevent it.—Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now?
*Glo.* All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature
To quit this horrid act.
*Reg.* Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.
*Glo.* O my follies!
Then Edgar was abus'd.—
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!
*Reg.* Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? how look you?
*Corn.* I have receiv'd a hurt:—follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt: give me your arm.
[*Exit Cornwall, led by Regan.—Some of the Servants unbind Gloster, and lead him out.*
*Sec. Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.
*Third Serv.* If she live long
And in the end meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.
*Sec. Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would: his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.
*Third Serv.* Go thou: I'll fetch some flax and whites of eggs
T' apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him!
[*Exeunt severally.*

and printers: so afterwards in this play, p. 121, the folio has erroneously "I would have made *him* [the quartos rightly "them"] skip," &c. And compare what the other Servants say at the close of the present scene, "If *this man* come to good"—"If *she* live long," &c.

# ACT IV.

## SCENE I. *The heath.*

*Enter* EDGAR.

*Edg.* Yet better thus, and known[85] to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?

*Enter* GLOSTER, *led by an* Old Man.

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

*Old Man.* O, my good lord,
I've been your tenant, and your father's tenant,
These fourscore years.

*Glo.* Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all;
Thee they may hurt.

*Old Man.* You cannot see your way.

*Glo.* I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw: full oft 'tis seen,
Our means secure us,[86] and our mere defects

(85) *and known*] "I think with Mr. Tyrwhitt that Dr. Johnson's conjecture ["unknown"] is well founded." MALONE. And so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

(86) *Our means secure us,*] Pope printed "*Our* mean secures *us;*" Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*Our* wants *secure us;*" Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c., p. 272) proposes "*Our* needs *secure us;*" and Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 281) is confident that Johnson's conjecture, "*Our* maims *secure us*," is the right reading.—In some remarks on this passage (*Notes and Queries*, vol. xii. p. 98), Mr. Arrowsmith says; "I affirm that not only is *means* or *meanes* the right

Prove our commodities.—O dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abusèd father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes again!

*Old Man.* How now! Who's there?

*Edg.* [*aside*] O gods! Who is't can say, "I'm at the worst"?
I'm worse than e'er I was.

*Old Man.* 'Tis poor mad Tom.

*Edg.* [*aside*] And worse I may be yet: the worst is not
So long as we can say "This is the worst."

*Old Man.* Fellow, where goest?

*Glo.* Is it a beggar-man?

*Old Man.* Madman and beggar too.

*Glo.* He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm: my son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I've heard more since.
As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods,—
They kill us for their sport.

*Edg.* [*aside*] How should this be?—
Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
Angering itself and others.—Bless thee, master!

*Glo.* Is that the naked fellow?

*Old Man.* Ay, my lord.

*Glo.* Then, prithee, get thee gone: if, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Which I'll entreat to lead me.

*Old Man.* Alack, sir, he is mad.

*Glo.* 'Tis the times' plague,[87] when madmen lead the blind.

reading, but *securEs* is so likewise; that is, I affirm the correctness of the two first folios in both these words." Now I, in my turn, "affirm" that neither the first nor the second folio has "securEs;" they both agree with the other old eds. in reading "secure."

(87) *'Tis the times' plague,*] Rowe printed "*'Tis the* time's *plague.*" But compare *Sec. Part of King Henry IV.*, "*The times* are wild," act i. sc. 1; "to dignify *the times*," ibid.; "as *the times* do brawl," act i. sc.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

*Old Man.* I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*

*Glo.* Sirrah, naked fellow,—

*Edg.* Poor Tom's a-cold.—[*Aside*] I cannot daub it further.

*Glo.* Come hither, fellow.

*Edg.* [*aside*] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

*Glo.* Know'st thou the way to Dover?

*Edg.* Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits:—bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend!—five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidicut;[88] Hobbididance, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; and Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing,—who since possesses chambermaids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

*Glo.* Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens' plagues
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier:—heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?

*Edg.* Ay, master.

*Glo.* There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confinèd deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

3; "the visage of *the times*," act ii. sc. 3: *King John*, "*the times* conspire with you," act iii. sc. 4: *The Merchant of Venice*, "the chaff and ruin of *the times*," act ii. sc. 8.

(88) *of lust, as Obidicut;*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 249) proposes "as Obidicut, of lust."

*Edg.* Give mè thy arm:
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. *Before the* Duke of ALBANY'S *palace.*

*Enter* GONERIL *and* EDMUND.

*Gon.* Welcome, my lord: I marvel our mild husband
Not met us on the way.

*Enter* OSWALD.

Now, where's your master?

*Osw.* Madam, within; but never man so chang'd.
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil'd at it: I told him you were coming;
His answer was, "The worse:" of Gloster's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:—
What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

*Gon.* [*to Edm.*] Then shall you go no further.
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you're like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
[*Giving a favour.*
Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air:—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

*Edm.* Yours in the ranks of death.

*Gon.* My most dear Gloster!
[*Exit Edmund.*
O, the difference of man and man! To thee
A woman's services are due: my fool
Usurps my body.
*Osw.* Madam, here comes my lord. [*Exit.*

*Enter* ALBANY.

*Gon.* I have been worth the whistle.
*Alb.* O Goneril!
You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face. I fear your disposition:
That nature which contemns its origin
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.
*Gon.* No more; the text is foolish.
*Alb.* Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious agèd man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited!
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these[89] vile offences,
It will come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.
*Gon.* Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st

[89] *these*] The quartos have "the" and "this."—The present speech, and indeed the greater portion of the dialogue between Albany and Goneril, is omitted in the folio.

Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
With plumèd helm thy slayer begins threats;
Whiles thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and criest
"Alack, why does he so?"

*Alb.* See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

*Gon.* O vain fool!

*Alb.* Thou changèd and self-cover'd[90] thing, for shame,
Be-monster not thy feature. Were't my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,[91]
They're apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones:—howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

*Gon.* Marry, your manhood now!

*Enter a* Messenger.

*Alb.* What news?

*Mess.* O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead;
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

*Alb.* Gloster's eyes!

*Mess.* A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enraged,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead;
But not without that harmful stroke which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

*Alb.* This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye?

(90) *self-cover'd*] Altered by Theobald to "*self*-converted."
(91) *To let these hands obey my blood,*] A mutilated line.—Theobald printed "—— *my* boiling *blood*."—This speech is not in the folio. See note 89.

*Mess.* Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

*Gon.* [*aside*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: another way
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer. [*Exit.*

*Alb.* Where was his son when they did take his eyes?

*Mess.* Come with my lady hither.

*Alb.* He's not here.

*Mess.* No, my good lord; I met him back again.

*Alb.* Knows he the wickedness?

*Mess* Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against him;
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

*Alb.* Gloster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend:
Tell me what more thou know'st. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III. *The French camp near Dover.*

*Enter* KENT *and a* Gentleman.

*Kent.* Why the King of France is so suddenly gone back know you the reason?

*Gent.* Something he left imperfect in the state, which since his coming forth is thought of; which imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger, that his personal return was most required and necessary.

*Kent.* Who hath he left behind him general?

*Gent.* The Marshal of France, Monsieur La Far.[92]

[92] *The Marshal of France, Monsieur La Far.*] Here "*Marshal*" is usually altered to "Mareschal" (see note 126 on *The First Part of King Henry VI.* vol. v. p. 78); and "*La Far*" to "Le Fer," because there is in *King Henry V.* act iv. sc. 4, a common soldier of the latter name, whom Pistol threatens to *fer, firk, and ferret.*—The whole of this scene is omitted in the folio.

*Kent.* Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

*Gent.* Ay, sir; she[93] took them, read them in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

*Kent.* O, then it mov'd her.

*Gent.* Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove[94]
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better day:[95] those happy smilets
That play'd on her ripe lip seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence
As pearls from diamonds dropt.—In brief, sorrow[96]
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

*Kent.* Made she no verbal question?

*Gent.* Faith, once or twice she heav'd the name of "father"
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried "Sisters, sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters!
Kent! father! sisters! What, i' the storm? i' the night?
Let pity not be believ'd!"—There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd: then away she started
To deal with grief alone.[97]

([93]) *Ay, sir; she*] Theobald's correction.—The quartos have "I say *she.*"—See the preceding note.

([94]) *strove*] Pope's correction.—The quartos have "streme."—See note 92.

([95]) *day:*] The quartos have "way;" which, though retained and defended by Delius, cannot be right.—I prefer, on the whole, the reading in the text to the other modern alteration, "May."—See note 92.

([96]) *As pearls from diamonds dropt.—In brief, sorrow*] "I think Shakespeare wrote 'In brief, *sir*, sorrow.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 255. An insertion made long ago.

([97]) *There she shook*
*The holy water from her heavenly eyes,*
*And clamour moisten'd: then away she started*
*To deal with grief alone.*]

The quartos have "*And clamour moistened* her, *then away she started,*" &c.—See note 92.—Theobald, at Warburton's suggestion, printed

*Kent.* It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

*Gent.* No.

*Kent.* Was this before the king return'd?

*Gent.* No, since.

*Kent.* Well, sir, the poor distressèd Lear's i' the town;
Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

*Gent.* Why, good sir?

*Kent.* A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

*Gent.* Alack, poor gentleman!

*Kent.* Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

*Gent.* 'Tis so they are a-foot.

*Kent.* Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [*Exeunt.*

"*There she shook*
*The holy water from her heavenly eyes;*
*And,* clamour-motion'd, *then away she started,*" &c.

Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 157) bids us write

"*There she shook*
*The holy water from her heavenly eyes*
*And clamour-moisten'd* (*luctu madentes*): *then away she started,*" &c.

Mr. Grant White gives

"*There she shook*
*The holy water from her heavenly eyes;*
*And, clamour-moisten'd, then away she started,*" &c.

## SCENE IV. *The same. A tent.*

*Enter* CORDELIA, Doctor, *and* Soldiers.

*Cor.* Alack, 'tis he: why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter[98] and furrow-weeds,
With burdocks,[99] hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*]—What can man's wisdom
In the restoring his bereavèd sense?
He that helps him take all my outward worth.

*Doct.* There is means, madam:
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

*Cor.* All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant and remediate
In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

*Enter a* Messenger.

*Mess.* News, madam;
The British powers are marching hitherward

*Cor.* 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France

(98) *fumiter*] The quartos have "femiter;" the folio has "Fenitar."
(99) *burdocks,*] So Hanmer.—The quartos have "hoar-docks" and "hor-docks;" the folio has "Hardokes."—Farmer would read "harlocks" (a plant mentioned by Drayton).

My mourning and important tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear and see him! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V. *A room in* GLOSTER'S *castle.*

*Enter* REGAN *and* OSWALD.

*Reg.* But are my brother's powers set forth?
*Osw.* Ay, madam.
*Reg.* Himself in person there?
*Osw.* Madam, with much ado:
Your sister is the better soldier.
*Reg.* Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?
*Osw.* No, madam.
*Reg.* What might import my sister's letter to him?
*Osw.* I know not, lady.
*Reg.* Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live: where he arrives he moves
All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.
*Osw.* I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.
*Reg.* Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.
*Osw.* I may not, madam:
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.
*Reg.* Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what:—I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.
*Osw.* Madam, I had rather—
*Reg.* I know your lady does not love her husband;
I'm sure of that: and at her late being here
She gave strange œilliads and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.

*Osw.* I, madam?

*Reg.* I speak in understanding; you are, I know't:
Therefore I do advise you, take this note:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand
Than for your lady's:—you may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

*Osw.* Would I could meet him, madam! I would show
What party I do follow.

*Reg.* Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI. *The country near Dover.*

*Enter* GLOSTER, *and* EDGAR *dressed like a peasant.*

*Glo.* When shall I come to the top of that same hill?

*Edg.* You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.

*Glo.* Methinks the ground is even.

*Edg.* Horrible steep.
Hark, do you hear the sea?

*Glo.* No, truly.

*Edg.* Why, then, your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

*Glo.* So may it be, indeed:
Methinks thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

*Edg.* You're much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd
But in my garments.

*Glo.* Methinks you're better spoken.

*Edg.* Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand still.—How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air

Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire,—dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock,—her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,(100)
Cannot be heard so high.—I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

*Glo.* Set me where you stand.

*Edg.* Give me your hand:—you're now within a foot
Of th' extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

*Glo.* Let go my hand.
Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies and gods
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

*Edg.* Now fare you well, good sir.

*Glo.* With all my heart.

*Edg.* [*aside*] Why I do trifle thus with his despair
Is done to cure it.

*Glo.* [*kneeling*] O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce, and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,

(100) *the murmuring surge,*
*That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,*]

"The folios give

'The murmuring Surge,
That on th' vnnumbred idle *Pebble chafes,*'

while Steevens's reprint of the quarto reads '*peebles chafe.*' Perhaps '*pebbles chafe*' is the true reading, and '*surge*' consequently a plural. The ordinary reading, '*pebbles chafes,*' which sounds awkward even to modern ears, would have been still more offensive to those of our ancestors." Note by Lettsom,—Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 268.

My snuff and loathèd part of nature should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

*Edg.* Gone, sir:—farewell.

[*Gloster throws himself forward, and falls.*

[*Aside*] And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft: had he been where he thought,
By this had thought been past.—Alive or dead?
Ho you, sir! friend!—Hear you, sir!—speak!—
[*Aside*] Thus might he pass indeed:—yet he revives.—
What are you, sir?

*Glo.* Away, and let me die.

*Edg.* Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.
Ten masts at each[101] make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

*Glo.* But have I fall'n, or no?

*Edg.* From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.
Look up a-height;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

*Glo.* Alack, I have no eyes.—
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

*Edg.* Give me your arm:
Up:—so.—How is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

*Glo.* Too well, too well.

*Edg.* This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

*Glo.* A poor unfortunate beggar.

[101] *Ten masts at each*] Which means, I believe, "Ten masts joined each to the other,"—has given rise to sundry bad conjectural emendations.

*Edg.* As I stood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd and wav'd like the enridgèd sea:
It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

*Glo.* I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself
"Enough, enough," and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say
"The fiend, the fiend:" he led me to that place.

*Edg.* Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who comes here?

*Enter* LEAR, *fantastically dressed with wild flowers.*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

*Lear.* No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king himself.

*Edg.* [*aside*] O thou side-piercing sight!

*Lear.* Nature's above art in that respect.—There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard.—Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.—O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout, i' the clout: hewgh!—Give the word.

*Edg.* Sweet marjoram.

*Lear.* Pass.

*Glo.* I know that voice.

*Lear.* Ha! Goneril,—with a white beard!—They flattered me like a dog; and told me I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there.—To say "ay" and "no" to every thing that I said!—"Ay" and "no" too was no good divinity.[102] When the rain came to wet me once, and the

(102) *To say "ay" and "no" to every thing that I said!—"Ay" and "no" too was no good divinity.*] The following reading was suggested to Pye by a friend; "*To say 'ay' and 'no' to every thing* [*that*] *I said 'ay' and 'no' to was no good divinity.*"

wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie,—I am not ague-proof.

*Glo.* The trick of that voice I do well remember:
Is't not the king?

*Lear.* Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes![108]
I pardon that man's life.—What was thy cause?—
Adultery?—
Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive; for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To't, luxury, pell-mell! for I lack soldiers.—
Behold yond simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presages snow,
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name,—
The fitchew nor the soilèd horse goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are Centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends';
There's hell, there's darkness, there's the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption;—fie, fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

*Glo.* O, let me kiss that hand!

*Lear.* Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

*Glo.* O ruin'd peace of nature! This great world

(108) *When I do stare, see how the subject quakes!*] "I think Shakespeare wrote *quake*. *Subject*, more prisco, meaning, not *subjectus* but *subjecti*; as we say *the elect, the reprobate*. Old writers *passim*; indeed the usage occurs as late as Burke." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 246.

Shall so wear out to naught.—Dost thou know me?

*Lear.* I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

*Glo.* Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

*Edg.* [*aside*] I would not take this from report;—it is, And my heart breaks at it.

*Lear.* Read.

*Glo.* What, with the case of eyes?

*Lear.* O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: yet you see how this world goes.

*Glo.* I see it feelingly.

*Lear.* What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

*Glo.* Ay, sir.

*Lear.* And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.—

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;[104]
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin[105] with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.
None does offend, none,—I say, none; I'll able 'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power

([104]) *Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;*] The quartos have "*through tattered* ragges *small vices*," &c.—The folio has "*Thorough tatter'd cloathes* great *Vices*," &c.

([105]) *Plate sin*] The folio has "Place sinnes."—From these words to "accuser's lips" inclusive is only in the folio.

To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now:
Pull off my boots:—harder, harder:—so.

*Edg.* [*aside*] O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in madness!

*Lear.* If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl and cry.—I will preach to thee: mark.

*Glo.* Alack, alack the day!

*Lear.* When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools.—This' a good block:—[106]
It were a delicate stratagem to shoe
A troop of horse with felt: I'll put't in proof;
And when I've stol'n upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

*Enter a* Gentleman, *with* Attendants.

*Gent.* O, here he is: lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter—

*Lear.* No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon;[107]

([106]) *This' a good block:*—] Here I follow Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, p. 80) in altering "This" to "*This'*," the contraction of "*This is*," which the folio has in *Measure for Measure*, act v. sc. 1.—After these words an interrogation-point or an exclamation-point is usually put, in opposition to the old eds.—"Upon the king's saying, '*I will preach to thee*,' the poet seems to have meant him to pull off his *hat*, and keep turning it and feeling it, in the attitude of one of the preachers of those times (whom I have seen so represented in ancient prints), till the idea of *felt*, which the good *hat* or *block* was made of, raises the stratagem in his brain of shoeing a troop of horse with a substance soft as that which he held and moulded between his hands. This makes him start from his preachment.—*Block* anciently signified the *head part* of the hat, or *the thing on which a hat is formed*, and sometimes the hat itself." STEEVENS,—who borrowed this explanation from Capell.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "'Tis *a good* plot."

([107]) *have a surgeon;*] The folio has "*haue* Surgeons."—The quartos read "*haue* a chirurgeon."

I am cut to the brains.

*Gent.* You shall have any thing.

*Lear.* No seconds? all myself?
Why, this would make a man a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.[108]

*Gent.* Good sir,—

*Lear.* I will die bravely, like a smug bridegroom. What!
I will be jovial: come, come; I am a king;
My masters, know you that.

*Gent.* You are a royal one, and we obey you.

*Lear.* Then there's life in't. Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[*Exit; Attendants follow.*

*Gent.* A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,
Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

*Edg.* Hail, gentle sir.

*Gent.* Sir, speed you: what's your will?

*Edg.* Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

*Gent.* Most sure and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

*Edg.* But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?

*Gent.* Near and on speedy foot; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

*Edg.* I thank you, sir: that's all.

*Gent.* Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is mov'd on.

*Edg.* I thank you, sir. [*Exit Gent.*

*Glo.* You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

*Edg.* Well pray you, father.

*Glo.* Now, good sir, what are you?

(108) *Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.*] So the quartos, except that they omit "*for.*"—These words are not in the folio.

*Edg.* A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;[109]
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.
*Glo.* Hearty thanks:
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

*Enter* OSWALD.

*Osw.* A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember:—the sword is out
That must destroy thee.
*Glo.* Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [*Edgar interposes.*
*Osw.* Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that th' infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.
*Edg.* Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.
*Osw.* Let go, slave, or thou diest!
*Edg.* Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. An chud ha' been zwaggered out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, che vor ye, or ise try whether your costard or my ballow be the harder: chill be plain with you.
*Osw.* Out, dunghill!
*Edg.* Chill pick your teeth, zir: come; no matter vor your foins. [*They fight, and Edgar knocks him down.*
*Osw.* Slave, thou hast slain me:—villain, take my purse:
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters which thou find'st about me
To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out

(109) *made tame to fortune's blows;*] So the folio.—The quartos have "*made* lame by *fortunes blowes*" (which Malone considers to be the right reading, because in our author's XXXVII^th^ Sonnet we find "So I, *made lame by fortune's* dearest spite," &c.).

Upon the English party:—O, untimely death![110] [*Dies.*

*Edg.* I know thee well: a serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress
As badness would desire.

*Glo.* What, is he dead?

*Edg.* Sit you down, father; rest you.—
Let's see his pockets: these letters that he speaks of
May be my friends.—He's dead; I'm only sorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:—
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers, is more lawful.

[*Reads*] "Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

"Your—wife, so I would say—affectionate servant,
"GONERIL."

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will![111]
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange my brother!—Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers: and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke: for him 'tis well
That of thy death and business I can tell.

*Glo.* The king is mad: how stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling

(110) *O, untimely death!*] Here the old eds. have the word "*death*" twice.

(111) *O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!*] The quartos have "*O vndistinguisht space of womans* wit:" the first folio has "*Oh* indinguish'd *space of Womans will;*" the second and third folios have "Of indinguish'd *space of Womans will;*" and the fourth folio has "Of *indistinguish'd space of Womans will.*"—The reading of the quartos, except in the last word, is no doubt the right one: and the sense is plain enough, "*undistinguish'd space*" meaning *space whose limits are not to be distinguished.*—Here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector makes one of his unhappiest emendations,—"*O*, unextinguish'd blaze *of woman's will!*"

Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.
*Edg.* Give me your hand:
[*Drum afar off.*
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum:
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *A tent in the French camp.* LEAR *on a bed asleep, soft music playing;* Doctor, Gentleman, *and others attending.*

*Enter* CORDELIA *and* KENT.

*Cor.* O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.
*Kent.* To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.
*Cor.* Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worser hours:
I prithee, put them off.
*Kent.* Pardon, dear madam;
Yet to be known shortens my made intent:
My boon I make it, that you know me not
Till time and I think meet.
*Cor.* Then be't so, my good lord.—[*To the Doctor*] How does the king?
*Doct.*[112] Madam, sleeps still.

(112) Doct.] "According to the folio, the two parts of the Doctor and the Gentleman were combined, and played by the same actor: in the 4tos they are distinct characters, and have separate prefixes. We have followed the latter, because the scene was, in all probability, so originally written, and because merely the economy of the old stage seems to have led to the union of the two characters in the folio. It is singular that, at the earlier date, the more expensive course should have been pursued." COLLIER.

*Cor.* O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abusèd nature!
Th' untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changèd father!
*Doct.* So please your majesty
That we may wake the king: he hath slept long.
*Cor.* Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?[113]
*Gent.* Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep
We put fresh garments on him.
*Doct.* Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.[114]
*Cor.* Very well.
*Doct.* Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there!
*Cor.* O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!
*Kent.* Kind and dear princess!

([113]) *Is he array'd?*] After these words Delius inserts, with the folio, the stage-direction "*Enter* LEAR *on* [in] *a chair carried by Servants;*" and he says that "from Cordelia's question it is plain that Lear is not on the stage at the beginning of this scene." But, as Capell long ago observed, "their [the folios'] mode of bringing in Lear was a mere stage-convenience." *Notes*, &c., vol. i. P. ii. p. 181. Cordelia has evidently come with Kent into the chamber where her father is asleep on a bed, the curtains of which conceal him from view; and a subsequent exclamation of the Physician, "Louder the music there!" shows that soft music is playing while he sleeps.

([114]) Gent. *Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep*
*We put fresh garments on him.*
Doct. *Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;*
*I doubt not of his temperance.*]

One quarto gives the first of these speeches to "*Doct.*" and the second to "*Kent;*" the other two quartos give the first to "*Doct.*" and the second to "*Gent.:*" and the folio gives both to "*Gent.*"—Mr. Collier adheres to the quartos which assign the first speech to "*Doct.*" and the second to "*Kent;*" and remarks that "some modern editors (following Malone) have adopted a course consistent with no authority, by giving the two first lines to the Gentleman, and the two next to the Doctor." But where the old copies are so strangely at variance with each other, some liberty may be allowed to an editor; and the usual modern distribution of these speeches appears to me the only one which is at all satisfactory.

*Cor.* Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch—poor perdu![115]
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

*Doct.* Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

*Cor.* How does my royal lord? how fares your majesty?

*Lear.* You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave:—
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

*Cor.* Sir, do you know me?

*Lear.* You are a spirit, I know: when did you die?

*Cor.* Still, still, far wide!

*Doct.* He's scarce awake: let him alone awhile.

*Lear.* Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair daylight?—
I'm mightily abus'd.—I should e'en die with pity,
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear these are my hands:—let's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd
Of my condition!

*Cor.* O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—
No, sir, you must not kneel.

*Lear.* Pray, do not mock me:

[115] *Of quick, cross lightning? to watch—poor perdu!*—] "Is not *lightning* a trisyllable? Pronounce, I think, *pērdu*; the flow of the verse shows this; and the instances I have met with of the use of the word mostly agree with this supposition." Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 17.

I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;[116]
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I'm mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

*Cor.* And so I am, I am.

*Lear.* Be your tears wet? yes, faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

*Cor.* No cause, no cause.

*Lear.* Am I in France?

*Kent.* In your own kingdom, sir.

*Lear.* Do not abuse me.

*Doct.* Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is kill'd in him: and yet 'tis danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more
Till further settling.

*Cor.* Will't please your highness walk?

*Lear.* You must bear with me:
Pray you now, forget and forgive: I'm old and foolish.

[*Exeunt all except Kent and Gentleman.*

*Gent.* Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?

*Kent.* Most certain, sir.

*Gent.* Who is conductor of his people?

(116) *Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;*] In this passage the folio alone has the words "*not an hour more nor less.*"—Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 156) observes, "They are nonsense, it is true: but are they out of place in the mouth of Lear?"

*Kent.* As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloster.

*Gent.* They say Edgar, his banished son, is with the Earl of Kent in Germany.

*Kent.* Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look about; the powers of the kingdom approach apace.

*Gent.* The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

*Kent.* My point and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [*Exit.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. *The camp of the British forces, near Dover.*

*Enter, with drum and colours,* EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, *and others.*

*Edm.* Know of the duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course: he's full of alteration
And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure.
[*To an Officer, who goes out.*

*Reg.* Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

*Edm.* 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

*Reg.* Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

*Edm.* In honour'd love.

*Reg.* But have you never found my brother's way
To the forfended place?

*Edm.* That thought abuses you.

*Reg.* I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

*Edm.* No, by mine honour, madam.

*Reg.* I never shall endure her: dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

*Edm.* Fear me not:—
She and the duke her husband!

*Enter, with drum and colours,* ALBANY, GONERIL, *and* Soldiers.

*Gon.* [*aside*] I had rather lose the battle than that sister
Should loosen him and me.

*Alb.* Our very loving sister, well be-met.—
Sir, this I hear,—the king is come to his daughter,
With others whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king, with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

*Edm.* Sir, you speak nobly.

*Reg.* Why is this reason'd?

*Gon.* Combine together 'gainst the enemy;
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not the question here.

*Alb.* Let's, then, determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.[117]

*Edm.* I shall attend you presently at your tent.

*Reg.* Sister, you'll go with us?

*Gon.* No.

*Reg.* 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.

*Gon.* [*aside*] O, ho, I know the riddle.—I will go.

*As they are going out, enter* EDGAR *disguised.*

*Edg.* If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

*Alb.* I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt all except Albany and Edgar.*

*Edg.* Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,

[117] *With the ancient of war on our proceedings.*] "Possibly, 'With th' ancient *men* of war,' &c." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 283.

I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouchèd there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

*Alb.* Stay till I've read the letter.

*Edg.* I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again.

*Alb.* Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook thy paper.

[*Exit Edgar.*

*Re-enter* EDMUND.

*Edm.* The enemy's in view; draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery;—but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

*Alb.* We will greet the time. [*Exit.*

*Edm.* To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: to take the widow
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,[118]
Her husband being alive. Now, then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon; for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*

([118]) *carry out my side,*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 283) proposes to substitute "suit" for "*side.*" But the whole reading is quite right: see Glossary.

SCENE II. *A field between the two camps.*

*Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours,* LEAR, CORDELIA, *and their* Forces; *and exeunt.*

*Enter* EDGAR *and* GLOSTER.

*Edg.* Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.
*Glo.* Grace go with you, sir! [*Exit Edgar.*

*Alarum and retreat within. Re-enter* EDGAR.

*Edg.* Away, old man,—give me thy hand,—away!
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand; come on.
*Glo.* No further, sir; a man may rot even here.
*Edg.* What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all:—come on.
*Glo.* And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The British camp, near Dover.*

*Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours,* EDMUND; LEAR *and* CORDELIA *prisoners;* Officers, Soldiers, *&c.*

*Edm.* Some officers take them away: good guard,
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.
*Cor.* We are not the first
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressèd king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.—
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?
*Lear.* No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,

And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,—
Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;—
And take upon 's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

*Edm.* Take them away.

*Lear.* Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The goujeers shall[119] devour them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep; we'll see 'em starve first.
Come. [*Exeunt Lear and Cordelia, guarded.*

*Edm.* Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note [*Giving a paper*]; go follow them to prison:
One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword:—thy great employment
Will not bear question; either say thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

*Off.* I'll do't, my lord.

*Edm.* About it; and write happy when thou hast done.
Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so
As I have set it down.

*Off.* I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
If 't be man's work, I'll do't. [*Exit.*

*Flourish.* *Enter* ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, Officers, *and* Attendants.

*Alb.* Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well: you have the captives

(119) *The goujeers shall*] The quartos have "*The* good *shall.*"—The folio has "*The* good yeares *shall.*"

Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you, so to use them
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.
*Edm.* Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen;
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, t' appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time
We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness:—
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.
*Alb.* Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.
*Reg.* That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up
And call itself your brother.
*Gon.* Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your addition.
*Reg.* In my rights
By me invested, he compeers the best.
*Gon.* That were the most, if he should husband you.
*Reg.* Jesters do oft prove prophets.
*Gon.* Holla, holla!
That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.
*Reg.* Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach.—General,

Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:[120]
Witness the world that I create thee here
My lord and master.
*Gon.* Mean you to enjoy him?
*Alb.* The let-alone lies not in your good will.
*Edm.* Nor in thine, lord.
*Alb.* Half-blooded fellow, yes.
*Reg.* [*to Edmund*] Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.
*Alb.* Stay yet; hear reason.—Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent [*pointing to Gon.*].—For your claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your loves to me;
My lady is bespoke.
*Gon.* An interlude!
*Alb.* Thou art arm'd, Gloster:—let the trumpet sound:
If none appear to prove upon thy person
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge [*throwing down a glove*]; I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.
*Reg.* Sick, O, sick!
*Gon.* [*aside*] If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.
*Edm.* There's my exchange [*throwing down a glove*]: what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, who not? I will maintain

(120) *the walls are thine:*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "*the walls* is *thine.*"—This line is not in the quartos.—"A metaphorical phrase taken from the camp, and signifying *to surrender at discretion.*" WARBURTON.—Hanmer printed "they all *are thine.*"—"Has not the editor of the second folio altered this improperly? and may we not read 'yea, all is *thine*'?" W. N. LETTSOM.

My truth and honour firmly.

*Alb.* A herald, ho!

*Edm.* A herald, ho, a herald!

*Alb.* Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

*Reg.* My sickness grows upon me.

*Alb.* She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[*Exit Regan, led.*

*Enter a* Herald.

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.

*Off.* Sound, trumpet! [*A trumpet sounds.*

*Her.* [*reads*] "If any man of quality or degree within the lists of the army will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet: he is bold in his defence."

*Edm.* Sound! [*First trumpet.*

*Her.* Again! [*Second trumpet.*

*Her.* Again! [*Third trumpet.*

[*Trumpet answers within.*

*Enter* EDGAR, *armed, and preceded by a trumpet.*

*Alb.* Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

*Her.* What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

*Edg.* Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope.[121]

(121) *Yet am I noble as the adversary*
*I come to cope.*]

Here most of the modern editors insert, from the quartos, "withal" after "*cope;*" but unnecessarily: compare *Troilus and Cressida*, act ii. sc. 3, "Ajax shall *cope* the best."

*Alb.* Which is that adversary?
*Edg.* What's he that speaks for Edmund earl of Gloster?
*Edm.* Himself:—what say'st thou to him?
*Edg.* Draw thy sword,
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession: I protest,—(122)
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour and thy heart,—thou art a traitor;
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
And, from th' extremest upward of thy head
To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou "no,"
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.
*Edm.* In wisdom I should ask thy name;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which,—for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,—
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak!
[*Alarums. They fight. Edmund falls.*

(122) *Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,*
*My oath, and my profession: I protest,—*]

The quartos have

"*Behold it is the priuiledge of* my tongue,
*My oath and profession,*" &c.

The folio has

"*Behold it is* my priuiledge,
*The priuiledge of mine Honours,*
*My oath, and my profession,*" &c.

*Alb.* Save him, save him!
*Gon.* This is practice, Gloster:[123]
By the law of arms thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.
*Alb.* Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it:—Hold, sir;
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—[124]
No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.
[*Gives the letter to Edmund.*
*Gon.* Say, if I do,—the laws are mine, not thine:
Who can arraign me for't?
*Alb.* Most monstrous!
Know'st thou this paper?
*Gon.* Ask me not what I know. [*Exit.*[125]

(123) Alb. *Save him, save him!*
Gon. *This is practice, Gloster:*]

Theobald (printing "O, *save him*," &c.) gave these two hemistichs to *Goneril*, and remarked, "'Tis absurd that Albany, who knew Edmund's treasons and his own wife's passion for him, should be solicitous to have his life saved."—According to Johnson, "Albany desires that Edmund's life might be spared at present, only to obtain his confession, and to convict him openly by his own letter."—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 185) says, "Theobald was right in giving the words '*O*, save him, save him' (as he properly read) to Goneril."

(124) *Hold, sir;*
*Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:*—]

Delius says that "*Hold, sir*," is a command to Edgar to forbear further violence on Edmund, and that the next line is addressed to Edmund, to whom Albany hands Goneril's letter found on Oswald. About "the next line" Delius is no doubt right; but (like Malone and Mr. Collier, as shown by the note of the former and the punctuation of the latter) he is quite mistaken about the "*Hold, sir*," which is also spoken to Edmund,—"*Hold*" being formerly a word commonly used when any one presented any thing to another: compare our author's *Measure for Measure*, "*Hold*, therefore, Angelo," &c., act i. sc. 1 (see note 4, vol. i. p. 460); and *Julius Cæsar*, "*Hold*, my hand," &c., act i. sc. 3; "But, *hold thee*, take this garland on thy brow," &c., act v. sc. 3 (see note 106, vol. vii. p. 192).—1865. Mr. Grant White prints "[*To* EDG.] Hold, sir!—" &c.

(125) Gon. *Ask me not what I know.* [Exit.]

So the quartos.—"The folio," as Mr. Collier observes, "having erroneously fixed Goneril's *exit* earlier, transfers 'Ask me not what I know' to Edmund." And to Edmund both Mr. Knight and Delius assign the words, though they are manifestly those of Goneril in her desperation, and proved by Edmund's next speech not to belong to him.

*Alb.* Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.
[*To an Officer, who goes out.*

*Edm.* What you have charg'd me with, that have I done;
And more, much more; the time will bring it out:
'Tis past, and so am I.—But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.

*Edg.* Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.

*Edm.* Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

*Alb.* Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee:
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father!

*Edg.* Worthy prince,
I know't.

*Alb.* Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?

*Edg.* By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale;—
And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!—
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near,—O, our lives' sweetness!
That with the pain of death we'd hourly die[126]
Rather than die at once!—taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags; t' assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,

[126] *That with the pain of death we'd hourly die.*] So the quartos, except that, instead of "*we'd*" (Malone's alteration), they have "would."—The folio has "*That we the paine of death* would *hourely dye.*"

Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
Never—O fault!—reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,
Alack, too weak the conflict to support,
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

*Edm.* This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall perchance do good: but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.

*Alb.* If there be more, more woful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

*Edg.* This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too-much, would make much more,
And top extremity.
Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; threw him[127] on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him
That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting
His grief grew puissant,[128] and the strings of life
Began to crack: twice then the trumpets sounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.

*Alb.* But who was this?

*Edg.* Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

(127) *him*] The quartos have "me."—This speech and the two next speeches are not in the folio.

(128) *puissant,*] "Possibly 'piersant.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 284.

*Enter a* Gentleman *hastily with a bloody knife.*

*Gent.* Help, help, O, help!
*Edg.* What kind of help?
*Alb.* Speak, man.
*Edg.* What means that bloody knife?
*Gent.* 'Tis hot, it smokes;
It came even from the heart of—O, she's dead!
*Alb.* Who dead? speak, man.
*Gent.* Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poisonèd; she hath confess'd it.
*Edm.* I was contracted to them both: all three
Now marry in an instant.
*Edg.* Here comes Kent.
*Alb.* Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead:—
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gentleman.*

*Enter* KENT.

O, is this he?
The time will not allow the compliment
Which very manners urges.
*Kent.* I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night:
Is he not here?
*Alb.* Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cordelia?—
[*The bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in.*
See'st thou this object, Kent?
*Kent.* Alack, why thus?
*Edm.* Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.
*Alb.* Even so.—Cover their faces.
*Edm.* I pant for life:—some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send—
Be brief in it—to the castle; for my writ

Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia:—
Nay, send in time.
*Alb.* Run, run, O, run!
*Edg.* To who, my lord?—Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.
*Edm.* Well thought on: take my sword;
Give it the captain.
*Alb.* Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit Edgar.*
*Edm.* He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.
*Alb.* The gods defend her!—Bear him hence awhile.
[*Edmund is borne off.*

*Re-enter* LEAR, *with* CORDELIA *dead in his arms;* EDGAR, Officer, *and others following.*

*Lear.* Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of stone:[129]
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack.—She's gone for ever!
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth.—Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.
*Kent.* Is this the promis'd end?
*Edg.* Or image of that horror?
*Alb.* Fall, and cease!
*Lear.* This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.
*Kent.* O my good master! [*Kneeling.*
*Lear.* Prithee, away.
*Edg.* 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.
*Lear.* A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!

[129] *stone:*] The old eds. have "stones." (So in *King Richard III.* act iii. sc. 7, the old eds. make Gloster say "I am not made of *stones.*")

I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!
What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman.—
I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.

*Off.* 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

*Lear.* Did I not, fellow?
I've seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best:—I'll tell you straight.

*Kent.* If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

*Lear.* This is a dull sight.[130] Are you not Kent?

*Kent.* The same,
Your servant Kent.—Where is your servant Caius?

*Lear.* He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too:—he's dead and rotten.

*Kent.* No, my good lord; I am the very man,—

*Lear.* I'll see that straight.

*Kent.* That, from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.

*Lear.* You're welcome hither.

*Kent.* Nor no man else:—all's cheerless, dark, and deadly.—
Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
And desperately are dead.

*Lear.* Ay, so I think.

*Alb.* He knows not what he says; and vain is it
That we present us to him.

*Edg.* Very bootless.

(130) *This is a dull sight.*] Here Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 80) would alter "*This is*" to the contracted form "This'" (see note 106); and with the following arrangement;

> "One of them we behold.
> *Lear.* *This'* a dull sight:
> Are you not Kent?
> *Kent.* The same; your servant Kent."—

Mr. Grant White prints "*This is a dull* light."

*Enter an* Officer.

*Off.* Edmund is dead, my lord.
*Alb.* That's but a trifle here.—
You lords and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay may come
Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power:—[*To Edgar and Kent*] you, to your rights;
With boot, and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!
*Lear.* And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life!
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!—
Pray you, undo this button:—thank you, sir.—
Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her lips,—
Look there, look there!— [*Dies.*
*Edg.* He faints!—My lord, my lord!—
*Kent.* Break, heart; I prithee, break!
*Edg.* Look up, my lord.
*Kent.* Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough[131] world
Stretch him out longer.
*Edg.* He is gone indeed.
*Kent.* The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long:
He but usurp'd his life.
*Alb.* Bear them from hence.—Our present business
Is general woe.—[*To Kent and Edgar*] Friends of my soul, you twain
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.
*Kent.* I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls me,—I must not say no.
*Alb.* The weight of this sad time we must obey;

(131) *tough*] Pope substituted "rough."

Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.(132)

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*

(132) *The weight of this sad time we must obey;*
*Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.*
*The oldest hath borne most: we that are young*
*Shall never see so much, nor live so long.*]

"This speech from the authority of the old quarto is rightly placed to Albany: in the edition by the players it is given to Edgar, by whom, I doubt not, it was of custom spoken. And the case was this: he who played Edgar being a more favourite actor than he who personated Albany, in spite of decorum it was thought proper he should have the last word." THEOBALD.—"Here, however, it seems to me just possible —yet hardly so—that the folio may be right." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 185.—Hanmer altered the last line of this speech (which is certainly obscure in meaning) to "*Shall never see so much*, live e'er *so long.*"

# OTHELLO.

# OTHELLO.

"I HAVE evidence to produce which very clearly shows that this play was written before 1600; for in a Ms. entitled 'The Newe Metamorphosis, or a Feaste of Fancie, or Poeticall Legendes, written by J. M. Gent. 1600,' occurs the following passage, evidently imitated from Shakespeare's well-known lines [*Othello*, act iii. sc. 3] beginning 'Who steals my purse, steals trash;'

> 'The highwayman that robs one of his purse
> Is not soe bad; nay, these are ten tymes worse!
> For these doe rob men of their pretious name,
> And in exchange give obloquie and shame.'

It should be remarked that some additions were made by the author of this Ms. several years after the date he assigns to its composition; but there is no reason to suppose that the part in which the above passage occurs was written after the year 1600." Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 190, ed. 8vo.—"But," observes Mr. Staunton, after citing the above four lines of J. M., "the reflection is sufficiently trite, and in both instances, as in many others where it occurs, was probably founded on the following passages;

'Is not that *Treasure*, which, before all other, is most regarded of honest persons, *the good Fame of Man and Woman*, lost through whoredom?' *Homily* xi. pt. 2.

'Now here consider that St. Paul numbreth a Scolder, Brawler, or a Picker of Quarrels, among Thieves and Idolators, and many Times there cometh less Hurt of a Thiefe than of a railing tongue. For the one taketh away a *Mans good name, the other taketh but his Riches, which is of much less Value and Estimation than is his good name.*' *Homily* xii. pt. 1."

—According to one of the Ellesmere papers, *Othello* was acted before Queen Elizabeth at Harefield Place about the beginning of August 1602; but it is now quite agreed that the paper in question is not genuine: see the Memoir of Shakespeare, p. 97, note.—The story of *Othello* is to be found in Cinthio's *Hecatommithi, Parte Prima, Deca Terza, Novella* 7, "*Un capitano Moro piglia per mogliera una cittadina Venetiana: un suo alfieri l' accusa di adulterio al marito; cerca che l'alfieri uccida colui ch' egli credea l' adultero: il capitano uccide la moglie, è accusato dall' alfieri, non confessa il Moro, ma essendovi chiari inditii è bandito; e lo scelerato alfieri, credendo nuocere ad altri, procaccia a se la morte miseramente.*" The novel, however, not only differs considerably from the play in incident, but Cinthio's characters have no names with the exception of Desdemona. "I have not hitherto met with any translation of this novel of so early a date as the age of Shakespeare; but undoubtedly many of those little pamphlets have perished between his time and ours. It is highly probable that our author met with the name of Othello

in some tale that has escaped our researches; as I likewise find it in Reynolds's 'God's Revenge against Adultery,' standing in one of his Arguments as follows: 'She marries Othello, an old German soldier.' This History (the eighth) is professed to be an *Italian* one. Here also occurs the name of Iago. It is likewise found, as Dr. Farmer observes, in 'The History of the famous Euordanus Prince of Denmark, with the strange Adventures of *Iago* Prince of Saxonie;' bl. l. 4to, London, 1605. It may indeed be urged that these names were adopted from the tragedy before us; but I trust that every reader who is conversant with the peculiar style and method in which the work of honest John Reynolds is composed will acquit him of the slightest familiarity with the scenes of Shakespeare. This play was first entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct. 6, 1621, by Thomas Walkley [who published it in quarto during the next year]." STEEVENS.—"I have seen a French translation of Cinthio by Gabriel Chappuys, Par. 1584. This is not a faithful one; and I suspect through this medium the work came into English." FARMER. (An English version of Cinthio's novel by W. Parr is in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. ii.)

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF VENICE.
BRABANTIO, a senator.
Other Senators.
GRATIANO, brother to Brabantio.
LODOVICO, kinsman to Brabantio.
OTHELLO, a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian state.
CASSIO, his lieutenant.
IAGO, his ancient.
RODERIGO, a Venetian gentleman.
MONTANO, Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.
Clown, servant to Othello.

DESDEMONA, daughter to Brabantio and wife to Othello.
EMILIA, wife to Iago.
BIANCA, mistress to Cassio.

Sailor, Messenger, Herald, Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and Attendants.

SCENE—*The first act in Venice; during the rest of the play, at a seaport in Cyprus.*

## THE STATIONER TO THE READER.*

To set forth a book without an epistle were like to the old English proverb, *A blue coat without a badge;* and the author being dead, I thought good to take that piece of work upon me. To commend it, I will not; for that which is good I hope every man will commend without entreaty; and I am the bolder because the author's name is sufficient to vent his work. Thus leaving every one to the liberty of judgment, I have ventured to print this play, and leave it to the general censure.

Yours,

THOMAS WALKLEY.

* Prefixed to the quarto 1622.

# OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*

*Enter* RODERIGO *and* IAGO.

*Rod.* Tush, never tell me; I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this,—
*Iago.* 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:—
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.[1]
*Rod.* Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.
*Iago.* Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capp'd to him:[2]—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I'm worth no worse a place:—

(1) *'Sblood, but you will not hear me:—*
*If ever I did dream of such a matter,*
*Abhor me.*]

So the quarto of 1622 *verbatim*. (What can Mr. Knight mean when he says that so "*Stevens writes* these lines"?)—The folio, and the quarto of 1630, have "*But* you'l *not heare me*," &c.

(2) *Oft capp'd to him:*] So the quartos.—The folio has "Off-*capt to him.*"—"In support of the folio *Antony and Cleopatra* may be quoted, 'I've ever held my *cap off* to thy fortunes' [act ii. sc. 7]. This reading I once thought to be the true one. But a more intimate knowledge of the quarto copies has convinced me that they ought not without very strong reason to be departed from." MALONE.—Mr. Grant White adheres to the reading of the folio, "because 'capped' seems to have meant to keep the cap on, not to take it off." But Coles has "To cap a person, *coram aliquo caput aperire, nudare.*" *Dict.*

But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,(3)
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,(4)
Nonsuits my mediators; for, "Certes," says he,
"I have already chose my officer."(5)
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;(6)

(3) *purposes,*] "Qy. '*purpose*' [an early alteration]?" W. N. LETTSOM.

(4) *And, in conclusion,*] "The first folio and the second quarto wrongly omit these words; but probably something has been lost before them." W. N. LETTSOM.

(5) *for, "Certes," says he,*
*"I have already chose my officer."*]

Mr. Collier and Delius [1865, and Mr. Grant White] point with the old copies, "'*For certes,*' *says he,*" &c.,—Delius observing that "*For certes*" is here equivalent to "*For certain,*" and that the modern editors are wrong in putting a comma between these words. But it appears to me that the "*for*" is not a portion of what Iago makes Othello say. (Compare *The Tempest*, act iii. sc. 3;

"If I should say, I saw such islanders,—
*For, certes,* these are people of the island," &c.)

(6) *A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;*] Here Hanmer substituted "*a fair* phiz" (!); Capell, "*a fair* face;" Tyrwhitt conjectured "*a fair* life;" and Mr. Grant White prints "*a fair* wise."—The Rev. W. R. Arrowsmith gives the following explanation of the old reading,—an explanation which, though it may appear to some rather forced and obscure, I am far from asserting to be wrong; "The words are to be taken circumscriptly, not sent gadding after Bianca, or no one knows who; their meaning must be sought and found within the compass of the line in which they stand. Had Shakespeare written 'A fellow almost damned in a raw lad,' the dullest brain could scarcely have missed the imputation that Cassio's military abilities would be almost disallowed, condemned as hardly up to the mark in an inexperienced boy: or had the words run 'A fellow almost damned in an old maid,' then, though it might not be understood how an officer, after Iago's report, of Cassio's incapacity, should be almost damned in one of her sex and condition, she at any rate could not, like the 'fair wife,' have been discovered at Cyprus in a young courtezan. Or, not altering a syllable, with only a slight change in their order, let us place the words thus,

'A fellow in a fair wife almost damned;'

by this disposition of them, the reader is pinned to their true construction: the alliance between Cassio and the fair wife is closer than the commentators suspected; they harp upon conjugal union, Iago speaks

That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoric,
Wherein the togèd consuls[7] can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had th' election:
And I—of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
Christian and heathen—must be be-lee'd and calm'd
By debitor-and-creditor, this counter-caster;
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I—God bless the mark!—his Moorship's ancient.

*Rod.* By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

*Iago.* Why, there's no remedy; 'tis the curse of service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affin'd
To love the Moor.

*Rod.* I would not follow him, then.

*Iago.* O, sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For naught but provender; and, when he's old, cashier'd:
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are,

of virtual identity; they seek the coupling of two persons in wedlock, he contemplates an embodiment of the soldiership of the one in the condition of the other, and so incorporated he pronounces it to be 'in a fair wife' almost reproveable; adding, in the same vein, that it was no better than might be found in 'a spinster.' To dwell on this point longer would be to upbraid the reader's understanding." *Shakespeare's Editors and Commentators*, p. 39.

(7) *the togèd consuls*] So the quarto of 1622.—The folio, and the quarto of 1630, have "*the* Tongued *Consuls;*" which, according to Boswell, agrees better with the context "mere prattle," and which several editors adopt; though the folio has a similar error in *Coriolanus*, act ii. sc. 3, "*Why in this Wooluish* tongue *should I stand heere*," &c.

Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they've lin'd their coats,
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;
And such a one do I profess myself.
For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

*Rod.* What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry't thus!

*Iago.* - - - - - Call up her father,
Rouse him:—make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen:
And though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies; though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.

*Rod.* Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

*Iago.* Do; with like timorous accent and dire yell
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

*Rod.* What, ho, Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho!

*Iago.* Awake! what, ho, Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO *appears above, at a window.*

*Bra.* What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

*Rod.* Signior, is all your family within?
*Iago.* Are your doors lock'd?
*Bra.* Why, wherefore ask you this?
*Iago.* Zounds, sir, you're robb'd; for shame, put on your gown;
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:
Arise, I say.
*Bra.* What, have you lost your wits?
*Rod.* Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?
*Bra.* Not I: what are you?
*Rod.* My name is Roderigo.
*Bra.* The worser welcome:
I've charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet;—
*Rod.* Sir, sir, sir,—
*Bra.* But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.
*Rod.* Patience, good sir.
*Bra.* What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My house is not a grange.
*Rod.* Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.
*Iago.* Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, and you think we are ruffians, you'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets for germans.
*Bra.* What profane wretch art thou?
*Iago.* I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter

and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

*Bra.* Thou art a villain.

*Iago.* You are—a senator.

*Bra.* This thou shalt answer: I know thee, Roderigo.

*Rod.* Sir, I will answer any thing. But, I beseech you,
If't be your pleasure and most wise consent,
As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported, with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,[8]
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But, if you know not this, my manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger
Of here and every where. Straight satisfy yourself:
If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

*Bra.* Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper!—call up all my people!—
This accident is not unlike my dream:
Belief of it oppresses me already.—
Light, I say! light! [*Exit above.*

*Iago.* Farewell; for I must leave you:
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd—as, if I stay, I shall—

(8) *a gondolier,*] So the folio, and the quarto of 1630 ("*gundelier*"). But if the author did not write "gundeler" ("gondoler"), he certainly intended the word to be so pronounced. See Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 218.—Only the first line and the three concluding lines of this speech are in the quarto of 1622.

Against the Moor: for, I do know, the state—
However this may gall him with some check—
Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,
Which even now stand in act, that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have none
To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
Lead to the Sagittary the raisèd search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [*Exit.*

*Enter, below,* BRABANTIO, *and* Servants *with torches.*

*Bra.* It is too true an evil: gone she is;
And what's to come of my despisèd time
Is naught but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?—O unhappy girl!—
With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father!—
How didst thou know 'twas she?—O, she deceives me
Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more tapers;
Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think you?

*Rod.* Truly, I think they are.

*Bra.* O heaven!—How got she out!—O treason of the blood!—
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Is there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

*Rod.* Yes, sir, I have indeed.

*Bra.* Call up my brother.—O, would you had had her!—
Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

*Rod.* I think I can discover him, if you please

To get good guard, and go along with me.
*Bra.* Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;
I may command at most.—Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.—
On, good Roderigo;—I'll deserve your pains. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. *The same. Another street.*

*Enter* OTHELLO, IAGO, *and* Attendants *with torches.*

*Iago.* Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no cóntriv'd murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service: nine or ten times
I had thought t' have yerk'd him here under the ribs.
*Oth.* 'Tis better as it is.
*Iago.* Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir,
Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,
That the magnifico is much belov'd;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law—with all his might t' enforce it on—
Will give him cable.
*Oth.* Let him do his spite:
My services which I have done the signiory
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,—
Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate,—I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege; and my demerits
May speak, unbonneted,[9] to as proud a fortune

(9) *unbonneted,*] Theobald reads "and bonneted."—Hanmer printed "e'en bonneted."

As this that I have reach'd: for know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhousèd free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yond?

*Iago.* Those are the raisèd father and his friends:
You were best go in.

*Oth.* Not I; I must be found:
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

*Iago.* By Janus, I think no.

*Enter* CASSIO, *and certain* Officers *with torches.*

*Oth.* The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.—
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

*Cas.* The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance
Even on the instant.

*Oth.* What is the matter, think you?

*Cas.* Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
It is a business of some heat: the galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the duke's already: you have been hotly call'd for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate sent about three several quests
To search you out.[10]

*Oth.* 'Tis well I am found by you.

(10) *you have been hotly call'd for;*
*When, being not at your lodging to be found,*
*The senate sent about three several quests*
*To search you out.*]

The quartos have "*The Senate sent* aboue *three seuerall quests*," &c.—The folio has "*The Senate* hath *sent about three seuerall Quests*," &c. (and Mr. Collier erroneously states that the word "hath" is found also in the quartos).—In the first of these lines Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "*you* had *been*," &c.

I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Exit.*

*Cas.* Ancient, what makes he here?

*Iago.* Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack:
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

*Cas.* I do not understand.

*Iago.* He's married.

*Cas.* To who?

*Re-enter* OTHELLO.

*Iago.* Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

*Oth.* Have with you.

*Cas.* Here comes another troop to seek for you.

*Iago.* It is Brabantio:—general, be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.

*Enter* BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, *and* Officers *with torches and weapons.*

*Oth.* Holla! stand there!

*Rod.* Signior, it is the Moor.

*Bra.* Down with him, thief!
[*They draw on both sides.*

*Iago.* You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

*Oth.* Keep up your bright swords, for[11] the dew will rust them.—
Good signior, you shall more command with years
Than with your weapons.

*Bra.* O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd
The wealthy curlèd darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, t' incur a general mock,

(11) *for*] "Read '*or*.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 323.

Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou,—to fear, not to delight.
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
That weaken motion:[12]—I'll have't disputed on;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.—
Lay hold upon him: if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

*Oth.* Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?

*Bra.* To prison; till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.

*Oth.* What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state
To bring me to him?

*First Off.* 'Tis true, most worthy signior;
The duke's in council, and your noble self,
I'm sure, is sent for.

*Bra.* How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night!—Bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be. [*Exeunt.*

(12) *That weaken motion:*] "To '*weaken motion*,'" says Ritson, "is to *impair the faculties*."—Theobald substituted "*That weaken* notion;" Hanmer, "*That* waken *motion*."

## SCENE III. *The same. A council-chamber.*

*The* Duke *and* Senators *sitting at a table;* Officers *attending.*

*Duke.* There is no composition in these news
That gives them credit.
*First Sen.* Indeed, they're disproportion'd;
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.
*Duke.* And mine, a hundred and forty.
*Sec. Sen.* And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,—
As in these cases, where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference,—yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.
*Duke.* Nay, it is possible enough to judgment:
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.
*Sailor.* [*within*] What, ho! what, ho! what, ho!
*First Off.* A messenger from the galleys.

*Enter a* Sailor.

*Duke.* Now,—what's the business?
*Sail.* The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state
By Signior Angelo.
*Duke.* How say you by this change?
*First Sen.* This cannot be,
By no assay of reason: 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
Th' importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks th' abilities

That Rhodes is dress'd in:—if we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitless.

*Duke.* Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

*First Off.* Here is more news.

*Enter a* Messenger.

*Mess.* The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.[13]

*First Sen.* Ay, so I thought.—How many, as you guess?

*Mess.* Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,[14]
And prays you to believe him.[15]

*Duke.* 'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus.—
Marcus Luccicos,[16] is not he in town?

*First Sen.* He's now in Florence.

*Duke.* Write from us to him; post-post-haste dispatch.

*First Sen.* Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

(13) *Have there injointed them with an after fleet.*] The quarto of 1622 omits "*them.*"—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 285) queries "*injoint.*"

(14) *thus,*] "Qy. '*this*'?" W. N. LETTSOM.

(15) *And prays you to believe him.*] "The Rev. H. Barry plausibly suggests to me, that we ought to read *relieve* for 'believe.'" COLLIER.—But that alteration had been suggested long ago. "An emendation not necessary of a word in the line before has a place in the same '*Readings;*' put there more to shew it was thought of, than from any other inducement: Montano's message to the senate is worded with great politeness in all the parts of it: in this last, *relief*, the thing he stood in want of and wish'd, is only insinuated; knowing it would follow from them, was *belief* accorded him." Capell's *Notes*, &c., vol. ii. P. iii. p. 139.—"'*Believe*' I think right, as Johnson takes it ['He entreats you not to doubt the truth of this intelligence']. '*Relieve*' would mean *send a successor.*" W. N. LETTSOM.

(16) *Luccicos,*] Altered by Capell to "Lucchesé."

*Enter* BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and* Officers.

*Duke.* Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.—
[*To Brabantio*] I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

*Bra.* So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

*Duke.* Why, what's the matter?

*Bra.* My daughter!—O, my daughter!

*Duke and Sen.* Dead?

*Bra.* Ay, to me;
She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not.

*Duke.* Whoe'er he be that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

*Bra.* Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state-affairs,
Hath hither brought.

*Duke and Sen.* We're very sorry for't.

*Duke* [*to Othello*] What, in your own part, can you say to this?

*Bra.* Nothing, but this is so.

*Oth.* Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,

It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,—
For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,—
I won his daughter.[17]

*Bra.* A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; and she—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing—
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
It is a judgment maim'd[18] and most imperfect,
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

*Duke.* To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more wider and more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

([17]) *I won his daughter.*] The editor of the second folio added "with;" not knowing that, according to the earlier phraseology, such an addition was unnecessary for the sense.

([18]) *maim'd*] So the quartos.—The folio has "main'd;" a reading which I do not mean to defend when I observe that in *The Sec. Part of Henry VI.* we have the provincialism "*mained*," i.e. lamed; see note 148, vol. v. p. 188.

*First Sen.* But, Othello, speak:
Did you by indirect and forcèd courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

*Oth.* I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

*Duke.* Fetch Desdemona hither.

*Oth.* Ancient, conduct them, you best know the place.—
[*Exeunt Iago and Attendants.*
And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

*Duke.* Say it, Othello.

*Oth.* Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year,—the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travels' history:[19]

[19] *And portance in my travels' history:*] So the quarto of 1630.—The quarto of 1622 has "*And* with it all *my trauells Historie.*"—The folio reads "*And portance in my* Trauellours *historie,*" which is given by Mr. Knight and Delius; the former remarking that "Othello modestly, and somewhat *jocosely*, calls his wonderful relations *a traveller's history,*" though a personage less inclined to *jocoseness* than Othello cannot well be conceived.—Dr. Richardson suggests to me that the

Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak,—such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse:—which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd:—
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

"Trauellours" of the folio is a misprint for "*travellous*" (or "*travailous*"), and adds that Wiclif has "Jobs *trauailous* nights" and "the *traveilous* presoun of the Egipcians:" but, though the epithet is very properly applied to "nights" or to a "prison," can we speak of a "*travailous* history"?—(Further on in the present speech the folio has "But not *instinctiuely*," which Mr. Knight allows to be "a decided typographical error;" and, a little after that, "She gaue me for my paines a world of *kisses*"!!)

*Enter* DESDEMONA *with* IAGO *and* Attendants.

*Duke.* I think this tale would win my daughter too,—
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use
Than their bare hands.

*Bra.* I pray you, hear her speak:
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress:
Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience?

*Des.* My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I'm bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you're the lord of duty,—
I'm hitherto your daughter: but here's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord.

*Bra.* God b' wi' you!—I have done.—
Please it your grace, on to the state-affairs:
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.—
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,[30]
I'm glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

*Duke.* Let me speak like yourself; and lay a sentence,
Which, as a grise or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.

([30]) *For your sake, jewel,*] "The sense, as well as the metre, requires For *my own* sake, jewel.'" W. N. LETTSOM.—(Hanmer printed "And *for your*," &c.)

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief;
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

*Bra.* So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
That to pay grief must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear
That the bruis'd heart was piercèd through the ear.—(21)
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

*Duke.* The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you; and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

*Oth.* The tyrant custom, most grave senators,

(21) *I never yet did hear*
*That the bruis'd heart was piercèd through the ear.*—]

"A doubt has been entertained concerning the word '*pierced*,' which Dr. Warburton supposed to mean *wounded*, and therefore substituted '*pieced*' in its room. But '*pierced*' is merely a figurative expression, and means not *wounded* but *penetrated, in a metaphorical sense;* thoroughly affected." MALONE,—who cites from Spenser's *Faery Queene*, B. iv. C. viii. st. 26,

"Her *words* . . . . . .
Which, *passing through the eares*, would *pierce* the *hart*;"

and from the First Part of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*,

"Nor thee nor them, thrice noble Tamburlaine,
Shall want my *heart* to be *with gladness pierc'd*," &c.
Act i. sc. 2,—*Works*, p. 12, ed. Dyce, 1858.

Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness; and do undertake
This present war[22] against the Ottomites.
Most humbly, therefore, bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife;
Due reference of place and exhibition;
With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.

*Duke.* If you please,
Be't at her father's.

*Bra.* I'll not have it so.

*Oth.* Nor I.

*Des.* Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
T' assist my simpleness.

*Duke.* What would you, Desdemona?

*Des.* That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes[23]
May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdu'd
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,

([22]) *This present war*] So the quarto of 1630.—The quarto of 1622, and the folio, have "*This present* warres;" and, no doubt, formerly the plural of that word was sometimes used as equivalent to the singular: but in the next page Desdemona, speaking of the same expedition, calls it "*the war.*"—Malone printed "These *present* wars."

([23]) *storm of fortunes*] So the folio, and the quarto of 1630.—The quarto of 1622 has "scorne *of Fortunes;*" "which," says Johnson, "is perhaps the true reading."—1865. "Qy. '*scorn of Fortune*,' i.e. setting Fortune at defiance." W. N. LETTSOM.

And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

*Oth.* Your voices, lords: beseech you, let her will
Have a free way.
Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat—the young affects
In me defunct—and proper satisfaction;[24]
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think

(24) *I therefore beg it not*
*To please the palate of my appetite;*
*Nor to comply with heat—the young affects*
*In me defunct—and proper satisfaction;*]

So the old copies, except that they have "*In* my *defunct*," &c.—There is a passage in Massinger's *Bondman*, act i. sc. 3, which was undoubtedly copied from the present one, viz.

"Let me wear
Your colours, lady; and though *youthful heats*,
That look no further than your outward form,
Are long since *buried in me*, while I live,
I am," &c.;

and a passage, also imitated from the same source, occurs in Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*, act i. sc. 1;

"Shall we take our fortune? and (while our cold fathers,
*In whom* long since their *youthful heats were dead*,
Talk much of Mars) serve under Venus' ensigns,
And seek a mistress?"

These passages, as Gifford has observed, show how the lines of Shakespeare were understood by his contemporaries. They also show that in our text the alteration of a single letter, the change of "my" to "*me*" (which was first made by Upton) is absolutely necessary.—"'*Affects*,'" says Johnson (whose explanation is termed "rational and unforced" by Gifford, Massinger's *Works*, ii. 30, ed. 1813), "stands here not for *love*, but for *passions*, for that by which any thing is affected. *I ask it not*, says he, *to please appetite, or satisfy loose desires*, the passions of youth which I have now outlived, or 'for any particular gratification of myself; but merely that I may indulge the wishes of my wife.'"—"*Young affects*," writes Gifford (*ubi supra*), "are therefore perfectly synonymous with *youthful heats*. Othello was not an old man, though he had lost the fire of youth; the critics might therefore have dismissed that concern for the lady, which they have so delicately communicated for the edification of the rising generation." (I cannot help wondering what Gifford would have thought, if he had lived to read in Delius's ed. of *Othello* that

"Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,"

is equivalent to "Nor to comply with heat *which* affects the young"!)

I will your serious and great business scant
For she is with me: no, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness
My speculative and offic'd instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!

*Duke.* Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going: th' affair cries haste,
And speed must answer it.

*First Sen.* You must away to-night.

*Oth.* With all my heart.

*Duke.* At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again.—
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
With such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you.

*Oth.* So please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

*Duke.* Let it be so.—
Good night to every one.—[*To Brab.*] And, noble signior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

*First Sen.* Adieu, brave Moor; use Desdemona well.

*Bra.* Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.*

*Oth.* My life upon her faith!—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I prithee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage.—
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*

*Rod.* Iago,—

*Iago.* What say'st thou, noble heart?

*Rod.* What will I do, thinkest thou?

*Iago.* Why, go to bed, and sleep.

*Rod.* I will incontinently drown myself.

*Iago.* If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman!

*Rod.* It is silliness to live when to live is torment; and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician.

*Iago.* O villanous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years; and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

*Rod.* What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

*Iago.* Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are gardens; to the which our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed-up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion.

*Rod.* It cannot be.

*Iago.* It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drown thyself! drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou the wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue

her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse,—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills:—fill thy purse with money:—the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice: she must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse.[25]—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: if sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

*Rod.* Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

*Iago.* Thou art sure of me:—go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

*Rod.* Where shall we meet i' the morning?

*Iago.* At my lodging.

*Rod.* I'll be with thee betimes.

*Iago.* Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

*Rod.* What say you?

[25] *as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice: she must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse.*] So the quarto of 1630.—The quarto of 1622 has, not so well, "*as* acerbe *as* the *Colloquintida. When shee is sated with his body,*" &c.—The reading of the folio is still worse, "*as bitter as Coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body she will find the* errors *of her choice. Therefore, put Money in thy purse.*"

*Iago.* No more of drowning, do you hear?
*Rod.* I am changed: I'll go sell all my land. [*Exit.*
*Iago.* Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;[26]
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
'Has done my office: I know not if't be true;
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: let me see now;
To get his place, and to plume up my will
In double knavery—How, how?—Let's see:—
After some time, t' abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife:—
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so;
And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are.
I have't;—it is engender'd:—hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light. [*Exit.*

(26) Iago. *Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?*
Rod. *What say you?*
Iago. *No more of drowning, do you hear?*
Rod. *I am changed: I'll go sell all my land.* [Exit.
Iago. *Thus do I ever make my fool my purse,* &c.]

So the quarto of 1630.—The quarto of 1622 has

"Iag. *Go to, farewell: . . . doe you heare Roderigo?*
Rod. *What say you?*
Iag. *No more of drowning, doe you heare?*
Rod. *I am chang'd.* [Exit Roderigo.
Iag. Goe to, farewell, put money enough in your purse:
*Thus doe I euer make my foole my purse,*" &c.—

In the folio the passage is awkwardly cut down to,

"Iago. *Go too, farewell. Do you heare Rodorigo?*
Rod. *Ile sell all my Land.*
Iago. *Thus do I euer make my Foole, my purse,*" &c.

# ACT II.

## SCENE I. *A seaport town in Cyprus. A platform.*

*Enter* MONTANO *and two* Gentlemen.

*Mon.* What from the cape can you discern at sea?

*First Gent.* Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the main
Descry a sail.

*Mon.* Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear of this?

*Sec. Gent.* A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of th' ever-fixèd pole:
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafèd flood.

*Mon.* If that the Turkish fleet
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they're drown'd;
It is impossible they bear it out.

*Enter a third* Gentleman.

*Third Gent.* News, lads! our wars are done.
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts: a noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

*Mon.* How! is this true?

*Third Gent.* The ship is here put in,
A Veronesa; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,

Is come on shore: the Moor himself at sea,[27]
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.
*Mon.* I'm glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.
*Third Gent.* But this same Cassio,—though he speak of comfort
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.
*Mon.* Pray heavens he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the seaside, ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and th' aerial blue
An indistinct regard.
*Third Gent.* Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.[28]

*Enter* CASSIO.

*Cas.* Thanks you, the valiant of this warlike isle,[29]
That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens

(27) *The ship is here put in,*
*A Veronesa; Michael Cassio,*
*Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,*
*Is come on shore: the Moor himself at sea,*]

There has been considerable dispute about the word "*Veronesa*" (spelt in the old eds. "Veronessa" and "Verennessa").—Malone has the following note; "This ship has been already described as a ship of *Venice*. It is now called 'a *Veronese*;' that is, a ship belonging to and furnished by the inland city of Verona for the use of the Venetian state; and newly arrived from Venice. 'Besides many other towns (says Contareno), castles, and villages, they [the Venetians] possess seven faire cities; as Trevigi, Padoua, Vicenza, *Verona*, Brescia, Bergamo, and Crema.' *Commonwealth of Venice*, 1599."—"*the Moor himself at sea*:" qy. "*the Moor's himself at sea*"?

(28) *For every minute is expectancy*
*Of more arrivance.*]

The folio has "*Of more* Arriuancie;" which Mr. Knight retains, though a manifest error caught from the "expectanc*ie*" of the preceding line.

(29) *Thanks you, the valiant of this warlike isle,*] The quarto of 1622 has "*Thankes* to *the valiant of this* worthy *Isle;*" and so the quarto of 1630, except that it omits "worthy."—The folio has "*Thankes you, the*

Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

*Mon.* Is he well shipp'd?

*Cas.* His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

[*Within*] A sail, a sail, a sail!

*Enter a fourth* Gentleman.

*Cas.* What noise?

*Fourth Gent.* The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry "A sail!"

*Cas.* My hopes do shape him for the governor. [*Guns within.*

*Sec. Gent.* They do discharge their shot of courtesy:
Our friends at least.

*Cas.* I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

*Sec. Gent.* I shall. [*Exit.*

*Mon.* But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

*Cas.* Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid
That paragons description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in th' essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingener.[30]

*Re-enter second* Gentleman.

How now! who has put in?

*Sec. Gent.* 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

*valiant of* the *warlike Isle,*"—the transcriber or printer having repeated "the" by mistake: compare, at p. 169, "The very elements of *this warlike isle,*" &c.—The modern (and perhaps the right) reading is "*Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle.*"

(30) *Does tire the ingener.*] The quarto of 1622 has "*Does* beare all excellency:" and so the quarto of 1630, except that it has "an *excellency.*" —The folio has "*Do's tyre the* Ingeniuer;" a misprint perhaps for "*ingener,*" as was first suggested by Steevens (who justly terms the readings of the quartos "flat and unpoetical").—1865. Mr. Swynfen Jervis conjectures "*Does tire th'* imaginer;" comparing "And still he did it, by first telling *the imaginer*, and after bidding the actor think." Bacon's *Natural History*, Century x. p. 205, ed. 1677.

*Cas.* 'Has had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,—[31]
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

*Mon.* What is she?

*Cas.* She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove,[32] Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O, behold,

*Enter* DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and* Attendants.

The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,

[31] *Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,*—] So the quarto of 1630, and the folio,—except that the folio, instead of "*clog*," has "enclogge" (the eye of the transcriber or printer having caught the preceding "*ensteep'd*").—The quarto of 1622 has "*Traitors* enscerped," &c.; on which Steevens says, that "perhaps *escerped* was an old English word borrowed from the French *escarpé*;" while, according to Mr. Grant White (*Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c., p. 437), "it requires no very great ingenuity to discover that 'enscerp'd' was a misprint for *enscarp'd*." —That "ensteep'd" is the genuine reading, I agree with Boswell *ad l.*, and with Richardson in his *Dict.* sub "Ensteep."—1865. Mr. Grant White in his *Shakespeare* gives "*Traitors* enscarp'd *to clog*," &c., believing that both "ensteep'd" and "enscerped" are misprints of "enscarp'd," "because 'steep' is never used by Shakespeare in the sense of 'plunge' or 'submerge,' but always in that of 'lave' or 'soak,' which is almost ridiculously inappropriate here," &c.; but Mr. Grant White forgets that we have afterwards in the present play

"Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips," p. 218.

[32] *Great Jove,*] "For this absurdity I have not the smallest doubt that the Master of the Revels, and not our poet, is answerable." MALONE. —And see note 188 on *The Sec. Part of King Henry VI.*

Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!
*Des.* I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?
*Cas.* He is not yet arriv'd: nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.
*Des.* O, but I fear—How lost you company?
*Cas.* The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship:—but, hark! a sail.
[*Within*] A sail, a sail! [*Guns within.*
*Sec. Gent.* They give their greeting to the citadel:
This likewise is a friend.
*Cas.* See for the news.—[*Exit Gentleman.*
Good ancient, you are welcome:—[*To Emilia*] welcome,
mistress:—
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy. [*Kissing her.*
*Iago.* Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.
*Des.* Alas, she has no speech.
*Iago.* In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
*Emil.* You have little cause to say so.
*Iago.* Come on, come on; you're pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.
*Des.* O, fie upon thee, slanderer!
*Iago.* Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.
*Emil.* You shall not write my praise.
*Iago.* No, let me not.
*Des.* What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst
praise me?

*Iago.* O gentle lady, do not put me to't;
For I am nothing, if not critical.

*Des.* Come on, assay.—There's one gone to the harbour?

*Iago.* Ay, madam.

*Des.* I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

*Iago.* I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize,—
It plucks out brains and all: but my Muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.
If she be fair and wise,—fairness and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

*Des.* Well prais'd! How if she be black and witty?

*Iago.* If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

*Des.* Worse and worse.

*Emil.* How if fair and foolish?

*Iago.* She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

*Des.* These are old fond paradoxes to make fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

*Iago.* There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

*Des.* O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed,—one that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

*Iago.* She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said "Now I may;"
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind;
See suitors following, and not look behind;

She was a wight, if ever such wight were,—

*Des.* To do what?

*Iago.* To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

*Des.* O most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?[33]

*Cas.* He speaks home, madam: you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

*Iago.* [*aside*] He takes her by the palm: ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would they were clyster-pipes for your sake! [*Trumpet within.*]—The Moor! I know his trumpet.

*Cas.* 'Tis truly so.

*Des.* Let's meet him, and receive him.

*Cas.* Lo, where he comes!

*Enter* OTHELLO *and* Attendants.

*Oth.* O my fair warrior!

*Des.* My dear Othello!

*Oth.* It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus-high, and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,

(33) *counsellor?*] Altered by Theobald (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector) to "censurer?"

That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.
*Des.* The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!
*Oth.* Amen to that, sweet powers!—
I cannot speak enough of this content;
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be [*Kissing her.*
That e'er our hearts shall make!
*Iago.* [*aside*] O, you are well tun'd now!
But I'll set down[34] the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.
*Oth.* Come, let us to the castle.—
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How does my old acquaintance of this isle?—
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus;
I've found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I prithee, good Iago,
Go to the bay and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou the master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.
[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*

*Iago.* Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant,—as, they say, base men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court-of-guard:—first, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

*Rod.* With him! why, 'tis not possible.

*Iago.* Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies: and will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think

(34) *set down*] Has been altered to "let *down*."

it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite—loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted,—as it is a most pregnant and unforced position,—who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: a slipper and subtle knave; a finder of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: a devilish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after: a pestilent-complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

*Rod.* I cannot believe that in her; she's full of most blessed condition.

*Iago.* Blessed fig's-end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor: blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

*Rod.* Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

*Iago.* Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: pish!—But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not:—I'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud,

or tainting his discipline; or from what other course[35] you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

*Rod.* Well.

*Iago.* Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler, and haply may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

*Rod.* I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.[36]

*Iago.* I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

*Rod.* Adieu. [*Exit.*

*Iago.* That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit:
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not—
Is of a constant-loving noble nature;
And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust,—though peradventure
I stand accountant for as great a sin,—
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;

(35) *course*] When Mr. Collier mentioned that here his Ms. Corrector alters "*course*" to "cause," it had escaped him that "cause" is the reading of the quarto of 1622.

(36) *I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.*] So the quartos. —The folio has "—— *if* you *can bring it*," &c. "The sense requires *I*; for Iago had brought the affair to opportunity by fixing on Roderigo for one of the watch. Roderigo's part remained to be done, viz. provoking Cassio, which he promises to do if opportunity offered to give him cause." JENNENS.—Mr. Knight, however, and Delius prefer the reading of the folio, and think that it is confirmed by the reply of Iago, "I warrant thee:"—which words, in fact, determine nothing; they suit equally well with either lection.

And nothing can or shall content my soul
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash
For his quick hunting,[37] stand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,—
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd:
Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II. *A street.*

*Enter a* Herald *with a proclamation;* People *following.*

*Her.* It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself

(37) *If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash*
*For his quick hunting,*]

The quarto of 1622 has

"*If this poore trash of Venice, whom I* crush," &c.

The folio, and the quarto of 1630, have

"*If this poore Trash of Venice, whom I* trace," &c.

Warburton reads

"*If this poor* brach *of Venice, whom I* trace," &c.—

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector,

"*If this poor* brach *of Venice, whom I trash,*" &c.—

I give the reading of Steevens (who compares what the same speaker afterwards says (p. 231) of Bianca,—

"Gentlemen all, I do suspect *this trash*
To be a party in this injury");

but I now (1865) entertain great doubts if it be what Shakespeare wrote.

into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him:[38] for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial:—so much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless[39] the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III. *A hall in the castle.*

*Enter* OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and* Attendants.

*Oth.* Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to outsport discretion.
*Cas.* Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.
*Oth.* Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: to-morrow with your earliest
Let me have speech with you.—[*To Desdemona*] Come, my dear love,—
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.—
Good night. [*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*

*Enter* IAGO.

*Cas.* Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.
*Iago.* Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o' the clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona; who let us not therefore blame: he hath not

(38) *his addiction leads him:*] So the quarto of 1630.—The quarto of 1622 has "*his* minde *leades him.*"—The folio reads "*his* addition *leads him,*"—which stark misprint is retained by Delius.

(39) *Heaven bless*] So the quartos.—The folio omits "*Heaven.*"—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 215) would read "God *bless.*"

yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for Jove.

*Cas.* She's a most exquisite lady.

*Iago.* And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

*Cas.* Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

*Iago.* What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley to provocation.

*Cas.* An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

*Iago.* And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

*Cas.* She is, indeed, perfection.

*Iago.* Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

*Cas.* Not to-night, good Iago: I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

*Iago.* O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

*Cas.* I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

*Iago.* What, man! 'tis a night of revels: the gallants desire it.

*Cas.* Where are they?

*Iago.* Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

*Cas.* I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [*Exit.*

*Iago.* If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool Roderigo,
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle-deep; and he's to watch:
Three lads[40] of Cyprus—noble swelling spirits,

[40] *lads*] So the quartos.—In my former edition I gave, with the folio, "else" (comparing *King John*, act ii. sc. 1, "Bastards and *elses*"): but I now think it safer to adhere to the lection of the quartos.

That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle—
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle:—but here they come:
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

*Re-enter* CASSIO, *followed by* MONTANO, Gentlemen, *and* Servant *with wine.*

*Cas.* 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse already.

*Mon.* Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

*Iago.* Some wine, ho!

And let me the canakin clink, clink; [*Sings.*
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier's a man;
A life's but a span;[41]
Why, then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

*Cas.* 'Fore God, an excellent song.

*Iago.* I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

*Cas.* Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

*Iago.* Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

*Cas.* To the health of our general!

*Mon.* I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

*Iago.* O sweet England!

(41) *A life's but a span;*] So the quartos.—The folio reads, more feebly, "Oh, mans *life's but a span.*"

King Stephen was a worthy peer,* (42) [*Sings.*
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down;
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

*Cas.* Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

*Iago.* Will you hear't again?

*Cas.* No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things.—Well,—God's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

*Iago.* It's true, good lieutenant.

*Cas.* For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

*Iago.* And so do I too, lieutenant.

*Cas.* Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left:—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

*All.* Excellent well.

*Cas.* Why, very well, then; you must not think, then, that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

*Mon.* To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

* *King Stephen was a worthy peer*, &c.] These two stanzas (with very slight variations) form part of a ballad which may be found in Percy's *Rel. of A. E. Poetry*, vol i. p. 204, ed. 1794.

(42) *King Stephen was a worthy peer,*] So the quarto of 1622.—The folio, and the quarto of 1630, have "*King Stephen was* and *a worthy Peere:*" (with which compare the song at the conclusion of *Twelfth-Night*, "When that I was *and* a little tiny boy," &c., vol. iii. p. 398; and that in *King Lear*, act iii. sc. 2, "He that has *and* a little tiny wit," &c., p. 64 of the present volume;—"*and*" being often used redundantly in ballad poetry).

*Iago.* You see this fellow that is gone before;—
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction: and do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as th' other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear the trust Othello puts him in,[43]
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.
*Mon.* But is he often thus?
*Iago.* 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.
*Mon.* It were well
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

*Enter* RODERIGO.

*Iago.* [*aside to Roderigo*] How now, Roderigo!
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [*Exit Roderigo.*
*Mon.* And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action to say
So to the Moor.
*Iago.* Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil—But, hark! what noise?
[*Cry within,*—"Help! help!"[44]

(43) *puts him in,*] "Read, with Capell, '*puts in him.*' So at p. 173 all the old eds. have '*place of sense*' for '*sense of place*,'—a worse blunder." W. N. LETTSOM.

(44) Cry within,—"*Help! help!*"] Mr. Knight omits this stage-direction, because it is found only in the quartos. But Iago afterwards says (p. 175),

> "There comes a fellow *crying out for help;*
> And Cassio following him," &c.

*Re-enter* CASSIO, *driving in* RODERIGO.

*Cas.* You rogue! you rascal!
*Mon.* What's the matter, lieutenant?
*Cas.* A knave to teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.
*Rod.* Beat me!
*Cas.* Dost thou prate, rogue? [*Striking Roderigo.*
*Mon.* Nay, good lieutenant;
[*Staying him.*
I pray you, sir, hold your hand.
*Cas.* Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazard.
*Mon.* Come, come, you're drunk.
*Cas.* Drunk! [*They fight.*
*Iago.* [*aside to Roderigo*] Away, I say; go out, and cry a mutiny! [*Exit Roderigo.*
Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen;—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—
Help, masters![45]—Here's a goodly watch indeed!
[*Bell rings.*
Who's that which rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!

(45) *Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—Help, masters!*]

The quarto of 1622 has

"*Helpe ho, Leiutenant: Sir* Montanio, *sir,*" &c.

The folio,

"*Helpe hoa. Lieutenant. Sir Montano,*" &c.

The quarto of 1630,

"*Helpe ho, Leiutenant: Sir,* Montanio, *sir,*" &c.

Mr. Knight and Delius print "*Sir Montano,*"—as a title of courtesy given by Iago to the ex-governor, with whom he is not on familiar terms. But from the earlier part of the scene it appears plainly enough that the ex-governor is hail-fellow-well-met with Othello's officers;

"*Cas.* 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse already.
*Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.*
. . . . . .
*Cas.* To the health of our general!
*Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.*"

The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant, hold;
You will be sham'd for ever.[46]

*Re-enter* OTHELLO *and* Attendants.

*Oth.* What is the matter here?
*Mon.* Zounds, I bleed still; I am hurt to the death.[47]
[*Faints.*
*Oth.* Hold, for your lives!
*Iago.* Hold, ho! Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—gentlemen,—
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?[48]
Hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame![49]
*Oth.* Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage

(46) *You will be sham'd for ever.*] So the quartos.—The folio has "You'le *be* asham'd *for euer*,"—most ridiculously; and yet Mr. Knight and Delius prefer that reading.

(47) Mon. *Zounds, I bleed still; I am hurt to the death.*
[Faints.]
So the quarto of 1622, except that it adds no stage-direction.—The folio has
"*Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to th' death.* He dies."
The quarto of 1630,
"*Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to the death.* he faints."
The editor of the second folio substitutes
"*Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt*, but not *to th' death.*"

(48) *all sense of place and duty?*] The old eds. have "*all* place *of* sence, *and duty?*"

(49) *Hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!*] So the folio.—The quartos have
"*Hold, the Generall speakes to you; hold*, hold, *for shame.*"
(The usual modern reading—which both Mr. Collier and Delius silently adopt—is
"*Hold*, hold! *the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!*")—
1865. Mr. Grant White prints
"*Hold*, hold! *the general speaks to you: for shame!*"

Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—
Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle
From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?—
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

*Iago.* I do not know:—friends all but now, even now,
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Devesting them for bed; and then, but now—
As if some planet had unwitted men—
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

*Oth.* How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

*Cas.* I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.

*Oth.* Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure: what's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

*Mon.* Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I spare speech, which something now offends me—
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assails us.

*Oth.* Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way:—if I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,

Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What![50] in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety![51]
'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began't?

*Mon.* If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,[52]
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

*Iago.* Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help;
And Cassio following him[53] with determin'd sword
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause:
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour—as it so fell out—
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which till to-night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back,—
For this was brief,—I found them close together,
At blow and thrust; even as again they were
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report:—
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:—
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—

(50) *Shall lose me.—What!*] Mr. W. N. Lettsom conjectures "*Shall lose me* ever.—*What!*"

(51) *on the court and guard of safety!*] Altered by Theobald to "*on the court* of *guard* and *safety!*" and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—Steevens defends the old reading, not very satisfactorily.

(52) *or leagu'd in office,*] The old eds. have "*or* league *in office.*"

(53) *him*] An interpolation?

Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd
From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.
*Oth.* I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio.—Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.—

*Re-enter* DESDEMONA, *attended.*

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up!—
I'll make thee an example.
*Des.* What's the matter?
*Oth.* All's well now, sweeting; come away to bed.—
Sir, for your hurts, myself your surgeon:
Lead him off.(54) *To Montano, who is led off.*
Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—
Come, Desdemona: 'tis the soldier's life
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.
[*Exeunt all except Iago and Cassio.*
*Iago.* What, are you hurt, lieutenant?
*Cas.* Ay, past all surgery.
*Iago.* Marry, heaven forbid!
*Cas.* Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation!
*Iago.* As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: you are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat

(54) *Lead him off.*] In all probability, as Malone supposed, a stage-direction which has crept into the text.

his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he's yours.

*Cas.* I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

*Iago.* What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

*Cas.* I know not.

*Iago.* Is't possible?

*Cas.* I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

*Iago.* Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

*Cas.* It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

*Iago.* Come, you are too severe a moraler: as the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

*Cas.* I will ask him for my place again,—he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

*Iago.* Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used: exclaim no more against it. And, goo lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

*Cas.* I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

*Iago.* You or any man living may be drunk at a time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general;—I may say so in this respect, for that

he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement[55] of her parts and graces:—confess yourself freely to her; importune her help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested: this broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

*Cas.* You advise me well.

*Iago.* I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

*Cas.* I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.

*Iago.* You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

*Cas.* Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit.*

*Iago.* And what's he, then, that says I play the villain?
When this advice is free I give and honest,
Probal to thinking, and, indeed, the course
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
Th' inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit: she's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemèd sin,
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I, then, a villain
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now: for whiles this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,

(55) *denotement*] The old eds. have "deuotement."

And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
That she repeals him for her body's lust;
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.

*Re-enter* RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo!

*Rod.* I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains; and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

*Iago.* How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hath cashier'd Cassio:
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:
Content thyself awhile.—By the mass, 'tis morning;
Pleasure and action makes the hours seem short.—
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Roderigo.*] Two things are to be done,—
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I'll set her on;
Myself the while[56] to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife:—ay, that's the way;
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*

(56) *the while*] The old eds. have "a *while*."

# ACT III.

## SCENE I. *Cyprus. Before the castle.*

*Enter* CASSIO *and some* Musicians.

*Cas.* Masters, play here,—I will content your pains,—
Something that's brief; and bid "Good morrow, general."
[*Music.*

*Enter* Clown.

*Clo.* Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

*First Mus.* How, sir, how!

*Clo.* Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments?

*First Mus.* Ay, marry, are they, sir.

*Clo.* O, thereby hangs a tail.

*First Mus.* Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

*Clo.* Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you: and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise with it.

*First Mus.* Well, sir, we will not.

*Clo.* If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

*First Mus.* We have none such, sir.

*Clo.* Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away: go; vanish into air; away! [*Exeunt Musicians.*

*Cas.* Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

*Clo.* No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

*Cas.* Prithee, keep up thy quillets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: wilt thou do this?

*Clo.* She is stirring, sir: if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her.

*Cas.* Do, good my friend. [*Exit Clown.*

*Enter* IAGO.

In happy time, Iago.

*Iago.* You have not been a-bed, then?

*Cas.* Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: my suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

*Iago.* I'll send her to you presently;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free.

*Cas.* I humbly[57] thank you for't. [*Exit Iago.*] I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

*Enter* EMILIA.

*Emil.* Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will sure be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it;
And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom
He might not but refuse you; but he protests he loves you,
And needs no other suitor but his likings[58]
To take the saf'st occasion by the front
To bring you in again.

*Cas.* Yet, I beseech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—

(57) *humbly*] "The word '*humbly*' is constantly used with '*thank*,' '*pray*,' '*beseech*,' and the like: hence, I suppose, a transcriber inserted it here. Cassio was Iago's equal, or rather his superior, and would scarcely have used the word even in his present dejected state." W. N. LETTSOM.—Here, I apprehend, "*humbly*" is no more to be taken in its literal sense than is "*humble*" now-a-days, when some very courteous correspondent signs himself "Your *humble* servant."

(58) *likings*] "Why the plural?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 250.

Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemon alone.
*Emil.* Pray you, come in:
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.
*Cas.* I am much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A room in the castle.*

*Enter* OTHELLO, IAGO, *and* Gentlemen.

*Oth.* These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
And, by him, do my duties to the senate:
That done, I will be walking on the works;
Repair there to me.
*Iago.* Well, my good lord, I'll do't.
*Oth.* This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't?
*Gent.* We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The garden of the castle.*

*Enter* DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and* EMILIA.

*Des.* Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.
*Emil.* Good madam, do: I warrant it grieves my husband,
As if the case were his.
*Des.* O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.
*Cas.* Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.
*Des.* I know't,—I thank you. You do love my lord:
You've known him long; and be you well assur'd
He shall in strangeness stand no further off
Than in a politic distance.

*Cas.* Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.
*Des.* Do not doubt that; before Emilia here
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit: therefore be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.
*Emil.* Madam, here comes my lord.
*Cas.* Madam, I'll take my leave.
*Des.* Why, stay, and hear me speak.
*Cas.* Madam, not now: I'm very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.
*Des.* Well, do your discretion.[59] [*Exit Cassio.*

*Enter* OTHELLO *and* IAGO.

*Iago.* Ha! I like not that.
*Oth.* What dost thou say?
*Iago.* Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.
*Oth.* Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?
*Iago.* Cassio, my lord! No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
*Oth.* I do believe 'twas he.

(59) *Well, do your discretion.*] Capell printed

"*Well*, well,
*Do your discretion;*"

which is approved of by Walker, *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 147.

*Des.* How now, my lord![60]
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.
*Oth.* Who is't you mean?
*Des.* Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face:
I prithee, call him back.
*Oth.* Went he hence now?
*Des.* Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That[61] he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.
*Oth.* Not now, sweet Desdemon; some other time.
*Des.* But shall't be shortly?
*Oth.* The sooner, sweet, for you.
*Des.* Shall't be to-night at supper?
*Oth.* No, not to-night.
*Des.* To-morrow dinner, then?
*Oth.* I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.
*Des.* Why, then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn:—
I prithee, name the time; but let it not

(60) Oth. *I do believe 'twas he.*
Des. *How now, my lord!*]

"Arrange rather;

'*Oth.* I do believe 'twas he.
*Des.* How now, my lord!'"
Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 286.

(61) Oth. *Went he hence now?*
Des. *Ay, sooth; so humbled,*
*That*]

"Arrange;

'*Oth.* Went he hence now?
*Des.* Ay, sooth, so humbled,
That,' &c.

'*Humbled*' is a trisyllable." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 286.

Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,—
Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of their best,[62]—is not almost a fault
T' incur a private check. When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul,
What you would ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael Cassio,
That came a-wooing with you; and so many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—

*Oth.* Prithee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.

*Des.* Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,[63]
Or sue to you to do peculiar profit[64]
To your own person: nay, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.

*Oth.* I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

(62) *the wars must make examples*
*Out of their best,*]

The old eds. have "*Out of* her *best;*" which I retained in my former edition, observing, "Here, if we consider '*the wars*' as used for *war generally*, the usual modern alteration '*Out of* their *best*' is unnecessary." —Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*Out of* our *best*," &c.; and Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c., p. 284) says, "Read '*Out of* the *best*,'" &c.—"I must own I think '*her*' wrong. '*The*' is perhaps better than '*their*' or '*our*.'" W. N. LETTSOM.

(63) *Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,*] "The extra syllable in the body of the line seems hardly allowable, where the pause is so slight; and yet '*dish*' for '*dishes*' appears much too harsh." Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 267.

(64) *to do peculiar profit*] The old eds. have "*to doe a peculiar profit.*" —"Malone," says Mr. Collier, "here omits *a*, probably for the sake of the measure," &c.: but Malone was not the first editor who very properly rejected it as injurious to the metre.

*Des.* Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my lord.

*Oth.* Farewell, my Desdemon:[65] I'll come to thee straight.

*Des.* Emilia, come.—Be as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exit, with Emilia.*

*Oth.* Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

*Iago.* My noble lord,—

*Oth.* What dost thou say, Iago?

*Iago.* Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

*Oth.* He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?

*Iago.* But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

*Oth.* Why of thy thought, Iago?

*Iago.* I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

*Oth.* O, yes; and went between us very oft.

*Iago.* Indeed!

*Oth.* Indeed! ay, indeed:—discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?

*Iago.* Honest, my lord!

*Oth.* Honest! ay, honest.

*Iago.* My lord, for aught I know.

*Oth.* What dost thou think?

*Iago.* Think, my lord!

*Oth.* Think, my lord!
By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown.[66]—Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say even now, thou lik'dst not that,

(65) *Desdemon:*] Here the old eds. have "Desdemona."—But compare (according to the reading of the folio), in p. 182, "With *Desdemon* alone;" in p. 184, "sweet *Desdemon;*" in p. 217, "Ah, *Desdemon!*" in p. 233, "Have you pray'd to-night, *Desdemon?*" in p. 240, "Poor *Desdemon;*" and in p. 243, "O *Desdemon!* dead, *Desdemon!*"

(66) *By heaven, he echoes me,*
*As if there were some monster in his thought*
*Too hideous to be shown.*]

So the quarto of 1622.—The folio has

When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?
And when I told thee he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst "Indeed!"
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

*Iago.* My lord, you know I love you.

*Oth.* I think thou dost;
And, for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just
They're close delations, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

*Iago.* For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.[67]

*Oth.* I think so too.

*Iago.* Men should be what they seem;
Or those that be not, would they might seem none!

*Oth.* Certain, men should be what they seem.

*Iago.* Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

*Oth.* Nay, yet there's more in this:
I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

*Iago.* Good my lord, pardon me:
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.

"Alas, thou ecchos't *me;*
*As if there were some Monster in* thy *thought,*" &c.

(which, though rejected even by Mr. Knight, is adopted by Delius).—The quarto of 1630 has

"why dost thou ecchoe *me,*
*As if there were some monster in* thy *thought,*" &c.

([67]) *I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.*] "Should not this be written with a break, as if Iago were correcting himself? '*I dare be sworn—I think that he is honest.*'" W. N. LETTSOM.

Utter my thoughts? Why, say they're vile and false,—
As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?(68)

*Oth.* Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

*Iago.* I do beseech you—
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not—that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance:—
It were not for your quiet nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

*Oth.* What dost thou mean?

*Iago.* Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,

(68) *who has a breast so pure,*
*But some uncleanly apprehensions*
*Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit*
*With meditations lawful?*]

So the quartos.—The folio has

"*who ha's* that *breast so pure,*
Wherein *vncleanly Apprehensions*
*Keepe Leetes, and Law-dayes, and in* Sessions *sit*
*With meditations lawfull?*"

nonsensically,—the transcriber or printer having perhaps by mistake omitted "do not" at the end of the second line.—Both Mr. Knight and Delius retain the "sessions" of the folio, Mr. Knight quoting as "a parallel," from our author's xxx^th^ Sonnet,

"When to the *sessions* of sweet silent thought," &c.

But "*session*" occurs in Shakespeare oftener than "sessions" (*e.g.* in *King Lear*, act v. sc. 3, "Where you shall hold your *session*," and in the present play, act i. sc. 2, "course of direct *session*," &c.); and there are not a few passages in the folio where the final *s* is erroneously added to substantives (so afterwards, p. 191, it has "Foule disproportions, Thoughts vnnaturall," &c.; which Mr. Knight retains).

Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

*Oth.* By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts!

*Iago.* You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

*Oth.* Ha!

*Iago.* O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on:[69] that cuckold lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damnèd minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves![70]

*Oth.* O misery!

*Iago.* Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
But riches fineless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:—
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

*Oth.* Why, why is this?
Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt
Is once to be resolv'd: exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,

[69] *It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock*
*The meat it feeds on:*] So the folio.—The quarto of 1622 has "That *meate it feedes on.*"—The quarto of 1630 has "*It is* a *green-eyd monster,*" &c.—Hanmer and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector read

"—— *which doth* make
*The meat,*" &c.

[70] *strongly loves!*] So the quartos.—The folio has "soundly *loues*" (with which reading compare *Henry V.*, act v. sc. 2, "O fair Katherine, if you will *love me soundly* with your French heart," &c.).—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector and Mr. Singer's alter "soundly" to "fondly."

Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Not from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago;
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love or jealousy!

*Iago.* I'm glad of it; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to't:
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

*Oth.* Dost thou say so?

*Iago.* She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

*Oth.* And so she did.

*Iago.* Why, go to, then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seel her father's eyes up close as oak—
He thought 'twas witchcraft:—but I'm much to blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

*Oth.* I'm bound to thee for ever.

*Iago.* I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

*Oth.* Not a jot, not a jot.

*Iago.* I' faith, I fear it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love;—but I do see you're mov'd:—

I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion.
*Oth.* I will not.
*Iago.* Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend:—
My lord, I see you're mov'd.
*Oth.* No, not much mov'd:—
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.
*Iago.* Long live she so! and long live you to think so!
*Oth.* And yet, how nature erring from itself,—
*Iago.* Ay, there's the point:—as—to be bold with you—
Not to affect many proposèd matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things nature tends,—
Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural:—
But pardon me: I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And happily repent.
*Oth.* Farewell, farewell:
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe: leave me, Iago.
*Iago.* My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*
*Oth.* Why did I marry?—This honest creature doubtless
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.
*Iago.* My lord, I would I might entreat your honour
[*Returning.*
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:
Although 'tis fit that Cassio have his place,—
For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,—
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means:
Note if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time

Let me be thought too busy in my fears,—
As worthy cause I have to fear I am,—
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

*Oth.* Fear not my government.

*Iago.* I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*

*Oth.* This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learnèd spirit,
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have; or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years,—yet that's not much;—
She's gone; I am abus'd; [illegible] relief
Must be to loathe her. O [illegible]se of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:
Even then this forkèd plague is fated to us
When we do quicken.—Desdemona comes:
If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
I'll not believe't.

*Re-enter* DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

*Des.* How now, my dear Othello!
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

*Oth.* I am to blame.

*Des.* Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?

*Oth.* I have a pain upon my forehead here.

*Des.* Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

*Oth.* Your napkin is too little;
[*He puts the handkerchief from him; and she drops it.*
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.
*Des.* I'm very sorry that you are not well.
[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*
*Emil.* I am glad I have found this napkin:
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,—
For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,—
That she reserves it evermore about her
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give't Iago:
What he will do with it heaven knows, not I;
I nothing but to please his fantasy.

*Re-enter* IAGO.

*Iago.* How now![71] what do you here alone?
*Emil.* Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.
*Iago.* A thing for me!—it is a common thing—
*Emil.* Ha!
*Iago.* To have a foolish wife.
*Emil.* O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?
*Iago.* What handkerchief?
*Emil.* What handkerchief!
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.
*Iago.* Hast stol'n it from her?
*Emil.* No, faith; she let it drop by negligence,
And, to th' advantage, I, being here, took't up.
Look, here it is.

[71] *How now*, &c.] "Arrange, perhaps;
'How now!
What do you here alone?
*Emil.* Do not you chide;
I have a thing for you.
*Iago.* A thing for me!
It is a common thing—'"

*Iago.* A good wench; give it me.
*Emil.* What will you do with't, that you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?
*Iago.* Why, what's that to you? [*Snatching it.*
*Emil.* If't be not for some purpose of import,
Give't me again: poor lady, she'll run mad
When she shall lack it.
*Iago.* Be not you acknown on't;
I have use for it. Go, leave me.[72] [*Exit Emilia.*
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ: this may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:—
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,[73]
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—
Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

*Re-enter* OTHELLO.

*Oth.* Ha! ha! false to me?
*Iago.* Why, how now, general! no more of that.

(72) *Be not you acknown on't;*
*I have use for it. Go, leave me.*]

Such is the arrangement in the folio; but it omits "*you,*" which is found in the quarto of 1630, where all this stands as a single line.—The quarto of 1622 has "*Be not you* knowne *on't,*" &c.

(73) *The Moor already changes with my poison:—*
*Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,*]

"I once thought that we should read 'with my *practice;*' but it would seem that the word required should be similar in termination, or general appearance, to *poison;* for this latter line ['The Moor already changes with my poison'] had dropt out, most probably from that cause, in the quarto 1622. Therefore I conjecture 'potion.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 288.

*Oth.* Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:—
I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd
Than but to know't a little.
*Iago.* How now, my lord!
*Oth.* What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;(74)
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.
*Iago.* I am sorry to hear this.
*Oth.* I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. O, now, for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumèd troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!
*Iago.* Is't possible, my lord?
*Oth.* Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore,—
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
Than answer my wak'd wrath!
*Iago.* Is't come to this?
*Oth.* Make me to see't; or, at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!

(74) *I slept the next night well, was free and merry;*] So the quartos.—The folio has

"*I slept the next night well,* fed well, *was free, and merrie;*"

which Mr. Knight and Delius prefer [and, 1865, Mr. Grant White].

*Iago.* My noble lord,—
*Oth.* If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors[75] accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.
*Iago.* O grace! O heaven forgive me!
Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?—
God b' wi' you! take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit; and from hence
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.
*Oth.* Nay, stay:—thou shouldst be honest.
*Iago.* I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.
*Oth.* By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not:
I'll have some proof: her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face.[76]—If there be cords or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied!
*Iago.* I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?
*Oth.* Would! nay, I will.

([75]) *horrors*] Walker would read "horror:" he says, "the corruption originated in the preceding '*horror's.*'" *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 253.

([76]) *her name, that was as fresh*
*As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black*
*As mine own face.*]

So the quarto of 1630. (This speech is not in the quarto of 1622.)—The folio has "My *name that was as fresh*," &c., which Mr. Knight adopts; though the word "*own*" in the last line is alone sufficient to prove that "My" is grossly wrong: would Othello say "MY name is now as black as mine OWN face"?

*Iago.* And may: but, how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on,—
Behold her tupp'd?(77)
*Oth.* Death and damnation! O!
*Iago.* It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect: damn them, then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances—
Which lead directly to the door of truth—
Will give you satisfaction, you may have't.
*Oth.* Give me a living reason she's disloyal.
*Iago.* I do not like the office:
But, sith I'm enter'd in this cause so far,—
Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love,—
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.(78)
There are a kind of men so loose of soul
That in their sleeps(79) will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Cassio:
In sleep I heard him say, "Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves;"
And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,

(77) *tupp'd?*] Here the old eds. have "topt" and "top'd;" but in act i. sc. 1, they have "*tupping* your white ewe,"—with their usual inconsistency of spelling.

(78) *I could not sleep*, &c.] "I would rather arrange with the folio, adding a word;

> 'I could not sleep. There are a kind of men
> So loose of soul, that in their sleeps will mutter
> *Of* their affairs: one of this kind is Cassio.'"

Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 287; where his editor adds in a note, "So Capell. Hanmer also follows the folio arrangement, but supplies '*All*,' not '*Of*.'"

(79) *sleeps*] See note 123, vol. vii. p. 405.

Cry "O sweet creature!" and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then
Cried "Cursèd fate that gave thee to the Moor!"[80]

*Oth.* O monstrous! monstrous!

*Iago.* Nay, this was but his dream.

*Oth.* But this denoted a foregone conclusion:
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

*Iago.* And this may help to thicken other proofs
That do demonstrate thinly.

*Oth.* I'll tear her all to pieces.

*Iago.* Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

*Oth.* I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

*Iago.* I know not that: but such a handkerchief—
I'm sure it was your wife's—did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

*Oth.* If it be that,—

*Iago.* If it be that, or any that was hers,[81]
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

(80) —— *creature!" and then kiss me hard,*
*As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots*
*That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg*
*Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then*
*Cried "Cursèd fate that gave thee to the Moor!"*]

So the quartos.—The folio has

"—— *Creature: then kisse me hard,*
*As if he pluckt vp kisses by the rootes,*
*That grew vpon my lippes, laid his Leg* ore *my Thigh,*
*And* sigh, *and* kisse, *and then* cry *cursed Fate,*
*That gaue thee to the Moore;"*

which is adopted by Mr. Knight, who, however, silently introduces in the third line a reading of his own, "lay *his leg o'er my thigh*," &c.—Perhaps "*creature*" is here a trisyllable, and the better reading may be, "*Cry 'O sweet creature!' and kiss me hard*," &c.: see Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 20, and Mr. W. N. Lettsom's note there.

(81) *or any that was hers,*] The quartos and the folio have "*or any, it was hers;*" which the editor of the second folio altered to "*or any, if 't was hers.*"—Malone restored the obviously right reading.

*Oth.* O, that the slave had forty thousand lives,—
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:
'Tis gone.—
Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell![82]
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

*Iago.* Yet be content.

*Oth.* O, blood, blood, blood!

*Iago.* Patience, I say; your mind perhaps may change.

*Oth.* Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on[83]
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*Kneels.*
I here engage my words.

[82] *Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!*] So the folio.—The quartos have

"*Arise blacke vengeance, from* thy *hollow* Cell;"

which is the usual modern reading: but Mr. Knight seems justly to remark that the lection of the folio is the better one on account of the preceding "heaven;" and Steevens aptly compares a line in Jasper Heywood's translation of Seneca's *Thyestes*,

"Where most prodigious vgly thinges *the hollowe hell* doth hyde."
fol. 39, ed. 1581.

[83] *Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on*] So the quarto of 1630.—The folio has "*Neu'r* keepes *retyring ebbe, but keepes due on.*"—This speech in the quarto of 1622 is curtailed to,

"Oth. *Neuer:*
*In the due reuerence of a sacred vow,*
*I here ingage my words.*"—

Southern in his copy of the folio 1685, and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, substitute "*Ne'er* knows *retiring ebb,*" &c.—According to Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 314), the reading "*feels,*" though authorised by the quarto of 1630, "is wrong; '*brooks*' would be better, though not, I think, the true word."

*Iago.* Do not rise yet.— [*Kneels.*
Witness, you ever-burning lights above,
You elements that clip us round about,—
Witness that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.

*Oth.* I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio's not alive.

*Iago.* My friend is dead; 'tis done at your request:
But let her live.

*Oth.* Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

*Iago.* I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV. *Before the castle.*

*Enter* DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and* Clown.

*Des.* Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies?

*Clo.* I dare not say he lies any where.

*Des.* Why, man?

*Clo.* He's a soldier; and for one to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.

*Des.* Go to: where lodges he?

*Clo.* To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

*Des.* Can any thing be made of this?

*Clo.* I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say he lies here or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

*Des.* Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?

*Clo.* I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer.

*Des.* Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him I have moved my lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.

*Clo.* To do this is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [*Exit.*

*Des.* Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

*Emil.* I know not, madam.

*Des.* Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of crusadoes: and, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

*Emil.* Is he not jealous?

*Des.* Who, he? I think the sun where he was born
Drew all such humours from him.

*Emil.* Look, where he comes.

*Des.* I will not leave him now till Cassio
Be call'd to him.

*Enter* OTHELLO.

How is't with you, my lord?

*Oth.* Well, my good lady.—[*Aside*] O, hardness to dissemble!—
How do you, Desdemona?

*Des.* Well, my good lord.

*Oth.* Give me your hand: this hand is moist, my lady.

*Des.* It yet hath felt no age nor known no sorrow.

*Oth.* This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart:—
Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

*Des.* You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

*Oth.* A liberal hand: the hearts of old gave hands;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

*Des.* I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.
*Oth.* What promise, chuck?
*Des.* I've sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.
*Oth.* I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.
*Des.* Here, my lord.
*Oth.* That which I gave you.
*Des.* I have it not about me.
*Oth.* Not?
*Des.* No, indeed, my lord.
*Oth.* That is a fault.
That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathèd, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies: she, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so: and take heed on't;
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose't or give't away were such perdition
As nothing else could match.
*Des.* Is't possible?
*Oth.* 'Tis true: there's magic in the web of it:
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk;
And it was dy'd in mummy which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.
*Des.* Indeed! is't true?
*Oth.* Most veritable; therefore look to't well.
*Des.* Then would to God that I had never seen't!
*Oth.* Ha! wherefore?
*Des.* Why do you speak so startingly and rash?
*Oth.* Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out o' the way?

*Des.* Heaven bless us!
*Oth.* Say you?
*Des.* It is not lost; but what an if it were?
*Oth.* How!
*Des.* I say, it is not lost.
*Oth.* Fetch't, let me see't.
*Des.* Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.
This is a trick to put me from my suit:
Pray you, let Cassio be receiv'd again.
*Oth.* Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind misgives.
*Des.* Come, come;
You'll never meet a more sufficient man.
*Oth.* The handkerchief!
*Des.* I pray, talk me of Cassio.
*Oth.* The handkerchief!
*Des.* A man that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
Shar'd dangers with you,—
*Oth.* The handkerchief!
*Des.* In sooth, you are to blame.
*Oth.* Away! [*Exit.*
*Emil.* Is not this man jealous?
*Des.* I ne'er saw this before.
Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I'm most unhappy in the loss of it.
*Emil.* 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:
They're all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they're full,
They belch us.—Look you,—Cassio and my husband.

*Enter* CASSIO *and* IAGO.

*Iago.* There is no other way; 'tis she must do't:
And, lo, the happiness! go, and impórtune her.
*Des.* How now, good Cassio! what's the news with you?
*Cas.* Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love
Whom I with all the office of my heart

Entirely honour: I would not be delay'd.
If my offence be of such mortal kind
That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,[84]
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.

*Des.* Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio!
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour as in humour alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blank of his displeasure
For my free speech! You must awhile be patient:
What I can do I will; and more I will
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

*Iago.* Is my lord angry?

*Emil.* He went hence but now,
And certainly in strange unquietness.

*Iago.* Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother;—and can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him:
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

*Des.* I prithee, do so. [*Exit Iago.*
Something, sure, of state,—
Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice
Made démonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and in such cases
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object.[85] 'Tis even so;

(84) *sorrows,*] Walker would read "sorrow." *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 246.

(85) *Though great ones are their object*, &c.] So the folio arranges this passage.—The quartos arrange it (as Capell does; and as Walker, *Crit.*

For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members even to that sense
Of pain: nay, we must think men are not gods,
Nor of them look for such observancy
As fits the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was—unhandsome warrior as I am—
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indicted falsely.

*Emil.* Pray heaven it be state-matters, as you think,
And no conception nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.

*Des.* Alas the day, I never gave him cause!

*Emil.* But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they're jealous: 'tis a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

*Des.* Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

*Emil.* Lady, amen.

*Des.* I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek t' effect it to my uttermost.

*Cas.* I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

*Enter* BIANCA.

*Bian.* Save you, friend Cassio!

*Cas.* What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

*Bian.* And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.

*Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 288, thinks it ought perhaps to be arranged) thus;

> " *Tho great ones are* the *obiect,*
> *Tis euen so: for let our finger ake,*
> *And it endues our other healthfull members*
> *Euen to that sence of paine; nay, we must thinke,*
> *Men are not gods,*
> *Nor of them looke,*" &c.

What, keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!

*Cas.* Pardon me, Bianca:
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;
But I shall, in a more continuate time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.*
Take me this work out.

*Bian.* O Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend:
To the felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is't come to this? Well, well.

*Cas.* Go to, woman!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:
No, in good troth, Bianca.

*Bian.* Why, whose is it?

*Cas.* I know not neither: I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well: ere it be demanded,—
As like enough it will,—I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

*Bian.* Leave you! wherefore?

*Cas.* I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

*Bian.* Why, I pray you?

*Cas.* Not that I love you not.

*Bian.* But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say if I shall see you soon at night.

*Cas.* 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you;
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.

*Bian.* 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd.
[*Exeunt.*

# ACT IV.

## SCENE I. *Cyprus. Before the castle.*

*Enter* OTHELLO *and* IAGO.

*Iago.* Will you think so?[86]
*Oth.* Think so, Iago!
*Iago.* What,
To kiss in private?
*Oth.* An unauthoriz'd kiss.
*Iago.* Or to be nakèd with her friend in bed
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?
*Oth.* Nakèd in bed, Iago, and not mean harm!
It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.
*Iago.* So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—
*Oth.* What then?
*Iago.* Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.
*Oth.* She is protectress of her honour too:
May she give that?
*Iago.* Her honour is an essence that's not seen;

(86) *Will you think so*, &c.] "Arrange, perhaps;

'Will you think so?
*Oth.* Think so, Iago?
*Iago.* What, to kiss in private?
*Oth.* An unauthórized kiss.'

For *authórize*, see *S[hakespeare's] V[ersification]*, Art. xxxvii." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 288; where his editor adds in a note, "Walker, intentionally or otherwise, has placed a full-stop after '*kiss.*' So the quartos, I believe [yes, A. D.]; and Mr. Dyce: the folio has a note of interrogation. Are these short speeches properly distributed? Iago seems to have been pretending that, if Othello had caught Cassio kissing Desdemona, that would have been no proof of guilt in the lady and her friend: from this Othello seems to have dissented. Qu.,

'Think so, Iago! what, to kiss in private!
An unauthoriz'd kiss!'"

They have it very oft that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief,—

*Oth.* By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it:—
Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er th' infected house,
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

*Iago.* Ay, what of that?

*Oth.* That's not so good now.[87]

*Iago.* What,
If I had said I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convincèd or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab—

*Oth.* Hath he said any thing?

*Iago.* He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.

*Oth.* What hath he said?

*Iago.* Faith, that he did—I know not what he did.

*Oth.* What? what?

*Iago.* Lie—

*Oth.* With her?

*Iago.* With her, on her; what you will.

*Oth.* Lie with her! lie on her!—We say lie on her, when they belie her.—Lie with her! that's fulsome.—Handkerchief—confessions—handkerchief!—To confess, and be hanged for his labour;—first, to be hanged, and then to confess.—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that shake me thus:—pish!—noses, ears, and lips.—Is't possible?—Confess—handkerchief!—O devil!—
[*Falls in a trance.*

*Iago.* Work on,

(87) *That's not so good now*, &c.] "Arrange, perhaps;

'That's not so good now.
*Iago.* What, if I had said
I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say,' &c."

My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!
My lord, I say! Othello!

*Enter* CASSIO.

How now, Cassio!

*Cas.* What's the matter?

*Iago.* My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy:
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

*Cas.* Rub him about the temples.

*Iago.* No, forbear;
The lethargy must have his quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you. [*Exit Cassio.*
How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

*Oth.* Dost thou mock me?

*Iago.* I mock you! no, by heaven.
Would you would bear your fortune like a man!

*Oth.* A hornèd man's a monster and a beast.

*Iago.* There's many a beast, then, in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

*Oth.* Did he confess it?

*Iago.* Good sir, be a man;
Think every bearded fellow that's but yok'd
May draw with you: there's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper beds
Which they dare swear peculiar: your case is better.
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a sécure couch,
And to suppose her chaste![88] No, let me know;

[88] *And to suppose her chaste,* &c.] "Arrange, perhaps (if the reading be right);

'And to suppose her chaste!
No, let me know; and, knowing what I am,

And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.
*Oth.* O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.
*Iago.* Stand you awhile apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here o'erwhelmèd with your grief,—
A passion most unfitting such a man,—
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope with your wife:
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say you're all in all in spleen,[89]
And nothing of a man.
*Oth.* Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But—dost thou hear?—most bloody.
*Iago.* That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[*Othello retires.*
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature
That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's plague
To beguile many and be beguil'd by one:—
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter:—here he comes:—
As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe

I know what she shall be.
*Oth.* O, thou art wise;
'Tis certain.'"

Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 289.—And so Hanmer arranges the lines from "No, let me know," &c.

[89] *all in all in spleen,*] Capell prints "*all in all* a *spleen.*"—Mr. W. N. Lettsom suggests "*all in all* one *spleen.*"

Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong.

*Re-enter* CASSIO.

How do you now, lieutenant?

*Cas.* The worser that you give me the addition
Whose want even kills me.

*Iago.* Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power, [*Speaking lower.*
How quickly should you speed!

*Cas.* Alas, poor caitiff!

*Oth.* [*aside*] Look, how he laughs already!

*Iago.* I never knew a woman love man so.

*Cas.* Alas, poor rogue! I think, i' faith, she loves me.

*Oth.* [*aside*] Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

*Iago.* Do you hear, Cassio?

*Oth.* [*aside*] Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er:—go to; well said, well said.

*Iago.* She gives it out that you shall marry her:
Do you intend it?

*Cas.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Oth.* [*aside*] Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?

*Cas.* I marry her!—what, a customer! Prithee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome:—ha, ha, ha!

*Oth.* [*aside*] So, so, so, so:—they laugh that win.

*Iago.* Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her.

*Cas.* Prithee, say true.

*Iago.* I am a very villain else.

*Oth.* [*aside*] Have you scored me? Well.

*Cas.* This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

*Oth.* [*aside*] Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.

*Cas.* She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus about my neck,—

*Oth.* [*aside*] Crying "O dear Cassio!" as it were: his gesture imports it.

*Cas.* So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales and pulls me:—ha, ha, ha!

*Oth.* [*aside*] Now he tells how she plucked him to my chamber. O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

*Cas.* Well, I must leave her company.

*Iago.* Before me! look, where she comes.

*Cas.* 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.

*Enter* BIANCA.

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

*Bian.* Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There,—give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

*Cas.* How now, my sweet Bianca! how now! how now!

*Oth.* [*aside*] By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

*Bian.* An you'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*

*Iago.* After her, after her.

*Cas.* Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street else.

*Iago.* Will you sup there?

*Cas.* Yes, I intend so.

*Iago.* Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

*Cas.* Prithee, come; will you?

*Iago.* Go to; say no more. [*Exit Cassio.*

*Oth.* [*coming forward*] How shall I murder him, Iago?

*Iago.* Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

*Oth.* O Iago!

*Iago.* And did you see the handkerchief?

*Oth.* Was that mine?

*Iago.* Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the

foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

*Oth.* I would have him nine years a-killing.—A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

*Iago.* Nay, you must forget that.

*Oth.* Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live: no, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.—O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

*Iago.* Nay, that's not your way.

*Oth.* Hang her! I do but say what she is:—so delicate with her needle!—an admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—of so high and plenteous wit and invention!—

*Iago.* She's the worse for all this.

*Oth.* O, a thousand-thousand times:—and then, of so gentle a condition!

*Iago.* Ay, too gentle.

*Oth.* Nay, that's certain:—but yet the pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

*Iago.* If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

*Oth.* I will chop her into messes:—cuckold me!

*Iago.* O, 'tis foul in her.

*Oth.* With mine officer!

*Iago.* That's fouler.

*Oth.* Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again:—this night, Iago.

*Iago.* Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

*Oth.* Good, good: the justice of it pleases: very good.

*Iago.* And for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker: you shall hear more by midnight.

*Oth.* Excellent good. [*A trumpet within.*] What trumpet is that same?

*Iago.* Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico
Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

*Enter* LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, *and* Attendants.

*Lod.* Save you, worthy general!
*Oth.* With all my heart, sir.
*Lod.* The duke and senators of Venice greet you.
[*Gives him a packet.*
*Oth.* I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.
[*Opens the packet, and reads.*
*Des.* And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?
*Iago.* I am very glad to see you, signior;
Welcome to Cyprus.
*Lod.* I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?
*Iago.* Lives, sir.
*Des.* Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.
*Oth.* Are you sure of that?
*Des.* My lord?
*Oth.* [*reads*] "This fail you not to do, as you will—"
*Lod.* He did not call: he's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?
*Des.* A most unhappy one: I would do much
T' atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.
*Oth.* Fire and brimstone!
*Des.* My lord?
*Oth.* Are you wise?
*Des.* What, is he angry?
*Lod.* May be the letter mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.
*Des.* Trust me, I am glad on't.
*Oth.* Indeed!
*Des.* My lord?
*Oth.* I am glad to see you mad.
*Des.* Why, sweet Othello,—
*Oth.* Devil! [*Striking her.*
*Des.* I have not deserv'd this.
*Lod.* My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw't: 'tis very much:
Make her amends; she weeps.

*Oth.* O devil, devil!
If that the earth could team with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.—
Out of my sight!
*Des.* I will not stay t' offend you. [*Going.*
*Lod.* Truly, an obedient lady:—
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.
*Oth.* Mistress!
*Des.* My lord?
*Oth.* What would you with her, sir?
*Lod.* Who, I, my lord?
*Oth.* Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—
Very obedient.—Proceed you in your tears.—
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!—
I am commanded home.—Get you away;
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice.—Hence, avaunt!
[*Exit Desdemona.*
Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night
I do entreat that we may sup together:
You're welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys!
[*Exit.*
*Lod.* Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call all-in-all sufficient?—Is this the nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze nor pierce?
*Iago.* He is much chang'd.
*Lod.* Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?
*Iago.* He's that he is: I may not breathe my censure.
What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—
I would to heaven he were!
*Lod.* What, strike his wife!
*Iago.* Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst!
*Lod.* Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?
*Iago.* Alas, alas!
It is not honesty in me to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him;
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech: do but go after,
And mark how he continues.
*Lod.* I'm sorry that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. *A room in the castle.*

*Enter* OTHELLO *and* EMILIA.

*Oth.* You have seen nothing, then?
*Emil.* Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.
*Oth.* Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.
*Emil.* But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.
*Oth.* What, did they never whisper?
*Emil.* Never, my lord.
*Oth.* Nor send you out o' the way?
*Emil.* Never.
*Oth.* To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?
*Emil.* Never, my lord.
*Oth.* That's strange.
*Emil.* I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought,—it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.
*Oth.* Bid her come hither:—go. [*Exit Emilia.*
She says enough;—yet she's a simple bawd
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villanous secrets:
And yet she'll kneel and pray; I've seen her do't.

*Enter* DESDEMONA, *with* EMILIA.

*Des.* My lord, what is your will?
*Oth.* Pray, chuck, come hither.
*Des.* What is your pleasure?
*Oth.* Let me see your eyes;
Look in my face.
*Des.* What horrible fancy's this?
*Oth.* [*to Emilia*] Some of your function, mistress;
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;
Cough, or cry "hem," if any body come:
Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, dispatch. [*Exit Emilia.*
*Des.* Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.
*Oth.* Why, what art thou?
*Des.* Your wife, my lord; your true
And loyal wife.
*Oth.* Come, swear it, damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-damn'd,—
Swear thou art honest.
*Des.* Heaven doth truly know it.
*Oth.* Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.
*Des.* To whom, my lord? with whom? how am I false?
*Oth.* Ah, Desdemon!—away! away! away!
*Des.* Alas the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?
If haply you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me: if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.
*Oth.* Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction; had they rain'd[90]

(90) *Had it pleas'd heaven*
*To try me with affliction: had they rain'd*]

So the folio.—The quartos have "he" instead of "*they.*" But compare *Richard II.* act i. sc. 2;

All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience: but, alas, to make me
A fixèd figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at!—[91]
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life,—
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin,—
Ay, there,[92] look grim as hell!

*Des.* I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

*Oth.* O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,

'Put we our quarrel to the will of *heaven;*
Who, when *they* see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads."

and *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 4;

"*heaven* hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be *their* scourge and minister."

And see Walker on "*Heaven* used as plural." *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 110.

(91) *A fixèd figure for the time of scorn*
*To point his slow unmoving finger at!*—]

So the quarto of 1622, except that it has "... *vnmouing* fingers *at* ... oh, oh."—The folio has

"The *fixed Figure for the time of Scorne,*
*To point his slow,* and mouing *finger at.*"—

The quarto of 1630 differs from that of 1622 only in having "*finger.*"—Rowe substituted "*for the* hand *of scorn;*" and Mason proposed "slowly moving *finger;*" both which alterations are made by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—Mr. Knight adopts Mr. Hunter's conjecture;

"The *fixed figure* of *the time,* for *scorn*
*To point his slow* and moving *finger at.*"

(92) *there,*] The old eds. have "here" and "heere."

Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee,—would thou hadst ne'er been born!

*Des.* Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

*Oth.* Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write "whore" upon? What committed!
Committed!—O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,[93]
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it.—What committed!—
Impudent strumpet!

*Des.* By heaven, you do me wrong.

*Oth.* Are not you a strumpet?

*Des.* No, as I am a Christian:
If to preserve this vessel for my lord
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

*Oth.* What, not a whore?

*Des.* No, as I shall be sav'd.

*Oth.* Is't possible?

*Des.* O, heaven forgive us!

*Oth.* I cry you mercy, then:
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell!

*Re-enter* EMILIA.

You, you, ay, you!
We've done our course; there's money for your pains:
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel. [*Exit.*

[93] *my cheeks,*] Mr. Grant White suspects that Shakespeare wrote "*thy cheeks;*" but, as Mr. W. N. Lettsom observes, "Othello is speaking, not of blushes, but of heat."

*Emil.* Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?—
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?
*Des.* Faith, half asleep.
*Emil.* Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?
*Des.* With who?
*Emil.* Why, with my lord, madam.
*Des.* Who is thy lord?
*Emil.* He that is yours, sweet lady.
*Des.* I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Prithee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;—
And call thy husband hither.
*Emil.* Here's a change indeed! [*Exit.*
*Des.* 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse?(94)

*Re-enter* EMILIA *with* IAGO.

*Iago.* What is your pleasure, madam? How is't with you?
*Des.* I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.
*Iago.* What's the matter, lady?
*Emil.* Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.
*Des.* Am I that name, Iago?
*Iago.* What name, fair lady?
*Des.* Such as she says my lord did say I was.
*Emil.* He call'd her whore: a beggar in his drink
Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.
*Iago.* Why did he so?
*Des.* I do not know; I'm sure I am none such.

(94) *on my great'st abuse?*] "This is the reading of the quarto 1622, which Dr. Johnson thought preferable to the reading of the folio, '*on my least misuse?*'" MALONE.

*Iago.* Do not weep, do not weep:—alas the day!
*Emil.* Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?
*Des.* It is my wretched fortune.
*Iago.* Beshrew him for't!
How comes this trick upon him?
*Des.* Nay, heaven doth know.
*Emil.* I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.
*Iago.* Fie,
There's no such man; it is impossible.
*Des.* If any such there be, heaven pardon him!
*Emil.* A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abus'd by some most villanous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:—
O heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world
Even from the east to the west!
*Iago.* Speak within door.
*Emil.* O, fie upon them! Some such squire he was
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.
*Iago.* You are a fool; go to.
*Des.* Alas, Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:—
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will—though he do shake me off

To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say "whore,"—
It does abhor me now I speak the word;
To do the act that might th' addition earn
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

*Iago.* I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour:
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

*Des.* If 'twere no other,—

*Iago.* 'Tis but so, I warrant. [*Trumpets within.*
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
The messengers of Venice stay the meat:
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

*Enter* RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo!

*Rod.* I do not find that thou dealest justly with me.

*Iago.* What in the contrary?

*Rod.* Every day thou daffest me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keepest from me all conveniency than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it; nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

*Iago.* Will you hear me, Roderigo?

*Rod.* Faith, I have heard too much; for your words and performances are no kin together.

*Iago.* You charge me most unjustly.

*Rod.* With naught but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist: you have told me she hath received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find none.

*Iago.* Well; go to; very well.

*Rod.* Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis

not very well: nay, I think it is scurvy, and begin to find myself fopped[95] in it.

*Iago.* Very well.

*Rod.* I tell you 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

*Iago.* You have said now.

*Rod.* Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

*Iago.* Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

*Rod.* It hath not appeared.

*Iago.* I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

*Rod.* Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

*Iago.* Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

*Rod.* Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

*Iago.* O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident: wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

*Rod.* How do you mean, removing of him?

*Iago.* Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place, —knocking out his brains.

*Rod.* And that you would have me to do?

(95) *fopped*] So all the old eds. ("*fopt*").—The modern reading is "fobbed."

*Iago.* Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him:—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence,—which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,—you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

*Rod.* I will hear further reason for this.

*Iago.* And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III. *Another room in the castle.*

*Enter* OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and* Attendants.

*Lod.* I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

*Oth.* O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

*Lod.* Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

*Des.* Your honour is most welcome.

*Oth.* Will you walk, sir?—
O,—Desdemona,—

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there: look't be done.

*Des.* I will, my lord. [*Exeunt Oth., Lod., and Attend.*

*Emil.* How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

*Des.* He says he will return incontinent:
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

*Emil.* Dismiss me!

*Des.* It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We must not now displease him.

*Emil.* I would you had never seen him!

*Des.* So would not I: my love doth so approve him,

That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,—
Prithee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

*Emil.* I've laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

*Des.* All's one.—Good faith, how foolish are our minds!—
If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

*Emil.* Come, come, you talk.

*Des.* My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:[96]
She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of "willow;"
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it: that song to-night
Will not go from my mind; I've much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara.—Prithee, dispatch.

*Emil.* Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

*Des.* No, unpin me here.—
This Lodovico is a proper man.

*Emil.* A very handsome man.

*Des.* He speaks well.

*Emil.* I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefooted to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

*Des.* The poor soul sat sighing[97] by a sycamore tree,* [*Singing.*

Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;—

[96] *Barbara:*] "'*Barbaris*,' fol. Qu. The form is not yet obsolete among the common people." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 290; where his editor adds in a note, "The quartos also have either '*Barbarie*' or '*Barbary*.' [The quartos of 1622 and 1630 agree in '*Barbary*.' A. D.] '*Barbara*' has no better authority than that of the second folio."

[97] *sighing*] So the quarto of 1630.—The folio has "singing."—This is not in the quarto of 1622.

* *The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree*, &c.] The old ballad, on which Shakespeare formed this song, is given in Percy's *Rel. of A. E. Poetry*, vol. i. p. 208, ed. 1794, from a copy in the Pepysian collection. A different version of it, printed from a Ms., may be seen in Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, &c., vol. i. p. 207, sec. ed.—The original ditty is the lamentation of a lover for the inconstancy of his mistress.

Lay by these:—

Sing willow, willow, willow; [*Singing.*

Prithee, hie thee; he'll come anon:—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland. [*Singing.*
Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is't that knocks?

*Emil.* It's the wind.

*Des.* I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?
Sing willow, willow, willow: [*Singing.*
If I court more women, you'll couch with more[98] men.—

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?

*Emil.* 'Tis neither here nor there.

*Des.* I've heard it said so.—O, these men, these men!—
Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

*Emil.* There be some such, no question.

*Des.* Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

*Emil.* Why, would not you?

*Des.* No, by this heavenly light!

*Emil.* Nor I neither by this heavenly light; I might do't as well i' the dark.

*Des.* Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

*Emil.* The world's a huge thing:

It is a great price*
For a small vice.

*Des.* In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

*Emil.* In troth, I think I should; and undo't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but, for the whole world,—why,

[98] *more . . . . . more*] "Why write '*mo*'? This, indeed, is the spelling of the folio [and of the quarto of 1630:—this is not in the quarto of 1622]; but the folio has '*mo*' or '*moe*' in numberless places, where no one has thought it necessary so to read, unless the rhyme demanded it." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 290.

* *It is a great price*, &c.] A quotation evidently.

who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

*Des.* Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

*Emil.* Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

*Des.* I do not think there is any such woman.

*Emil.* Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage as would store the world they played for.
But I do think it is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall: say that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite;
Why, we have galls; and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is: and doth affection breed it?
I think it doth: is't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too:—and have not we affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then let them use us well: else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

*Des.* Good night, good night: heaven me such uses send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend! [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. *Cyprus. A street.*

*Enter* IAGO *and* RODERIGO.

*Iago.* Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home:

Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

*Rod.* Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

*Iago.* Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand.
[*Retires to a little distance.*

*Rod.* I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons:—
'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies.
[*Goes to his stand.*

*Iago.* I've rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain: live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona;
It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:
No, he must die:—be't so:[99] I hear him coming.

*Enter* CASSIO.

*Rod.* I know his gait, 'tis he.—Villain, thou diest!
[*Rushes from his post, and makes a pass at Cassio.*

*Cas.* That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st:
I will make proof of thine. [*Draws, and wounds Roderigo.*

*Rod.* O, I am slain!
[*Iago rushes from his post, cuts Cassio behind in the leg, and exit.*

*Cas.* I'm maim'd for ever.—Help, ho! murder! murder!
[*Falls.*

([99]) *be't so:*] So the quartos.—The folio has "But *so*" (qy. if intended for "But, soft"?).

*Enter* OTHELLO, *at some distance.*

*Oth.* The voice of Cassio :—Iago keeps his word.
*Rod.* O, villain that I am !
*Oth.* It is even so.
*Cas.* O, help, ho ! light ! a surgeon !
*Oth.* 'Tis he :—O brave Iago, honest and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong !
Thou teachest me :—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies : strumpet, I come !
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted ;
Thy bed lust-stain'd shall with lust's blood be spotted.
[*Exit.*

*Enter* LODOVICO *and* GRATIANO, *at some distance.*

*Cas.* What, ho ! no watch ? no passage ? murder ! murder !
*Gra.* 'Tis some mischance ; the cry is very direful.
*Cas.* O, help !
*Lod.* Hark !
*Rod.* O wretched villain !
*Lod.* Two or three groan :[100]—it is a heavy night :
These may be counterfeits : let's think't unsafe
To come in to the cry without more help.
*Rod.* Nobody come ? then shall I bleed to death.
*Lod.* Hark !
*Gra.* Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

*Re-enter* IAGO, *with a light.*

*Iago.* Who's there ? whose noise is this that cries on murder ?
*Lod.* We do not know.
*Iago.* Did not you hear a cry ?

[100] *Two or three groan :*] "Fol. '*groane.*' Qu." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 290 ; where Mr. W. N. Lettsom observes in a note, "'*Groans*' is the quarto reading. Recent editors follow the folio ; but how could people at a distance distinguish whether groans proceeded from one person or from more, when the groaners were lying close together ?" Surely, if Lodovico heard, first, Cassio exclaiming "What, ho ! no watch !" &c., and then Roderigo crying out "O wretched villain !" he might well say "Two or three groan."

*Cas.* Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me!
*Iago.* What's the matter?
*Gra.* This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.
*Lod.* The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.
*Iago.* What are you here that cry so grievously?
*Cas.* Iago? O, I'm spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help.
*Iago.* O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?
*Cas.* I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.
*Iago.* O treacherous villains!—
What are you there? come in, and give some help.
[*To Lodovico and Gratiano.*
*Rod.* O, help me here!
*Cas.* That's one of them.
*Iago.* O murderous slave! O villain!
[*Stabs Roderigo.*
*Rod.* O, damn'd Iago, O inhuman dog!
*Iago.* Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?
How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!—
What may you be? are you of good or evil?
*Lod.* As you shall prove us, praise us.
*Iago.* Signior Lodovico?
*Lod.* He, sir.
*Iago.* I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by villains.
*Gra.* Cassio!
*Iago.* How is't, brother?
*Cas.* My leg is cut in two.
*Iago.* Marry, heaven forbid!—
Light, gentlemen:—I'll bind it with my shirt.

*Enter* BIANCA.

*Bian.* What is the matter, ho? who is't that cried?
*Iago.* Who is't that cried!
*Bian.* O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!
O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!
*Iago.* A notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect

Who they should be that have thus mangled you?
*Cas.* No.
*Gra.* I'm sorry to find you thus: I've been to seek you.
*Iago.* Lend me a garter:—so.—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!
*Bian.* Alas, he faints!—O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!
*Iago.* Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.—
Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come;
Lend me a light.—Know we this face or no?
Alas, my friend and my dear countryman
Roderigo? no:—yes, sure; O heaven! Roderigo.
*Gra.* What, of Venice?
*Iago.* Even he, sir: did you know him?
*Gra.* Know him! ay.
*Iago.* Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.
*Gra.* I'm glad to see you.
*Iago.* How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!
*Gra.* Roderigo!
*Iago.* He, he, 'tis he.—[*A chair brought in.*] O, that's well said;—the chair:—
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—[*To Bianca*] For you, mistress,
Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend: what malice was between you?
*Cas.* None in the world; nor do I know the man.
*Iago.* [*to Bianca*] What, look you pale?—O, bear him out o' th' air.—
[*Cassio and Roderigo are borne off.*
Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress?—
Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?—
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.—
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her:
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.

*Enter* EMILIA.

*Emil.* 'Las, what's the matter? what's the matter, husband?

*Iago.* Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
By Roderigo, and fellows that are scap'd:
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

*Emil.* Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

*Iago.* This is the fruit of whoring.—Prithee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.—
[*To Bianca*] What, do you shake at that?

*Bian.* He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

*Iago.* O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

*Emil.* Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

*Bian.* I am no strumpet; but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.

*Emil.* As I! foh! fie upon thee!

*Iago.* Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd.—
[*To Bianca*] Come, mistress, you must tell 's another tale.—
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.—
Will you go on afore?—[*Aside*] This is the night
That either makes me or fordoes me quite. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A bedchamber in the castle:* DESDEMONA *in bed asleep; a light burning.*

*Enter* OTHELLO.

*Oth.* It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.—

Put out the light,—and then put out thy light:[101]
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me:—but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd the rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the tree.—
[*Kissing her.*
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more:—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after:—one more, and that's the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes where it doth love.—She wakes.

*Des.* Who's there? Othello?

*Oth.* Ay, Desdemona.

*Des.* Will you come to bed, my lord?

*Oth.* Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemon?

*Des.* Ay, my lord.

*Oth.* If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

*Des.* Alack, my lord, what may you mean by that?

*Oth.* Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No,—heaven forfend!—I would not kill thy soul.

*Des.* Talk you of killing?

(101) *Put out the light,—and then put out thy light:*] The old eds. have "—— *and then put out* the *light.*"—I agree with Malone *ad l.* and Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 291) that the reading now given is the true one, though Boswell objects to it as introducing "a cold conceit" (he, we may suppose, having suddenly forgotten what a crop of "conceits" there is in Shakespeare). Compare the context;

> "but once *put out thy light,*
> . . . . . .
> I know not where is that Promethean heat
> That can *thy light* relume."

*Oth.* Ay, I do.
*Des.* Then heaven
Have mercy on me!
*Oth.* Amen, with all my heart!
*Des.* If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
*Oth.* Hum!
*Des.* And yet I fear you; for you're fatal then
When your eyes roll so: why I should fear I know not,
Since guiltiness[102] I know not; but yet I feel I fear.
*Oth.* Think on thy sins.
*Des.* They're loves I bear to you.
*Oth.* Ay, and for that thou diest.
*Des.* That death's unnatural that kills for loving.—
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
*Oth.* Peace, and be still!
*Des.* I will so. What's the matter?
*Oth.* That handkerchief which I so lov'd and gave thee
Thou gav'st to Cassio.
*Des.* No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man, and ask him.
*Oth.* Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death-bed.
*Des.* Ay, but not yet to die.
*Oth.* Yes, presently:
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
*Des.* Then Lord have mercy on me!
*Oth.* I say, amen.
*Des.* And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio
But with such general warranty of heaven

[102] *guiltiness*] "I think '*guilt*.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 291. An alteration made long ago.

As I might love; I never gave him token.
*Oth.* By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's hand.
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.
*Des.* He found it, then;
I never gave it him:—send for him hither;
Let him confess a truth.
*Oth.* He hath confess'd.
*Des.* What, my lord?
*Oth.* That he hath us'd thee.
*Des.* How? unlawfully?
*Oth.* Ay.
*Des.* He will not say so.
*Oth.* No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.
*Des.* O, my fear interprets:—what, is he dead?
*Oth.* Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.
*Des.* Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone!
*Oth.* Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my face?
*Des.* O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!
*Oth.* Down, strumpet!
*Des.* Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night!
*Oth.* Nay, if you strive,—
*Des.* But half an hour!
*Oth.* Being done, there is no pause.
*Des.* But while I say one prayer!
*Oth.* It is too late. [*Smothers her.*
*Emil.* [*within*] My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord, my lord![108]

(108) Oth. *It is too late.* [Smothers her.
Emil. [within] *My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord, my lord!*]
So the folio and the quarto of 1630.—The quarto of 1622 has

"Oth. *Tis too late.*
Des. O Lord, Lord, Lord.
Em. *My Lord, my Lord,*" &c.;

and though in my *Remarks* on Mr. Collier's first edition of *Shakespeare*

*Oth.* What noise is this? — Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruel am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain:—
So, so.

*Emil.* [*within*] What, ho! my lord, my lord!

*Oth.* Who's there?

*Emil.* [*within*] O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you!

*Oth.* Yes:—'tis Emilia:—by and by.—She's dead.—
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;
The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave.[104] — Shall she come in? were 't good?—
I think she stirs again:—no.—What's best to do?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
O, insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that th' affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

*Emil.* [*within*] I do beseech you
That I may speak with you, O, good my lord!

*Oth.* I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—
Soft,—by and by:—let me the curtains draw.—
Where art thou? [*Opens the door.*

I protested against the insertion of "Oh Lord, Lord, Lord," as having been most probably foisted into the text by the players,—as disgustingly vulgar, instead of terrible or pathetic,—and as being rendered not a little comic by the words which immediately follow,

"My *lord*, my *lord!* what, ho! my *lord*, my *lord!*"—

my protest appears to have had no other effect than to make Mr. Collier the more determined to retain it in his second edition.

(104) *Ha! no more moving?*
*Still as the grave.*]

Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 144) proposes

"*Ha! no more moving?* still,
*Still as the grave.*"

*Enter* EMILIA.

What's the matter with thee now?

*Emil.* O, my good lord, yonder's foul murder done![105]

*Oth.* What, now?

*Emil.* But now, my lord.

*Oth.* It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

*Emil.* Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian
Call'd Roderigo.

*Oth.* Roderigo kill'd!
And Cassio kill'd!

*Emil.* No, Cassio is not kill'd.

*Oth.* Not Cassio kill'd! then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

*Des.* O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

*Emil.* Alas, what cry is that?

*Oth.* That! what?

*Emil.* Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.—
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak!

*Des.* A guiltless death I die.

*Emil.* O, who hath done
This deed?

*Des.* Nobody,—I myself. Farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord: O, farewell! [*Dies.*

*Oth.* Why, how should she be murder'd?

*Emil.* Alas, who knows?

*Oth.* You heard her say herself, it was not I.

*Emil.* She said so: I must needs report the truth.

*Oth.* She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell:
'Twas I that kill'd her.

*Emil.* O, the more angel she,

(105) *O, my good lord, yonder's foul murder done!*] Here several modern editors silently print "*O*, good my *lord*," &c.; which perhaps the author wrote, for Emilia has just before twice used that form of expression; but the old copies agree in "*O my good lord*," &c.—In this line the old eds. have "murders."

And you the blacker devil!

*Oth.* She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

*Emil.* Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

*Oth.* She was false as water.

*Emil.* Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false: O, she was heavenly true!

*Oth.* Cassio did tup[106] her; ask thy husband else.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

*Emil.* My husband!

*Oth.* Thy husband.

*Emil.* That she was false to wedlock?

*Oth.* Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

*Emil.* My husband!

*Oth.* Ay, 'twas he that told me first:
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

*Emil.* My husband!

*Oth.* What needs this iterance, woman? I say thy husband.

*Emil.* O mistress, villany hath made mocks with love!—
My husband say that she was false!

*Oth.* He, woman;
I say thy husband: dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

*Emil.* If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

*Oth.* Ha!

*Emil* Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven
Than thou wast worthy her.

*Oth.* Peace, you were best.

[106]) *tup*] Here the old eds. have the spelling "top." See note 77.

*Emil.* Thou hast not half that power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed—
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives.—Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder!

*Enter* MONTANO, GRATIANO, *and* IAGO.

*Mon.* What is the matter?—How now, general!
*Emil.* O, are you come, Iago? you've done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.
*Gra.* What is the matter?
*Emil.* Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says thou told'st him that his wife was false:
I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain:
Speak, for my heart is full.
*Iago.* I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.
*Emil.* But did you ever tell him she was false?
*Iago.* I did.
*Emil.* You told a lie; an odious, damnèd lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie:—
She false with Cassio!—did you say with Cassio?
*Iago.* With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.
*Emil.* I will not charm my tongue; I'm bound to speak:
My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed,—
*Mon., Gra.* O heavens forfend!
*Emil.* And your reports have set the murder on.
*Oth.* Nay, stare not, masters: it is true, indeed.
*Gra.* 'Tis a strange truth.
*Mon.* O monstrous act!
*Emil.* Villany, villany, villany!
I think upon't,—I think,—I smell't;—O villany!—
I thought so then;—I'll kill myself for grief:—
O villany, villany!
*Iago.* What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.
*Emil.* Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.—

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

*Oth.* O! O! O! [*Falling on the bed.*[107]

*Emil.* Nay, lay thee down and roar;
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent
That e'er did lift up eye.

*Oth.* O, she was foul!— [*Rising.*
I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd:
I know this act shows horrible and grim.

*Gra.* Poor Desdemon! I'm glad thy father's dead:
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobance.

*Oth.* 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand:
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

*Emil.* O heaven! O heavenly powers!

*Iago.* Come, hold your peace.

*Emil.* 'Twill out, 'twill out:—I peace!
No, I will speak as liberal as the north:
Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

*Iago.* Be wise, and get you home.

*Emil.* I will not.
[*Iago offers to stab Emilia.*

*Gra.* Fie!

(107) Falling on the bed.] Here the folio has no stage-direction, but the quartos have as above; which Mr. Collier seems to have forgotten, when, after mentioning that his Ms. Corrector makes Othello here throw himself *upon the ground*, he speaks of the *falling on the bed* as a stage-direction only found in modern editions.—1865. Mr. Collier in the second edition of his *Shakespeare* rectifies this mis-statement.

Your sword upon a woman?

*Emil.* O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of
I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness—
More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle—
He begg'd of me to steal it.

*Iago.* Villanous whore!

*Emil.* She give it Cassio! no, alas, I found it,
And I did give't my husband.

*Iago.* Filth, thou liest!

*Emil.* By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.—
O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

*Oth.* Are there no stones in heaven
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain![108]

[*Othello offers to stab Iago, but is disarmed by Montano: Iago stabs Emilia, and then runs out.*

*Gra.* The woman falls; sure, he hath kill'd his wife.

*Emil.* Ay, ay:—O, lay me by my mistress' side.

*Gra.* He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

*Mon.* 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damnèd slave. [*Exeunt Montano and Gratiano.*

*Oth.* I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword:—
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.

*Emil.* What did thy song bode, lady?

[108] *Precious villain!*] "This is a place where the quarto 1630 affords a different and an inferior reading to the two older editions: it has '*pernicious* villain.' At all events, *pernicious* does not suit the measure." COLLIER.—"'*Precious* villain' is more in the style of Cloten than of Othello: qu. '*Pernicious*' with quarto 2. This could scarcely have crept in from '*pernicious* caitiff' 80 lines below. Collier's metrical objection is 'naught.' See Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., Art. ix. Collier himself reads [with the folio] '*woman*' for '*wife*' in the line above." W. N. LETTSOM.

Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music:—Willow, willow, willow.— [*Singing.*
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [*Dies.*

*Oth.* I have another weapon in this chamber;
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper:—
O, here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth.

*Gra.* [*within*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear:
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

*Oth.* Look in upon me, then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

*Re-enter* GRATIANO.

*Gra.* What is the matter?

*Oth.* Behold, I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I've seen the day
That, with this little arm and this good sword,
I've made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop:—but, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.—
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires:—where should Othello go?—
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
Even like thy chastity.—
O cursèd, cursèd slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
O Desdemon! dead, Desdemon! dead! O![109]

*Enter* LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO *carried in a chair, and* Officers *with* IAGO, *prisoner.*

*Lod.* Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?
*Oth.* That's he that was Othello;—here I am.
*Lod.* Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
*Oth.* I look down towards his feet,—but that's a fable.—
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.
[*Wounds Iago.*
*Lod.* Wrench his sword from him. [*Othello is disarmed.*
*Iago.* I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.
*Oth.* I am not sorry neither: I'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.
*Lod.* O thou Othello, that wert once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a damnèd slave,[110]
What shall be said to thee?
*Oth.* Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For naught I did in hate, but all in honour.
*Lod.* This wretch hath part confess'd his villany:
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?
*Oth.* Ay.
*Cas.* Dear general, I never gave you cause.
*Oth.* I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?
*Iago.* Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word.
*Lod.* What, not to pray?
*Gra.* Torments will ope your lips.

[109] *O Desdemon! dead, Desdemon! dead! O!*] So the folio, except that it has "—— *dead. Oh,* oh!"—The quartos have "*O* Desdemona, Desdemona, *dead, O* o, o."

[110] *of a damnèd slave,*] The folio has "*of a* cursed *Slaue:*" but I prefer the reading of the quartos, because Othello has a little before exclaimed "*O cursèd, cursèd slave!*"

*Oth.* Well, thou dost best.

*Lod.* Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not. Here's a letter
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;
And here another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

*Oth.* O villain![111]

*Cas.* Most heathenish and most gross!

*Lod.* Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant t' have sent this damnèd villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.

*Oth.* O the pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

*Cas.* I found it in my chamber:
And he himself confess'd but even now[112]
That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose
Which wrought to his desire.

*Oth.* O fool! fool! fool!

*Cas.* There is besides in Roderigo's letter,—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: and even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

*Lod.* You must forsake this room, and go with us:
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known

(111) *villain!*] Ritson would read "villany."

(112) *confess'd but even now*] The quarto of 1622 has "*confest* it *even now.*"—The folio, and the quarto of 1630, have "*confest* it *but even now.*"

To the Venetian state.—Come, bring away.

*Oth.* Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I've done the state some service, and they know't;—
No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe;[113] of one whose subdu'd eyes,
Albeit unusèd to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees

(113) *of one whose hand,*
*Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away*
*Richer than all his tribe;*]

So the quartos.—The folio has

"*Of one, whose hand*
(*Like the base* Iudean) *threw*," &c.—

Malone adopted "Júdean," thinking that "the word '*tribe*' is strongly in favour of the reading:" but Boswell observes; "The word *tribe* is not, as Mr. Malone seemed to suppose, peculiarly applicable to the Jews. It meant in Shakespeare's time, as we learn from Cokeram, *a kindred*, and it is constantly used at this day in speaking of the Indians." [It was rather unnecessary to refer to Cokeram, since, *in the present play*, Iago says,

"Good heaven, the souls of all my *tribe* defend
From jealousy!" p. 189.

Boswell proceeds] "The Jews are not in general described as willing to throw away what is valuable; and it is not likely that Shakespeare would allude to an anecdote of a single individual, of which perhaps none of his auditors had ever heard; but in our author's time, when voyages of discovery to America were common, each *putter out of five for one* was probably stimulated by a description of the riches he might find there, and of the facility with which the Indians *base*, on account of their ignorance, would part with them. I will only add, that two succeeding poets have given the Indians the same character;

'So the *unskilfull Indian* those bright gems
Which might adde majestie to diadems
'*Mong the waves scatters*—'
Habington's *Castara*,—*To Castara weeping.*

So also in *The Woman's Conquest*, by Sir Edward Howard;

Their med'cinable[114] gum. Set you down this;
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Were a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcisèd dog,
And smote him—thus. [*Stabs himself with a dagger.*[115]

*Lod.* O bloody period!

*Gra.* All that's spoke is marr'd.

*Oth.* I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee: no way but this,
[*Falling upon Desdemona.*
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*Dies.*

*Cas.* This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.

*Lod.* [*to Iago*] O Spartan dog,
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed;
This is thy work: the object poisons sight;
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,

'Behold my queen—
Who with no more concern Ile cast away
*Then Indians do a pearl that ne're did know*
*Its value.*'"

The latter part of the above note (the most valuable of Boswell's contributions to the illustration of Shakespeare) proves, I think, decidedly, that Othello alludes to no particular story, but to "the Indian" as generally described: and to the passages just cited, the following one may be added;

"The wretched Indian spurnes the golden ore."
Drayton's *Legend of Matilda*, sig. Ff 7,—*Poems*, 8vo, n. d.—

Walker's (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 292) says, "'*Indian*,' certainly;" and quotes the preceding line of Drayton, which I had long before adduced in my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's editions of Shakespeare*.

(114) *med'cinable*] So the folio ("Medicinable").—The quartos have "medicinall."

(115) [Stabs himself with a dagger.] The quartos have "He stabs himselfe."—The folio has no stage-direction here.

In p. 241 Othello, on offering to stab Iago, is disarmed by Montano; but he has "another weapon—a sword of Spain," p. 242. Of that second weapon, after wounding Iago, he is also deprived: this is shown, not only by the exclamation of Lodovico, "Wrench his sword from him," p. 243, but by the remark of Cassio, "This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon," p. 246. The instrument he now uses must therefor have been a dagger which was concealed about his person.

And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you.—To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture,—O, enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard, and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [*Exeunt.*

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

On May 20th, 1608, "A booke called Anthony and Cleopatra" was entered in the Stationers' Registers by Edward Blount; and the entry, no doubt, refers to our author's play, which, we may presume, had been produced only a short time before that date. It did not, however, make its appearance in print till the publication of the folio of 1623.—In *Antony and Cleopatra* Shakespeare has adhered with remarkable closeness to the Life of Antonius in North's *Plutarch* (translated from the French of Amiot). He owes nothing, either to Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594, or to the Countess of Pembroke's *Tragedie of Antonie* (a translation from the French of Garnier), 1595.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARK ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,
} triumvirs.

SEXTUS POMPEIUS.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,
VENTIDIUS,
EROS,
SCARUS,*
DERCETAS,
DEMETRIUS,
PHILO,
} friends to Antony.

MECÆNAS,
AGRIPPA,
DOLABELLA,
PROCULEIUS,
THYREUS,
GALLUS,
} friends to Cæsar.

MENAS,
MENECRATES,
VARRIUS,†
} friends to Pompey.

TAURUS, lieutenant-general to Cæsar.
CANIDIUS, lieutenant-general to Antony.
SILIUS, an officer in Ventidius's army.
EUPHRONIUS, an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.
ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, and DIOMEDES, attendants on Cleopatra.
A Soothsayer.
A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, queen of Egypt,
OCTAVIA, sister to Cæsar and wife to Antony.
CHARMIAN,
IRAS,
} attendants on Cleopatra.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—*In several parts of the Roman empire.*

* "'Scarus' in *Antony and Cleopatra*, fol. '*Scarrus*,' is 'Scaurus.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c., vol. ii. p. 323.

† "*Varrius.* This is perhaps L. *Varius* Cotyla, an officer and companion of Antony's. (Plut. Anton. xviii. Cic. Philippic. v. 2; viii. 10, 11; xiii. 12.) Shakespeare found him in North's Plutarch (p. 919, eds. 1603 and 1612), and perhaps by a slip of memory took him for a friend of Pompey's. The possibility, however, is so slight that it is only just worth mentioning." *Id.* ibid.

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. *Alexandria. A room in* CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

*Enter* DEMETRIUS *and* PHILO.

*Phi.* Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars', now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges[1] all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust. [*Flourish within.*] Look where they come:
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

*Enter* ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, *with their Train;* Eunuchs *fanning her.*

*Cleo.* If it be love indeed, tell me how much.
*Ant.* There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

(1) *reneges*] In this line "*reneges*," if so written by Shakespeare, must be pronounced as a dissyllable,—*reneagues, reneegs.* (In *King Lear*, act ii. sc. 2, the quartos have "*Reneag*, affirme, and turne their halcion beakes," &c.)—It has been proposed to read here "reneys."—The folio has "reneages."

*Cleo.* I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.
*Ant.* Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

*Enter an* Attendant.

*Att.* News, my good lord, from Rome.
*Ant.* Grates me:—the sum.
*Cleo.* Nay, hear them, Antony:
Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee."
*Ant.* How, my love!
*Cleo.* Perchance! nay, and most like:—
You must not stay here longer,—your dismission
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's I would say?—both?—
Call in the messengers.—As I'm Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messengers!
*Ant.* Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair [*Embracing.*
And such a twain can do't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up peerless.
*Cleo.* Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.
*Ant.* But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—
Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,[2]

(2) *Love and her soft hours,*] See note 56 on *The Comedy of Errors*, vol. ii. p. 33.

Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now:—what sport to-night?
*Cleo.* Hear the ambassadors.
*Ant.* Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes,—to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose[3] every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No messenger; but thine, and all alone,
To-night we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it:—speak not to us.
[*Exeunt Ant. and Cleo. with their Train.*
*Dem.* Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?
*Phi.* Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.
*Dem.* I'm full sorry
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. *The same. Another room in the same.*

*Enter* CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a* Soothsayer.[4]

*Char.* Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you

(3) *whose*] The folio has "who."—Corrected in the second folio.
(4) Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a *Soothsayer.*] The folio has "Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Southsayer, Rannius, Lucillius, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas."—"It is not impossible, indeed, that 'Lamprius, Rannius, Lucilius,' &c., might have been speakers in this scene as it was first written down by Shakespeare, who afterwards thought proper to omit their speeches, though at the same time he forgot to erase their names as originally announced at their collective entrance." STEEVENS.—So in the opening of *Much Ado about Nothing*, the old eds. make Leonato enter with "Innogen his wife" (and again at the commencement of act ii. with "his wife"), though not a line throughout the play is given to any such character. See note 1, vol. ii. p. 73.

praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge[5] his horns with garlands!

*Alex.* Soothsayer,—

*Sooth.* Your will?

*Char.* Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know things?

*Sooth.* In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

*Alex.* Show him your hand.

*Enter* ENOBARBUS.

*Eno.* Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough Cleopatra's health to drink.

*Char.* Good sir, give me good fortune.

*Sooth.* I make not, but foresee.

*Char.* Pray, then, foresee me one.

*Sooth.* You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

*Char.* He means in flesh.

*Iras.* No, you shall paint when you are old.

*Char.* Wrinkles forbid!

*Alex.* Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

*Char.* Hush!

*Sooth.* You shall be more beloving than belov'd.

*Char.* I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

*Alex.* Nay, hear him.

*Char.* Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

*Sooth.* You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

*Char.* O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

*Sooth.* You've seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.

*Char.* Then belike my children shall have no names:—prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

(5) *charge*] So Southern in his copy of the first folio, Warburton, and Theobald.—The folio has "change."—The late Mr. W. W. Williams (in *The Parthenon* for May 17th, 1862, p. 89) would substitute "hang."

*Sooth.* If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile[6] every wish, a million.

*Char.* Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

*Alex.* You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

*Char.* Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

*Alex.* We'll know all our fortunes.

*Eno.* Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

*Iras.* There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

*Char.* E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

*Iras.* Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

*Char.* Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

*Sooth.* Your fortunes are alike.

*Iras.* But how, but how? give me particulars.

*Sooth.* I have said.

*Iras.* Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

*Char.* Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

*Iras.* Not in my husband's nose.

*Char.* Our worser thoughts heavens mend!—Alexas,—[7] come, his fortune, his fortune!—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! and let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

*Iras.* Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

*Char.* Amen.

(6) *And fertile*] Warburton's correction.—The folio has "*&* foretell."
(7) *Alexas,*—] In the folio this name is printed as a prefix to the rest of the speech.

*Alex.* Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores but they'd do't!

*Eno.* Hush! here comes Antony.

*Char.* Not he; the queen.

*Enter* CLEOPATRA.

*Cleo.* Saw[8] you my lord?

*Eno.* No, lady.

*Cleo.* Was he not here?

*Char.* No, madam.

*Cleo.* He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

*Eno.* Madam?

*Cleo.* Seek him, and bring him hither.—Where's Alexas?

*Alex.* Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

*Cleo.* We will not look upon him: go with us. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* ANTONY *with a* Messenger *and* Attendants.

*Mess.* Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

*Ant.* Against my brother Lucius?

*Mess.* Ay:
But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

*Ant.* Well, what worst?

*Mess.* The nature of bad news infects the teller.

*Ant.* When it concerns the fool or coward.—On:—
Things that are past are done with me.—'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

*Mess.* Labienus—
This is stiff news—hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended Asia from Euphrătes;
His conquering banner shook from Syria

(8) *Saw*] The folio has "Saue." Corrected in the second folio.

To Lydia and to Ionia;
Whilst—

*Ant.* Antony, thou wouldst say,—

*Mess.* O, my lord!

*Ant.* Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue:
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome;
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full license as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds
When our quick minds[9] lie still; and our ills told us
Is as our earing. Fare thee well awhile.

*Mess.* At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*

*Ant.* From Sicyon, ho, the news![10] Speak there!

*First Att.* The man from Sicyon,—is there such an one?

*Sec. Att.* He stays upon your will.

*Ant.* Let him appear.—
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage.

*Enter another* Messenger.

What are you?

*Sec. Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

*Ant.* Where died she?

*Sec. Mess.* In Sicyon:
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a letter.*

*Ant.* Forbear me. [*Exit Sec. Mess.*
There's a great spirit gone! Thus died I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,

(9) *minds*] So Warburton.—The folio has "windes;" an error which, as Malone observes, it has also in *King John*, act v. sc. 7;

"and his siege is now
Against the *winde*," &c.

(10) *From Sicyon, ho, the news!*] The folio has "*From Scicion* how *the newes?*" which Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters to "*From Sicyon* now *the news?*" (as he alters in *The Merchant of Venice*, act v. sc. 1, the old reading, "Peace, *how* the Moone sleepes with Endimion," &c., to "Peace! *now* the moon," &c.).—See the next note.

By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off:
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.—Ho, Enobarbus!

*Re-enter* ENOBARBUS.[11]

*Eno.* What's your pleasure, sir?

*Ant.* I must with haste from hence.

*Eno.* Why, then, we kill all our women: we see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

*Ant.* I must be gone.

*Eno.* Under a compelling occasion,[12] let women die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

*Ant.* She is cunning past man's thought.

*Eno.* Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: we cannot call her winds

(11) *My idleness doth hatch.—Ho, Enobarbus!*
*Re-enter* ENOBARBUS.]
The folio has
"*My idlenesse doth hatch.*
*Enter Enobarbus,*
How now *Enobarbus.*"
But the right reading is indubitably "*Ho, Enobarbus!*" In all probability the author's manuscript had "How *Enobarbus,*" to which some transcriber or the original compositor, who did not understand what was meant, added "now."—Afterwards in this play (p. 355), the folio has "The Guard, *how!* [*i.e.* ho!] Oh dispatch me."—"How" frequently occurs as the old spelling of "ho:" see note 135, vol. ii. p. 224, and note 83, vol. ii. p. 415.—When, in my *Few Notes*, &c., p. 150, I brought forward the present correction, I was not aware that Capell had anticipated me; for the *Varior. Shakespeare* gives "How now! *Enobarbus!*" without any annotation.

(12) *Under a compelling occasion.*] The folio has "*Vnder a compelling* an *occasion.*"

and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

*Ant.* Would I had never seen her!

*Eno.* O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blessed withal would have discredited your travel.

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Sir?

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Fulvia!

*Ant.* Dead.

*Eno.* Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion [13] that should water this sorrow.

*Ant.* The business she hath broachèd in the state
Cannot endure my absence.

*Eno.* And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

*Ant.* No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen,
And get her leave to part.[14] For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,

[13] *the tears live in an onion*] Qy. "*the tears* lie *in*," &c.?—On "*Lie* and *live* confounded" see Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 210.

[14] *And get her leave to part.*] So Pope.—The folio has "*And get her* loue *to part.*"—"The same error has happened in *Titus Andronicus*, and therefore I have no longer any doubt that [here] *leave* was Shakespeare's word. In that play [act iii. sc. 1] we find

'He *loues* his pledges dearer than his life,'

instead of 'He *leaves*,' &c." MALONE.

Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people—
Whose love is never link'd to the deserver
Till his deserts are past—begin to throw
Pompey the Great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger: much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires[15]
Our quick remove from hence.

*Eno.* I shall do't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Another room in the same.*

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

*Cleo.* Where is he?

*Char.* I did not see him since.[16]

*Cleo.* See where he is, who's with him, what he does:—
I did not send you:—if you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return. [*Exit Alexas.*

*Char.* Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

*Cleo.* What should I do, I do not?

*Char.* In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

*Cleo.* Thou teachest like a fool,—the way to lose him.

[15] *To such whose place is under us, requires*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "*To such whose* places *vnder vs*, require."

[16] *I did not see him since.*] "Read '*Madam*, I did not see him since.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 294.

*Char.* Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear:
In time we hate that which we often fear.
But here comes Antony.
*Cleo.* I'm sick and sullen.

*Enter* ANTONY.

*Ant.* I'm sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—
*Cleo.* Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall:
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.
*Ant.* Now, my dearest queen,—
*Cleo.* Pray you, stand further from me.
*Ant.* What's the matter?
*Cleo.* I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.
What says the married woman?—You may go:
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,—
I have no power upon you; hers you are.
*Ant.* The gods best know,—
*Cleo.* O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! yet at the first
I saw the treasons[17] planted.
*Ant.* Cleopatra,—
*Cleo.* Why should I think you can be mine and true,
Though you in swearing shake the thronèd gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows
Which break themselves in swearing!
*Ant.* Most sweet queen,—
*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you su'd staying,
Then was the time for words: no going then;—
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven: they are so still,

([17]) *treasons*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 246) would read "treason."

Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

*Ant.* How now, lady!

*Cleo.* I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.

*Ant.* Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breed[18] scrupulous faction: the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: my more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

*Cleo.* Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness:—can Fulvia die?

*Ant.* She's dead, my queen:
Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awak'd; at the last, best:
See when and where she died.

*Cleo.* O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

*Ant.* Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice: by the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence

(18) *Equality of two domestic powers Breed*]

See note 116 on *Love's Labour's Lost.*

Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war
As thou affect'st.
*Cleo.* Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—
But let it be:—I'm quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.
*Ant.* My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love,[19] which stands
An honourable trial.
*Cleo.* So Fulvia told me.
I prithee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.
*Ant.* You'll heat my blood: no more.
*Cleo.* You can do better yet; but this is meetly.
*Ant.* Now, by my[20] sword,—
*Cleo.* And target.—Still he mends;
But this is not the best:—look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.
*Ant.* I'll leave you, lady.
*Cleo.* Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;
That you know well: something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.
*Ant.* But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.
*Cleo.* 'Tis sweating labour

(19) *And give true evidence to his love,*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters "*evidence*" to "credence;" which, says Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c., p. 280), "would be specious, but that the occurrence of *trial* in the next line shows that the old text is right."—In the *Sec. Part of Henry VI.* act iii. sc. 2, we have "*true evidence.*"—Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 77) cites this passage with the reading "*evidence.*"

(20) *my*] Inserted by the editor of the second folio.

To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you: your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel victory![21] and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

*Ant.* Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Rome. An apartment in* CÆSAR'S *house.*

*Enter* OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, *and* Attendants.

*Cæs.* You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
[*Giving him a letter.*
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor:[22] from Alexandria
This is the news:—he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think[23] he had partners: you shall find there
A man who is the abstract[24] of all faults
That all men follow.

*Lep.* I must not think there are

(21) *laurel victory!*] Altered in the second folio to "Lawrell'd *victory*," which I suspect Shakespeare wrote here; though Malone says that the earlier reading "was the language of his time."

(22) *Our great competitor:*] So Heath conjectured; and so too Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "One *great*," &c., which I believe to be a decided error; though Boswell tells us that "*one* great competitor is *any one* of his great competitors."

(23) *Vouchsaf'd to think*] The first folio has "vouchsafe *to thinke*;" the second folio "did vouchsafe *to think*."

(24) *abstract*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "abstracts."

Evils enow to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

*Cæs.* You're too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say this becomes him,—
As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils,[25] when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't:[26] but to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

*Enter a* Messenger.

*Lep.* Here's more news.

*Mess.* Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears he is belov'd of those

(25) *soils,*] The folio has "foyles."—The change was made by Malone, who observes; "In the Mss. of our author's time *f* and *f* are often undistinguishable, and no two letters are so often confounded at the press. Shakespeare has so regularly used this word [in *Hamlet*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Measure for Measure*, *&c. Part of Henry IV.*, *Henry VIII.*, *Troilus and Cressida*,] in the sense required here, that there cannot, I imagine, be the smallest doubt of the justness of this emendation."

(26) *Call on him for't:*] "*Call on him*," says Johnson, "is *visit him.*" —Mr. Staunton explains it "*Call him to account for it.*"—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "Fall *on him for't.*"

That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports[27]
Give him much wrong'd.

*Cæs.* I should have known no less:
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd[28] by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying[29] the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

*Mess.* Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind: many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

*Cæs.* Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails.[30] When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;

(27) *to the ports*
. . . . . *men's reports*]

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*to the* fleet."—I do not mean to say that the old text is wrong; but there is something disagreeable in the two lines ending with the same syllable.

(28) *dear'd*] So Warburton.—The folio has "fear'd."

(29) *lackeying*] Theobald's emendation.—The folio has "lacking."

(30) *lascivious wassails.*] The folio has "*lasciuious* Vassailes;" and Mr. Knight prints "*lascivious* vassals," though the rest of the speech so distinctly shows that here "*wassails*" and not "vassals" are in question.

Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: and all this—
It wounds thine honour that I speak it now—
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

*Lep.* It is pity of him.

*Cæs.* Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'tis time we twain[31]
Did show ourselves i' the field; and to that end
Assemble we[32] immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

*Lep.* To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time.

*Cæs.* Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

*Lep.* Farewell, my lord; what you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

*Cæs.* Doubt not, sir;
I know[33] it for my bond. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Alexandria. A room in* CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

*Cleo.* Charmian,—

*Char.* Madam?

*Cleo.* Ha, ha!—
Give me to drink mandragora.

*Char.* Why, madam?

(31) *'tis time we twain*] Has been altered to "time is it that *we twain*."
(32) *we*] The folio has "me;" which Mr. Knight retains!—Corrected in the second folio.
(33) *know*] The folio has "knew."—"Of course '*know*.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 295.

*Cleo.* That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.
*Char.* You think of him too much.
*Cleo.* O, 'tis treason![34]
*Char.* Madam, I trust, not so.
*Cleo.* Thou, eunuch Mardian!
*Mar.* What's your highness' pleasure?
*Cleo.* Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?
*Mar.* Yes, gracious madam.
*Cleo.* Indeed!
*Mar.* Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.
*Cleo.* O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wott'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old Nile?"
For so he calls me:—now I feed myself
With most delicious poison:—think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was

(34) Char. *You think of him too much.*
Cleo. *O, 'tis treason!* &c.]

"I suspect *''tis'* of being an interpolation; and so Steevens;

'You think of him
Too much.
*Cleo.* O, treason!
*Char.* Madam, I trust not so.'"

Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 295.—Capell gave the reading and arrangement here recommended.

A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspéct, and die
With looking on his life.

*Enter* ALEXAS.

*Alex.* Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

*Cleo.* How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

*Alex.* Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd—the last of many doubled kisses—
This orient pearl:—his speech sticks in my heart.

*Cleo.* Mine ear must pluck it thence.

*Alex.* "Good friend," quoth he,
"Say, the firm Roman[35] to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress." So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,[36]
Who neigh'd so high, that I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.[37]

(35) *the firm Roman*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 295) says; "What can '*firm*' mean here? Read 'the *first* Roman.'"—But does not "*firm*" mean *constant*?

(36) *an arm-gaunt steed,*] Here "*arm-gaunt*" has been explained to mean—"lean and thin by much service in war,"—"made gaunt (or thin) by long use of arms,"—"thin-shouldered,"—and "slender as one's arm."—Hanmer prints "*an arm-girt steed;*" also given by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—Mason proposes (very badly) "a termagant *steed;*" and so Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 297).—Boaden conjectures "*an* arrogant *steed.*"—Mr. W. N. Lettsom (note on Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 298) remarks; "It has long struck me that '*arme-gaunt*' is a mere misprint for '*rampaunt*' [*i.e.* prancing]; and I have lately observed that this reading has been proposed by Mr. R. G. White [who now, in his ed. of *Shakespeare*, adopts Hanmer's emendation]."

(37) *Was beastly dumb'd by him.*] The folio has "*Was beastly* dumbe *by him;*" which Mr. Singer, in the new edition of his *Shakespeare*, retains, considering "dumb" as the past tense of "dum:" but in our author's *Pericles*, Introd. to act v., the old copies have "Deepe clearks she *dumb's*" [and "*dumbs*"], &c.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes

*Cleo.* What, was he sad or merry?
*Alex.* Like to the time o' th' year between th' extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.
*Cleo.* O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not sad,—for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,—
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both:
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else.[38]—Mett'st thou my posts?
*Alex.* Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?
*Cleo.* Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?
*Char.* O that brave Cæsar!
*Cleo.* Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.
*Char.* The valiant Cæsar!
*Cleo.* By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

"*Was* boastfully *dumb'd by him,*" because he happened not to perceive the meaning which Shakespeare evidently intended "*beastly*" to convey, viz. *in the manner of a beast*,—i.e. *by inarticulate sounds*, which rendered vain all attempts at speaking on the part of Alexas. (The adverb "*beastly*" occurs in *The Taming of the Shrew*, act iv. sc. 2,

"Fie on her! see, how *beastly* she doth court him!"

and in *Cymbeline*, act v. sc. 3,

"and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun *beastly*.")—

1865. "In the passage from *Antony and Cleopatra*, *dumbe* has been defended by a reference to the Anglo-Saxon: a preposterous abuse of etymology, even if the Anglo-Saxon adjective *dumb* really were the past participle of *Demman*." Note by Mr. W. N. Lettsom on Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 62.

(38) *no man else.*] The folio has "*no* mans *else*."—Corrected in the second folio.

*Char.* By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.
*Cleo.* My salad days,
When I was green in judgment:—cold in blood,
To say as I said then!—But, come, away;
Get me ink and paper:
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *Messina. A room in* POMPEY'S *house.*

*Enter* POMPEY, MENECRATES, *and* MENAS.

*Pom.* If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.
*Mene.* Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
*Pom.* Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.
*Mene.* We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.
*Pom.* I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope
Says it will come to the full.[39] Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,

(39) *My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope*
*Says it will come to the full.*]

Theobald printed "*My* power's a *crescent*," &c., observing; "It is evident beyond a doubt that the poet's allusion is to the moon; and that Pompey would say, He is yet but a half-moon or crescent; but his hopes tell him that crescent will come to a full orb."

Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

*Men.* Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.

*Pom.* Where have you this? 'tis false.

*Men.* From Silvius, sir.

*Pom.* He dreams: I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field[40] of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
Even till a Lethe'd dulness!

*Enter* VARRIUS.

How now, Varrius!

*Var.* This is most certain that I shall deliver:—
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected: since he went from Egypt 'tis
A space for further travel.

*Pom.* I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

*Men.* I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd[41] upon him; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

(40) *field*] The late Mr. W. W. Williams (in *The Parthenon* for May 17, 1862, p. 89) would read "fold."

(41) *warr'd*] The folio has "wan'd."—Corrected in the second folio.

*Pom.* I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;
For they have entertainèd cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be't as our gods will have't! It only stands
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Rome. A room in the house of* LEPIDUS.

*Enter* ENOBARBUS *and* LEPIDUS.

*Lep.* Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, t' entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.
*Eno.* I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave't to-day.
*Lep.* 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.
*Eno.* Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't.
*Lep.* But small to greater matters must give way.
*Eno.* Not if the small come first.
*Lep.* Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

*Enter* ANTONY *and* VENTIDIUS.

*Eno.* And yonder, Cæsar.

*Enter* CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

*Ant.* If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark ye,[42] Ventidius.
*Cæs.* I do not know,
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.
*Lep.* Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: then, noble partners,—
The rather, for I earnestly beseech,—
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.
*Ant.* 'Tis spoken well.
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.[43]
*Cæs.* Welcome to Rome.
*Ant.* Thank you.
*Cæs.* Sit.
*Ant.* Sit, sir.
*Cæs.* Nay, then.
*Ant.* I learn, you take things ill which are not so,
Or being, concern you not.
*Cæs.* I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.
*Ant.* My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you?
*Cæs.* No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there

(42) *Hark ye,*] The folio has "Hearke."
(43) *I should do thus.*] Opposite these words the folio has a stage-direction, "*Flourish,*" instead of which Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "*They shake hands.*"

Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

*Ant.* How intend you, practis'd?

*Cæs.* You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent
By what did here befal me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

*Ant.* You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you.[44] Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you've not[45] to make it with,
It must not be with this.

*Cæs.* You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.[46]

*Ant.* Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I'm certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

*Eno.* Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

*Ant.* So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience,—which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,—I grieving grant

(44) *And have my learning from some true reports,*
*That drew their swords with you.*]

See note 142 on *Love's Labour's Lost.*

(45) *not*] Inserted by Rowe.

(46) *excuses.*] Qy. "excuse"?

Did you too much disquiet: for that you must
But say, I could not help it.
*Cæs.* I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.
*Ant.* Sir,
He fell upon me ere admitted: then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but next day
I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.
*Cæs.* You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.
*Lep.* Soft, Cæsar!
*Ant.* No,
Lepidus, let him speak:
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it.—But, on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath.
*Cæs.* To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them;
The which you both denied.
*Ant.* Neglected, rather;
And then when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.
*Lep.* 'Tis noble spoken.
*Mec.* If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need

Speaks to atone you.

*Lep.* Worthily spoken,[47] Mecænas.

*Eno.* Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in when you have nothing else to do.

*Ant.* Thou art a soldier only: speak no more.

*Eno.* That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

*Ant.* You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.

*Eno.* Go to, then; your considerate stone.[48]

*Cæs.* I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech; for't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew

(47) *spoken,*] Qy. "spoke"?

(48) *your considerate stone.*] On this speech, in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, Mr. Collier's note runs thus; "*i.e.* I will be as considerate as a stone. Johnson's notion that Enobarbus meant to call Antony 'a considerate stone,' does not seem to us, recollecting that the words were those of a rough free-spoken soldier, such 'an absurdity' as it appeared to the Rev. Mr. Dyce ('Remarks,' p. 246). In speaking of the note in our first edition, he ought to have remembered two things, which he has entirely overlooked, viz. that we gave the very text he supports, and that we ourselves said that no change was needed," &c.

Mr. Collier's mis-statements are marvellous. The "notion that Enobarbus meant to call Antony 'a considerate stone'" *never occurred to any critic except Mr. Collier himself*, though he now speaks of it as "JOHNSON'S *notion.*"

The note of Johnson is; "This line is passed by all the editors, as if they understood it, and believed it universally intelligible. I cannot find in it any very obvious, and hardly any possible meaning. I would therefore read 'Go to then, *you* considerate *ones.*' You who dislike my frankness and temerity of speech, and are so *considerate* and discreet, *go to*, do your own business."

Mr. Collier's note in his first edition is; "It may be a question, whether Enobarbus means to call Antony 'a considerate stone,' or to say merely that he will be silent as a stone. If the former, we must, with Johnson, change 'your' of the folios to *you;* but the latter affords a clear meaning without any alteration of the ancient text."

On the immediately preceding note I observed; "Enobarbus call Antony *a stone!* he would as soon have ventured to throw one at him. Johnson's proposed alteration, of which Mr. Collier cites only a part, bad as it certainly was, did not involve such an absurdity." *Remarks*, &c. p. 246.

I have thus distinctly proved that "the notion that Enobarbus meant to call Antony 'a considerate stone'" belongs exclusively to Mr. Collier; for which proof, as he is now inclined to think rather favourably of that "notion," he will surely thank me.

What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.
*Agr.* Give me leave, Cæsar,—
*Cæs.* Speak, Agrippa.
*Agr.* Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony.
Is now a widower.
*Cæs.* Say not so, Agrippa:
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.(49)
*Ant.* I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.
*Agr.* To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be but tales,(50)
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.
*Ant.* Will Cæsar speak?
*Cæs.* Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.
*Ant.* What power is in Agrippa,

(49) *Say not so, Agrippa:*
*If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof*
*Were well deserv'd of rashness,*]
The folio has
"*Say not*, say *Agrippa; if* Cleopater *heard you, your* proofe were," &c.

(50) *truths would be but tales,*] So Pope.—"Rightly, I think," says Walker, *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 165.—The folio omits "*but.*"—Capell prints "*truths would* then *be tales.*"

If I would say, "Agrippa, be it so,"
To make this good?
*Cæs.* The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.
*Ant.* May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves
And sway our great designs!
*Cæs.* There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!
*Lep.* Happily, amen!
*Ant.* I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.
*Lep.* Time calls upon's:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.
*Ant.* Where lies he?
*Cæs.* About the Mount Misenum.(51)
*Ant.* What's his strength
By land?
*Cæs.* Great and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.
*Ant.* So is the fame.

(51) Ant. *Where lies he?*
Cæs. *About the Mount Misenum.*]

The folio has "— *the Mount*-Mesena."—"Arrange and write;

'Where lies he?
*Cæs.* 'Bout
The Mount Misenum.'"
Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 298.

Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.
*Cæs.* With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.
*Ant.* Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.
*Lep.* Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus.*

*Mec.* Welcome from Egypt, sir.

*Eno.* Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!—My honourable friend, Agrippa!—

*Agr.* Good Enobarbus!

*Mec.* We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested.[52] You stayed well by't in Egypt.

*Eno.* Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

*Mec.* Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this true?

*Eno.* This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

*Mec.* She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

*Eno.* When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

*Agr.* There she appeared indeed; or my reporter devised well for her.

*Eno.* I will tell you.
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumèd that
The winds were love-sick with them; th' oars were silver,[53]

(52) *digested.*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "disgested."—See note 12 on *Coriolanus.*

(53) *Purple the sails, and so perfumèd that*
*The winds were love-sick with them; th' oars were silver,*]
In the second line Mr. Knight adheres to the pointing of the folio,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow[54] the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

*Agr.* O, rare for Antony!

*Eno.* Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,
And made their bends adornings:[55] at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,[56]
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible pérfume hits the sense

"The winds were love-sick: with them the oars were silver;"

and he observes, "The ordinary reading is 'The winds were love-sick with them.' *The reading which the old punctuation gives us is surely more poetical"!*

(54) *glow*] The folio has "gloue."

(55) *Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,*
*So many mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,*
*And made their bends adornings:*]

Here in my first edition I altered "*Nereides*" to "Nereïds,"—wrongly; for formerly the word used to be written "*Nereides;*" see, for instance, the article "*Nereides*" in Heywood's *Various Historie concerninge Women*, &c., p. 36, ed. 1624.—In the third line for "*adornings*" Warburton substitutes "adorings;" a more than plausible emendation, and pronounced by Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 299) to be "undoubtedly the true reading."

(56) *the silken tackle*
*Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,*]

Here "*tackle*" is a plural. (The second folio has "Tackles").—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "Smell *with the touches*," &c.—In reference to the Corrector's reading, Mr. W. N. Lettsom (note on Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 300) observes; "Cleopatra, of course, did not waste money in buying scents, when every one of her waiting-maids had a perfumery at her fingers' ends."

Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

*Agr.* Rare Egyptian!

*Eno.* Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated: our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And for his ordinary pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

*Agr.* Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed:
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

*Eno.* I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

*Mec.* Now Antony must leave her utterly.

*Eno.* Never; he will not:[57]
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies: for vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

*Mec.* If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessèd lottery to him.

*Agr.* Let us go.—

([57]) *Never; he will not:*] The folio has no point after "*Never:*" but this does not read like a passage where the author meant to use the double negative.—In the third folio there is a comma after "*Never.*"

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.
*Eno.* Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III. *The same. A room in* CÆSAR'S *house.*

*Enter* ANTONY, CÆSAR, OCTAVIA *between them; and* Attendants.

*Ant.* The world and my great office will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.
*Octa.* All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.
*Ant.* Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.
*Octa.* Good night, sir.[58]
*Cæs.* Good night. [*Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.*

*Enter* Soothsayer.

*Ant.* Now, sirrah,—you do wish yourself in Egypt?
*Sooth.* Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither![59]
*Ant.* If you can, your reason?
*Sooth.* I see it in my motion,[60] have it not in my tongue: but yet hie you to Egypt again.
*Ant.* Say to me
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?
*Sooth.* Cæsar's.

([58]) *Good night, sir.*] In the folio these words form part of the preceding speech.—They were given by the editor of the second folio to Octavia.—"Antony has already said 'Good night, sir,' to Cæsar in the three first words of his speech. The repetition would be absurd." RITSON.
([59]) *thither?*] Mason would read "hither."
([60]) *motion,*] "*i.e.*" says Warburton, "the divinitory agitation."—Theobald substituted "notion."

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy demon, that's[61] thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a fear,[62] as being o'erpower'd: therefóre
Make space enough between you.

*Ant.* Speak this no more.

*Sooth.* To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou'rt sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But he away, 'tis noble.[63]

*Ant.* Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him:—

[*Exit Soothsayer.*

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to naught; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' th' east my pleasure lies.

(61) *that's*] So the second folio; which reading agrees with the passage of Plutarch cited in the next note.—The first folio has "that."

(62) *Becomes a fear,*] Mr. Collier now prints with his Ms. Corrector "*Becomes* afeard;" and observes in his note; "We should not be disposed to disturb the text, if the emendation in the corr. fo. 1632 had not precisely agreed with that of Upton, approved by Johnson [—no, *dis*approved by Johnson. A. D.]. The scene is taken from North's 'Plutarch:' 'For thy Demon, said he (that is to say, the good angell and spirit that kepeth thee) is *affraied* of his: and being coragious and high when he is alone, becometh fearfull and timerous when he commeth neare unto the other.' Life of Antonius, p. 985, edit. 1579."—Walker says, "I should prefer '*afeard*,' but I cannot away with '*afeard—o'erpower'd*.'" *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 299.

(63) *But he away, 'tis noble.*] The folio has "*But he* alway *'tis Noble;*" which the editor of the second folio sagaciously altered to "*But he* alway is *Noble*"!

*Enter* VENTIDIUS.

O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia: your commission's ready;
Follow me, and receive't. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV. *The same. A street.*

*Enter* LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

*Lep.* Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten
Your generals after.
*Agr.* Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.
*Lep.* Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.
*Mec.* We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the[64] Mount
Before you, Lepidus.
*Lep.* Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about:
You'll win two days upon me.
*Mec., Agr.* Sir, good success!
*Lep.* Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V. *Alexandria. A room in* CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

*Cleo.* Give me some music,—music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
*Attend.* The music, ho!

*Enter* MARDIAN.

*Cleo.* Let it alone; let's to billiards: come, Charmian.
*Char.* My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.

([64]) *the*] Added in the second folio.

*Cleo.* As well a woman with an eunuch play'd
As with a woman.—Come, you'll play with me, sir?
*Mar.* As well as I can, madam.
*Cleo.* And when good will is show'd, though't come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—
Give me mine angle,—we'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd[65] fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, "Ah, ha! you're caught."
*Char.* 'Twas merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
*Cleo.* That time,—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

*Enter a* Messenger.

O, from Italy!—
Ram[66] thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.
*Mess.* Madam, madam,—
*Cleo.* Antony's dead!—if thou say so, villain,[67]
Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss,—a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.
*Mess.* First, madam, he is well.

(65) *Tawny-finn'd*] The folio has "*Tawny* fine."
(66) *Ram*] Altered by Hanmer to "Rain." "The term employed in the text is much in the style of the speaker." MALONE.
(67) *if thou say so, villain,*] Walker conjectures "*if thou* do *say so, villain.*" *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 48.

*Cleo.* Why, there's more gold.
But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.
*Mess.* Good madam, hear me.
*Cleo.* Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face: if Antony
Be free and healthful, why so tart a favour[68]
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.
*Mess.* Will't please you hear me?
*Cleo.* I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is[69] well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.
*Mess.* Madam, he's well.
*Cleo.* Well said.
*Mess.* And friends with Cæsar.
*Cleo.* Thou'rt an honest man.
*Mess.* Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.
*Cleo.* Make thee a fortune from me.
*Mess.* But yet, madam,—
*Cleo.* I do not like "But yet," it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon "But yet"!
"But yet" is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he's friends with Cæsar;
In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st free.
*Mess.* Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.
*Cleo.* For what good turn?

(68) *why so tart a favour*] The "*why*" added by Rowe (and by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector) is absolutely necessary for the sense of this passage, to say nothing of the metre.
(69) *is*] The folio has "'tis."

*Mess.* For the best turn i' the bed.
*Cleo.* I am pale, Charmian.
*Mess.* Madam, he's married to Octavia.
*Cleo.* The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*
*Mess.* Good madam, patience.
*Cleo.* What say you?—Hence,
[*Strikes him again.*
Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.
*Mess.* Gracious madam,
I that do bring the news made not the match.
*Cleo.* Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.
*Mess.* He's married, madam.
*Cleo.* Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long. [*Draws a knife.*
*Mess.* Nay, then I'll run.—
What mean you, madam; I have made no fault. [*Exit.*
*Char.* Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:
The man is innocent.[70]
*Cleo.* Some innocents scape not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again:—
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—call.
*Char.* He is afeard to come.
*Cleo.* I will not hurt him.
[*Exit Charmian.*
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike

([70]) *The man is innocent*, &c.] "Arrange, rather, as my ear requires;

'The man is innocent.
*Cleo.* Some innocents
Scape not the thunderbolt.'"

Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 300.

A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.

*Re-enter* CHARMIAN *and* Messenger.

Come hither, sir.
Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

*Mess.* I've done my duty.

*Cleo.* Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say "Yes."

*Mess.* He's married, madam.

*Cleo.* The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

*Mess.* Should I lie, madam?

*Cleo.* O, I would thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

*Mess.* I crave your highness' pardon.

*Cleo.* He is married?

*Mess.* Take no offence that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do
Seems much unequal: he's married to Octavia.

*Cleo.* O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou'rt sure of![71]—Get thee hence:

(71) *O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,*
*That art not what thou'rt sure of!*]

Of the various alterations of this passage—from Hanmer's to Mr. Grant White's—I scarcely know which is the worst.

In the second edition of his *Shakespeare* Mr. Collier prints

"Oh! that his fault should make a knave of thee
That art not. What! thou'rt sure of 't?"

"Our punctuation," he says, "of this disputed passage is that of Monck Mason; and we also adopt his emendation of 'of't' for *of*. . . . . The Rev. Mr. Dyce is in somewhat of a dilemma here: he complains ('Remarks,' p. 246) that nonsense is made of the passage by not print-

The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*

*Char.* Good your highness, patience.

*Cleo.* In praising Antony,[72] I have disprais'd Cæsar.

*Char.* Many times, madam.

*Cleo.* I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence;
I faint:—O Iras, Charmian!—'tis no matter.—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.
[*Exit Alexas.*

Let him for ever go:—let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

ing 'of' *of't* in our first edition, and yet he 'strongly protests against any deviation from the old editions,'—just as if we had deviated: we gave the very words and letters of the 'old editions.'"

The subterfuge to which Mr. Collier has recourse on the present occasion is highly discreditable to him; "WE GAVE THE VERY WORDS AND LETTERS OF THE 'OLD EDITIONS'"! Now, the reading of the folio 1623 is

"Oh that his fault should make a knaue of thee,
That art not what th'art [later folios "thou art"] sure of."

and Mr. Collier in his first edition printed

"O! that his fault should make a knave of thee
*That art not! What! thou'rt sure of?*"

giving, it may be admitted, "the very words and letters of the old editions," *but pointing the passage so as entirely to alter its meaning.* Hence my remark (to which Mr. Collier alludes above);

"Monck Mason's punctuation, with the change of 'of' to '*of't*,' afforded at least a sense: but Mr. Collier, by adopting that punctuation without changing 'of' to '*of't*,' has made the passage mere nonsense. I should strongly protest against any deviation from the old eds. here. 'That art not what thou'rt sure of' may mean 'That art not the evil tidings of which thou givest me such assurance.'"

(72) *In praising Antony*, &c.] "Arrange and write, perhaps;

'In praising Antony, I' have disprais'd Cæsar.
*Char.* Many times, madam.
*Cleo. I'm* paid for't now.—Lead me from hence; I faint:
O, Iras—Charmian—'Tis no matter.—Go
To *th'* fellow, good Alexas; bid him report
The feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination,' &c." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 300.

The other way's a Mars.[73]—[*To Mardian*] Bid you Alexas
Bring me word how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI. *Near Misenum.*

*Flourish. Enter* POMPEY *and* MENAS *from one side, with drum and trumpet: from the other,* CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, *with* Soldiers *marching.*

*Pom.* Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.
*Cæs.* Most meet
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth
That else must perish here.
*Pom.* To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was't
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire; and what
Made the[74] all-honour'd, honest Roman, Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge th' ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

(73) *The other way's a Mars.*] i.e. "The other way he is a Mars." (Usually altered to "*The other way* he's *a Mars.*")
(74) *the*] Added in the second folio.

*Cæs.* Take your time.

*Ant.* Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails;
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

*Pom.* At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou mayst.

*Lep.* Be pleas'd to tell us—
For this is from the present—how you take
The offer[75] we have sent you.

*Cæs.* There's the point.

*Ant.* Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

*Cæs.* And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

*Pom.* You've made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome; this greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes[76] undinted.

([75]) *offer*] The folio has "offers." But see what follows.

([76]) *targes*] Here, as also in *Cymbeline*, act v. sc. 5, several editors are agreed in altering "*targes*" to "targe;" and Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 253) would print both here and in *Cymbeline* "targe'" as a plural form. When he adds (p. 254) that "*Targe* in the singular would not be Elizabethan English," I am not sure that I understand him:—but compare the following passages of Chapman's *Homer*;

"and strooke the strong Chersidamas,
As from his chariot he leapt downe, beneath his *targe* of brasse."
*Iliad*, B. xi. p. 150, ed. folio.

"And (with his lance) strooke through the *targe* of that braue Lycian king." B. xii. p. 167.

"With sword and fire they vext for them their *targes* hugely round,
With oxehides lin'd," &c. B. xii. p. 168.

"Deiphobus thrust forth his *targe*," &c. B. xiii. p. 172.—

In a note on the line of *Cymbeline* Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare*, ed. 1856) observes; "The plural *targes* seems to have been formerly a monosyllable [*targs*], as in French, where its oldest form is *targues*." That Chapman at least did not use it as a monosyllable is shown by the third of the passages just cited from his *Homer*.

*Cæs., Ant., Lep.* That's our offer.
*Pom.* Know, then,
I came before you here a man prepar'd
To take this offer: but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience:—though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.
*Ant.* I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.
*Pom.* Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.
*Ant.* The beds i' th' east are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gain'd by't.
*Cæs.* Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.
*Pom.* Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.
*Lep.* Well met here.
*Pom.* I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:
I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.
*Cæs.* That's the next to do.
*Pom.* We'll feast each other ere we part; and let's
Draw lots who shall begin.
*Ant.* That will I, Pompey.
*Pom.* No, Antony, take the lot: but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I've heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.
*Ant.* You have heard much.
*Pom.* I have fair meanings,[77] sir.

([77]) *meanings,*] The folio has "meaning."

*Ant.* And fair words to them.
*Pom.* Then so much have I heard:
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—
*Eno.* No more of[78] that:—he did so.
*Pom.* What, I pray you?
*Eno.* A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.
*Pom.* I know thee now: how far'st thou, soldier?
*Eno.* Well;
And well am like to do; for I perceive
Four feasts are toward.
*Pom.* Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I've seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.
*Eno.* Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.
*Pom.* Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?
*Cæs., Ant., Lep.* Show us the way, sir.
*Pom.* Come.
[*Exeunt all except Menas and Enobarbus.*
*Men.* [*aside*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—You and I have known, sir.
*Eno.* At sea, I think.
*Men.* We have, sir.
*Eno.* You have done well by water.
*Men.* And you by land.
*Eno.* I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.
*Men.* Nor what I have done by water.
*Eno.* Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.
*Men.* And you by land.
*Eno.* There I deny my land service. But give me your

[78] *of*] Added in the third folio.

hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

*Men.* All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

*Eno.* But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

*Men.* No slander; they steal hearts.

*Eno.* We came hither to fight with you.

*Men.* For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

*Eno.* If he do, sure, he cannot weep't back again.

*Men.* You've said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

*Eno.* Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

*Men.* True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

*Eno.* But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

*Men.* Pray ye, sir?

*Eno.* 'Tis true.

*Men.* Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

*Eno.* If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

*Men.* I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

*Eno.* I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

*Men.* Who would not have his wife so?

*Eno.* Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is: he married but his occasion here.

*Men.* And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

*Eno.* I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

*Men.* Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *On board* POMPEY'S *galley, lying near Misenum.*

*Music. Enter two or three* Servants, *with a banquet.*

*First Serv.* Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

*Sec. Serv.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

*First Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

*Sec. Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out "No more;" reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

*First Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

*Sec. Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave.

*First Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

*Sennet sounded. Enter* CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, *with other Captains.*

*Ant.* [*to Cæsar*] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By th' height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow: the higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

*Lep.* You've strange serpents there.

*Ant.* Ay, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

*Ant.* They are so.

*Pom.* Sit,—and some wine!—A health to Lepidus!

*Lep.* I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

*Eno.* Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll be in till then.

*Lep.* Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

*Men.* [*aside to Pom.*] Pompey, a word.

*Pom.* [*aside to Men.*] Say in mine ear: what is't?

*Men.* [*aside to Pom.*] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,
And hear me speak a word.

*Pom.* [*aside to Men.*] Forbear me till anon.—
This wine for Lepidus!

*Lep.* What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

*Ant.* It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

*Lep.* What colour is it of?

*Ant.* Of its own colour too.

*Lep.* 'Tis a strange serpent.

*Ant.* 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

*Cæs.* Will this description satisfy him?

*Ant.* With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

*Pom.* [*aside to Men.*] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

*Men.* [*aside to Pom.*] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool.

*Pom.* [*aside to Men.*] I think thou'rt mad. The matter? [*Rises, and walks aside.*

*Men.* I've ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

*Pom.* Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What's else to say?—
Be jolly, lords.

*Ant.* These quicksands, Lepidus,

Keep off them, or you sink.[79]

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

*Pom.* What say'st thou?

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

*Pom.* How should that be?

*Men.* But entertain it,
And though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

*Pom.* Hast thou drunk well?

*Men.* No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

*Pom.* Show me which way.

*Men.* These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All then is thine.[80]

*Pom.* Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoken on't! In me 'tis villany;
In thee't had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

*Men.* [*aside*] For this,
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.—
Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

*Pom.* This health to Lepidus!

*Ant.* Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

*Eno.* Here's to thee, Menas!

(79) *or you sink.*] The folio has "for *you sinke.*"—Corrected by Walker, *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 321.—Theobald printed "'fore *you sink.*"

(80) *All then is thine.*] So Southern in his copy of the folio 1685, Pope, and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "*All* there *is thine.*"

*Men.* Enobarbus, welcome!
*Pom.* Fill till the cup be hid.
*Eno.* There's a strong fellow, Menas.
[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus.*
*Men.* Why?
*Eno.* 'A bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not?
*Men.* The third part, then, is drunk:[81] would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!
*Eno.* Drink thou; increase the reels.
*Men.* Come.
*Pom.* This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.
*Ant.* It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho!—
Here is to Cæsar!
*Cæs.* I could well forbear't.
It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.[82]
*Ant.* Be a child o' the time.
*Cæs.* Possess it, I'll make answer:
But I had rather fast from all four days
Than drink so much in one.
*Eno.* [*to Antony*] Ha, my brave emperor!
Shall we dance now th' Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?
*Pom.* Let's ha't, good soldier.
*Ant.* Come, let's all take hands,
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.
*Eno.* All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears with the loud music:—
The while I'll place you: then the boy shall sing;
The holding every man shall bear[83] as loud

(81) *then, is drunk:*] The folio has "*then* he *is drunk.*"
(82) *And it grows fouler.*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "*and it* grow *fouler*" (out of which Mr. Singer, in his *Shakespeare*, 1856, makes "An *it* grow *fouler*,"—not a probable reading).
(83) *bear*] The folio has "beate."

As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
Cup us till the world go round,
Cup us till the world go round!

*Cæs.* What would you more?—Pompey, good night.—
Good brother,
Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
You see we've burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarb
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.—
Good Antony, your hand.

*Pom.* I'll try you on the shore.[84]

*Ant.* And shall, sir: give's your hand.

*Pom.* O Antony,
You have my father's house,—But, what? we're friends.
Come, down into the boat.

*Eno.* Take heed you fall not.

[*Exeunt all except Enobarbus and Menas.*

Menas, I'll not on shore.

*Men.*[85] No, to my cabin.—
These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows: sound and be hang'd, sound out!

[*A flourish, with drums.*

*Eno.* Hoo! says 'a.—There's my cap.

*Men.* Hoo!—Noble captain, come. [*Exeunt.*

(84) *on the shore*] "Perhaps, '*ashore*' or '*on shore*.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 300.

(85) Men.] This prefix is by mistake omitted in the folio.

# ACT III.

## SCENE I. *A plain in Syria.*

*Enter* VENTIDIUS *in triumph, with* SILIUS *and other* Romans, Officers, *and* Soldiers; *the dead body of* PACORUS *borne before him.*

*Ven.* Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now
Pleas'd fortune does of Marçus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army.—Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.
*Sil.* Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots,[86] and
Put garlands on thy head.
*Ven.* O Silius, Silius,
I've done enough: a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius,—
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away.[87]
Cæsar and Antony have ever won

(86) *chariots,*] Qy. "chariot"?

(87) *Better to leave undone, than by our deed*
*Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away.*]

Steevens reads

"*Better leave undone, than by our deed acquire*
*Too high a fame, when him we serve's away.*"

"Probably,

'for learn this, Silius: better
To leave undone, than by our deed acquire,' &c.

or perhaps,

'Better to leave undone,
Than by our deed acquire too high a fame,
When him we serve's away.'"

Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 300.

More in their officer than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

*Sil.* Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction.[88] Thou wilt write to Antony?

*Ven.* I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

*Sil.* Where is he now?

*Ven.* He purposeth to Athens: whither, with what haste
The weight we must convey with's will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Rome. An ante-chamber in* CÆSAR'S *house.*

*Enter* AGRIPPA *and* ENOBARBUS, *meeting.*

*Agr.* What, are the brothers parted?

*Eno.* They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps

(88) *Thou hast, Ventidius, that*
*Without the which a soldier, and his sword,*
*Grants scarce distinction.*]

"The meaning seems to be, as Warburton was the first to show,—Thou hast that (*wisdom*, or *prudence*) wanting which a soldier shows himself hardly better than his senseless sword." STAUNTON.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "Gains" for "*Grants.*"

To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

*Agr.* 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

*Eno.* A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

*Agr.* Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

*Eno.* Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

*Agr.* What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

*Eno.* Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!

*Agr.* Of Antony?[89] O thou Arabian bird!

*Eno.* Would you praise Cæsar, say "Cæsar,"—go no further.

*Agr.* Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

*Eno.* But he loves Cæsar best;—yet he loves Antony:
Hoo! hearts, tongues, figures,[90] scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number,—hoo!—
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel[91] down, kneel down, and wonder.

*Agr.* Both he loves.

*Eno.* They are his shards, and he their beetle. [*Trumpets within.*] So,—
This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

*Agr.* Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

*Enter* CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, *and* OCTAVIA.

*Ant.* No further, sir.

*Cæs.* You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in't.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band
Shall pass on thy approof.—Most noble Antony,

(89) *Of Antony?*] The folio has "Oh Anthony."—Corrected by Hanmer.

(90) *figures,*] The folio has "Figure."

(91) *Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number,—hoo!—*
*His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,*
*Kneel,* &c.]

Something has dropped out from the first line. (A modern arrangement is;

"*Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, hoo, his love*
*To Antony. But as for Cæsar,*
*Kneel,*" &c.)

Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it; for far better[92] might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

*Ant.* Make me not offended
In your distrust.

*Cæs.* I have said.

*Ant.* You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: so, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

*Cæs.* Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well:
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

*Octa.* My noble brother!—

*Ant.* The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

*Octa.* Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

*Cæs.* What,
Octavia?

*Octa.* I'll tell you in your ear.

*Ant.* Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue,—the swan's down-feather,
That[93] stands upon the swell at full of tide,[94]
And neither way inclines.

*Eno.* [*aside to Agr.*] Will Cæsar weep?

*Agr.* [*aside to Eno.*] He has a cloud in's face.

*Eno.* [*aside to Agr.*] He were the worse for that were he a horse;
So is he being a man.

(92) *for far better*] So Capell and Walker.—The folio omits "*far*."—Hanmer printed "*for* much *better*."

(93) *That*] "Qy. '*Thus*'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 301.

(94) *at full of tide,*] The folio has "*at* the *full of Tide*" (an error occasioned by the preceding "*the*").—The editor of the second folio corrected the line; and "thus," says Mr. Knight gravely, "the freedom of the rhythm is destroyed, whilst the image is weakened"!

*Agr.* [*aside to Eno.*] Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.
*Eno.* [*aside to Agr.*] That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound he wail'd,
Believe't, till I wept too.(95)
*Cæs.* No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
*Ant.* Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.
*Cæs.* Adieu; be happy!
*Lep.* Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!
*Cæs.* Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses Octavia.*
*Ant.* Farewell!
[*Trumpets sound within. Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Alexandria. A room in* CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

*Cleo.* Where is the fellow?
*Alex.* Half afeard to come.
*Cleo.* Go to, go to.

*Enter the* Messenger.

Come hither, sir.
*Alex.* Good majesty,

(95) *till I wept too.*] Theobald's correction.—The folio has "*till I* weepe *too;*" which Steevens and Capell vainly endeavour to defend. (According to Capell, Theobald's correction introduces a violation of character: but Enobarbus is not altogether "unused to the melting mood;" for afterwards (p. 336) we find him saying,

"Look, they weep;
And *I, an ass, am onion-ey'd,*" &c.)

Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you
But when you are well pleas'd.
*Cleo.* That Herod's head
I'll have: but how, when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it?—Come thou near.
*Mess.* Most gracious majesty,—
*Cleo.* Didst thou behold
Octavia?
*Mess.* Ay, dread queen.
*Cleo.* Where?
*Mess.* Madam, in Rome;
I look'd her in the face, and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.
*Cleo.* Is she as tall as me?
*Mess.* She is not, madam.
*Cleo.* Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongu'd or low?
*Mess.* Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.
*Cleo.* That's not so good:—he cannot like her long.
*Char.* Like her! O Isis! 'tis impossible.
*Cleo.* I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue, and dwarfish!—
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.
*Mess.* She creeps,—
Her motion and her station are as one;
She shows a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather.
*Cleo.* Is this certain?
*Mess.* Or I have no observance.
*Char.* Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.
*Cleo.* He's very knowing;
I do perceive't:—there's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgment.
*Char.* Excellent.
*Cleo.* Guess at her years, I prithee.
*Mess.* Madam,
She was a widow,—
*Cleo.* Widow!—Charmian, hark.

*Mess.* And I do think she's thirty.
*Cleo.* Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?
*Mess.* Round even to faultiness.
*Cleo.* For the most part, too, they're foolish that are so.—
Her hair, what colour?
*Mess.* Brown, madam: and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.[96]
*Cleo.* There's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: go make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Messenger.*
*Char.* A proper man.
*Cleo.* Indeed, he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.
*Char.* Nothing, madam.
*Cleo.* The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.
*Char.* Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!
*Cleo.* I've one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:
But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.
*Char.* I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

(96) Mess. *Brown, madam: and her forehead*
*As low as she would wish it.*]

Nares (*Gloss.* in v. "Forehead"), and Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 174), propose to read

"*Mess.* Brown, madam.
*Cleo.* And her forehead?
*Mess.* As low as she would wish it."—

When Malone observed that "*You* and *she* are not likely to have been confounded, otherwise we might suppose that our author wrote 'As low as *you* would wish it';" and when Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector made the same alteration,—they were neither of them aware that the Messenger uses a cant phrase: "I once," writes Steevens, "overheard a chambermaid say of her rival 'that her legs were as thick *as she could wish them.*'"

SCENE IV. *Athens. A room in* ANTONY'S *house.*

*Enter* ANTONY *and* OCTAVIA.

*Ant.* Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable impórt,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear:
Spoke scantly of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them;[97] most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,[98]
Or did it from his teeth.

*Octa.* O, my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:
Sure,[99] the good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and husband!"
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
"O, bless my brother!" Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

*Ant.* Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it: if I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours
Than yours[100] so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between's: the mean time, lady,

(97) *them;*] The folio has "then."

(98) *he not took't,*] Thirlby's correction; and a certain one.—The folio has "*he not* look't."—The editor of the second folio prints "*he* had look't," which is downright nonsense; and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*he* but look'd," which is little better than nonsense.

(99) *Sure,*] This insertion, to prop up a manifestly imperfect line, was proposed by me in my first edition.—Steevens inserts "And."

(100) *yours*] The folio has "your."—Corrected in the second folio.

I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stay[101] your brother: make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

*Octa.* Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your[102] reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

*Ant.* When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has[103] mind to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. Another room in the same.*

*Enter* ENOBARBUS *and* EROS, *meeting.*

*Eno.* How now, friend Eros!

*Eros.* There's strange news come, sir.

*Eno.* What, man?

*Eros.* Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

*Eno.* This is old: what is the success?

*Eros.* Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivality; would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

*Eno.* Then, world, thou hast a pair[104] of chaps, no more; And throw between them all the food thou hast,

(101) *stay*] The folio has "staine" (a misprint for "*staie*").—Boswell and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector saw what was the true reading.
(102) *Your*] The folio has "You."—Corrected in the second folio.
(103) *has*] The folio has "he's."—Corrected in the second folio.
(104) *Then, world, thou hast a pair*] Hanmer's correction.—The folio has "*Then* would *thou* hadst a *paire*."

They'll grind the one the other.[105] Where's Antony?

*Eros.* He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries "Fool Lepidus!"
And threats the throat of that his officer
That murder'd Pompey.

*Eno.* Our great navy's rigg'd.

*Eros.* For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

*Eno.* 'Twill be naught:
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

*Eros.* Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI. *Rome. A room in* CÆSAR'S *house.*

*Enter* CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, *and* MECÆNAS.

*Cæs.* Contemning Rome, he has done all this and more
In Alexandria: here's the manner of't:—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd; at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all th' unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,[106]
Absolute queen.

*Mec.* This in the public eye?

*Cæs.* I' the common show-place, where they exercise.

[105] *They'll grind the one the other.*] Here the folio omits "*the one*" (the transcriber's or compositor's eye having glanced from the first "*the*" to the second).

[106] *Lydia,*] "For '*Lydia*,' Mr. Upton, from Plutarch, has restored 'Lybia.'" JOHNSON.—"In the translation [of Plutarch] from the French of Amyot, by Thos. North, in folio, 1597, will be seen at once the origin of this mistake: 'First of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Egypt, of Cyprus, of *Lydia*, and the lower Syria.'" FARMER.—"The present reading is right; for, in p. 315, where Cæsar is recounting the several kings whom Antony had assembled, he gives the kingdom of *Lybia* to Bocchus." MASON.

His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings;[107]
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: she
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

*Mec.* Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

*Agr.* Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

*Cæs.* The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

*Agr.* Who does he accuse?

*Cæs.* Cæsar; and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' th' isle: then does he say he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

*Agr.* Sir, this should be answer'd.

*Cæs.* 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I've told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change: for what I've conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

*Mec.* He'll never yield to that.

*Cæs.* Nor must not, then, be yielded to in this.

*Enter* OCTAVIA *with her Train.*[108]

*Octa.* Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

*Cæs.* That ever I should call thee castaway!

[107] *His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings;*] The folio has "*His Sonnes* hither *proclaimed the* King *of Kings.*"

[108] with her Train.] "So say the old copies, and there can be no possible reason for following the example of modern editors by omitting

*Octa.* You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.
*Cæs.* Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops: but you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
Th' ostentation[109] of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By sea and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.
*Octa.* Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grievèd ear withal; whereon I begg'd
His pardon for return.
*Cæs.* Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct[110] 'tween his lust and him.
*Octa.* Do not say so, my lord.
*Cæs.* I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?
*Octa.* My lord, in Athens.
*Cæs.* No, my most wrongèd sister;[111] Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying

the words. It must have been a small train; she had not 'an army for an usher,' as appears by what follows; but she was not wholly unattended." COLLIER.

(109) *ostentation*] Theobald substituted "ostent;" and Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 302) proposes "'ostention' (properly 'ostension')."

(110) *obstruct*] The folio has "abstract."

(111) Octa. *My lord, in Athens.*
Cæs. *No, my most wrongèd sister;*]

Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 145) would read

The kings o' th' earth for war: he hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,[112] with a
More larger list of sceptres.

*Octa.* Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other!

*Cæs.* Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceivèd both how you were wrong'd,[113]
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers[114]
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

*Agr.* Welcome, lady.

*Mec.* Welcome, dear madam.

"Oct. *My lord, in Athens.*
Cæs. No,
*No, my most,*" &c.

(112) *Polemon and Amyntas*
*The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,*]

Here Upton would make an alteration, which, as Steevens says, "obviates all impropriety;"

"Polemon and Amyntas
Of Lycaonia; and the King of Mede:"

but the old text is doubtless what the author wrote.

(113) *Till we perceivèd both how you were wrong'd,*] So Capell.—The folio has "*Till we* perceiu'd *both how you were* wrong led."

(114) *make them ministers*] The folio has "makes his *Ministers;*" the second folio "*Make* his *Ministers.*"

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only th' adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

*Octa.* Is it so, sir?[115]

*Cæs.* Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you,
Be ever known to patience: my dear'st sister! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. ANTONY'S *camp, near the promontory of Actium.*

*Enter* CLEOPATRA *and* ENOBARBUS.

*Cleo.* I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

*Eno.* But why, why, why?

*Cleo.* Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,
And say'st it is not fit.

*Eno.* Well, is it, is it?

*Cleo.* If not denounc'd against us, why should not we
Be there in person?

*Eno.* [*aside*] Well, I could reply:—
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier and his horse.

*Cleo.* What is't you say?

*Eno.* Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,
What should not then[116] be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome
That Phótinus[117] an eunuch and your maids

(115) *Is it so, sir?* &c.] "Arrange, perhaps;

'Is it so, sir?
*Cæs.* Most certain. Sister, welcome!
Pray you, be ever known to patience:—
My dearest sister!'"

Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 303.

(116) *then*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 303) conjectures "thence."

(117) *Phótinus*] So the name is also accented in Lord Stirling's *Doomsday:* see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 173.

Manage this war.

*Cleo.* Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

*Eno.* Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.

*Enter* ANTONY *and* CANIDIUS.

*Ant.* Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundusium
He could so quickly cut th' Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne?—You have heard on't, sweet?

*Cleo.* Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.

*Ant.* A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

*Cleo.* By sea! what else?

*Can.* Why will my lord do so?

*Ant.* For that he dares us to't.

*Eno.* So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

*Can.* Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

*Eno.* Your ships are not well mann'd,—
Your mariners are muleters,[118] reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare; yours, heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

[118] *muleters,*] The folio has "Militers;" the second folio "Muliters." (In *The First Part of Henry VI.* act iii. sc. 2, the folio has "base *Muleters* of France," &c.)

*Ant.* By sea, by sea.

*Eno.* Most worthy, sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renownèd knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

*Ant.* I'll fight at sea.

*Cleo.* I have[119] sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

*Ant.* Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from th' head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.

*Enter a* Messenger.

Thy business?

*Mess.* The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

*Ant.* Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange that his power should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse.—We'll to our ship:
Away, my Thetis!

*Enter a* Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier!

*Sold.* O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking: we
Have us'd to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

*Ant.* Well, well:—away!

[*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*

[119] *I have*] Hanmer prints "Why, *I have;*" a very probable emendation.

*Sold.* By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.
*Can.* Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't: so our leader's led,
And we are women's men.
*Sold.* You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?
*Can.* Marcus Octavius,[120] Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.
*Sold.* While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions as
Beguil'd all spies.
*Can.* Who's his lieutenant, hear you?
*Sold.* They say, one Taurus.
*Can.* Well I know the man.

*Enter a* Messenger.

*Mess.* The emperor calls Canidius.
*Can.* With news the time's with labour, and throes forth
Each minute some. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VIII. *A plain near Actium.*

*Enter* CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, *and others.*

*Cæs.* Taurus,—
*Taur.* My lord?
*Cæs.* Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not battle,
Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

(120) *Marcus Octavius*, &c.] "This speech, according to the prefix in the folio 1623, belongs to a person whose name began with *Ven.*; perhaps for *Vennard*, an actor in the part of Canidius. The mistake is also in the later folios." COLLIER.

SCENE IX. *Another part of the plain.*

*Enter* ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

*Ant.* Set we our squadrons on yond side o' th' hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *Another part of the plain.*

*Enter* CANIDIUS, *marching with his land army one way; and* TAURUS, *the lieutenant of* CÆSAR, *with his army, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.*

*Alarum. Enter* ENOBARBUS.

*Eno.* Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:
Th' Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder:
To see't mine eyes are blasted.

*Enter* SCARUS.

*Scar.* Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!
*Eno.* What's thy passion?
*Scar.* The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.
*Eno.* How appears the fight?
*Scar.* On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt,—[121]

[121] *ribaudred nag of Egypt,—*] Here "*ribaudred*" has been altered to "ribald" and to "ribald-rid."—Again, Tyrwhitt suggested that "*nag*" should be changed to "hag,"—in which alteration Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector and Mr. Singer agree with him. Mr. Collier defends it by asking, "how was leprosy to afflict a *nag?*"—as if *a real nag* were in question! Mr. Singer (in his *Shakespeare*, 1856) says, "the poet would

Whom leprosy o'ertake!—i' the midst o' the fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The breese upon her, like a cow in June,—
Hoists sails and flies.

*Eno.* That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

*Scar.* She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

*Eno.* Alack, alack!

*Enter* CANIDIUS.

*Can.* Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has[122] given example for our flight
Most grossly by his own!

*Eno.* Ay, are you thereabouts?
Why, then, good night indeed.

*Can.* Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

*Scar.* 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

*Can.* To Cæsar will I render
My legions and my horse: six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

*Eno.* I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

surely not have called Cleopatra a *nag!*" But since she has been previously (p. 316) called "a trull," I see no reason for wondering that she should now be called "*nag*," *i.e.* jade, hackney. ("Know we not Galloway *nags?*" exclaims Pistol, alluding to Doll Tearsheet. *Sec. Part of Henry IV.* act ii. sc. 4.)

(122) *he has*] The folio has "his *ha's*."—Corrected in the second folio.

SCENE XI. *Alexandria. A room in* CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

*Enter* ANTONY *and* Attendants.

*Ant.* Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon't,—
It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither:
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever:—I've a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.
*All.* Fly! not we.
*Ant.* I've fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolv'd upon a course
Which has no need of you; be gone:[123]
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone: you shall
Have letters from me to some friends[124] that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that[125] be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I've lost command,
Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by. [*Sits down.*

(123) *be gone:*] Capell prints "*begone*, begone;" Steevens conjectures "*begone*, I say."

(124) *Friends, be gone: you shall*
*Have letters from me to some friends*]

"Perhaps '*Fellows*, be gone' (*socii*)." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 288. Here Walker would alter what an earlier line (the second) of this speech proves to be quite right. Whether or not there be any error in "*some friends*" I cannot determine.

(125) *that*] The folio has "them."

*Enter* CLEOPATRA *led by* CHARMIAN *and* IRAS; EROS *following.*

*Eros.* Nay, gentle madam, to him,—comfort him.
*Iras.* Do, most dear queen.
*Char.* Do! why, what else?
*Cleo.* Let me sit down. O Juno!
*Ant.* No, no, no, no, no.
*Eros.* See you here, sir?
*Ant.* O fie, fie, fie!
*Char.* Madam,—
*Iras.* Madam, O good empress,—
*Eros.* Sir, sir,—
*Ant.* Yes, my lord, yes;—he at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: yet now—No matter.
*Cleo.* Ah, stand by.
*Eros.* The queen, my lord, the queen.
*Iras.* Go to him, madam,[126] speak to him:
He is unqualitied with very shame.
*Cleo.* Well then,—sustain me:—O!
*Eros.* Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches:
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.[127]
*Ant.* I have offended reputation,—
A most unnoble swerving.
*Eros.* Sir, the queen.
*Ant.* O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes

([126]) *Go to him, madam,* &c.] "Perhaps the right arrangement is;

'Go to him, madam, speak to him; *he's* unqualitied
With very shame.
*Cleo.* Well, then,—sustain me:—O!'"
Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 303.

([127]) *but*
*Your comfort makes the rescue.*]

Qy. "*Your comfort* make *the rescue*"? for here "*but*" means *unless.*

By looking back what I have left behind[128]
Stroy'd in dishonour.

*Cleo.* O my lord, my lord,
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have follow'd.

*Ant.* Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after: o'er my spirit
Thy full[129] supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

*Cleo.* O, my pardon!

*Ant.* Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

*Cleo.* Pardon, pardon!

*Ant.* Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead.—
Some wine, within[130] there, and our viands!—Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows. [*Exeunt.*

(128) *By looking back what I have left behind*] Has been altered to "*By looking back* on *what*," &c.; very improperly, the old text having the same meaning.

(129) *And thou shouldst tow me after: o'er my spirit*
*Thy full*]

The folio has

"*And thou should'st* stowe *me after. O're my spirit*
The *full.*"

(130) *within*] "This word might be fairly ejected, as it has no other force than to derange the metre." STEEVENS.—It was thrown out by Hanmer.

SCENE XII. CÆSAR'S *camp in Egypt.*

*Enter* CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, *and others.*

*Cæs.* Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
Know you him?

*Dol.* Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by.

*Enter* EUPHRONIUS.

*Cæs.* Approach, and speak.

*Euph.* Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.[131]

*Cæs.* Be't so:—declare thine office.

*Euph.* Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

*Cæs.* For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgracèd friend,

(131) *To his grand sea.*] "Meaning—the sea that he (the dew-drop) arose from," &c. Capell's *Notes*, &c., vol. i. P. i. p. 40.—"Shakespeare might have considered the sea as the source of dews as well as rain. *His* is used instead of *its*." STEEVENS.—Hanmer printed "*To* the *grand sea;*" which is pronounced to be right by Walker, *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 314, vol. iii. p. 303, and by his editor in a note in the last-mentioned place.

Or take his life there: this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.
*Euph.* Fortune pursue thee!
*Cæs.* Bring him through the bands.
[*Exit Euphronius.*
[*To Thyreus*] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: dispatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,
And in our name, what she requires: add more,
From thine invention, offers:[132] women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal: try thy cunning, Thyreus;[133]
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.
*Thyr.* Cæsar, I go.
*Cæs.* Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.
*Thyr.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE XIII. *Alexandria. A room in* CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

*Cleo.* What shall we do, Enobarbus?
*Eno.* Think, and die.
*Cleo.* Is Antony or we in fault for this?
*Eno.* Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though[134] you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges

[132] *add more,*
*From thine invention, offers:*]
"Read
'*and* more,
From thine invention, *offer.*'"
Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 253.—
In this passage Mr. Grant White would make a very violent transposition.

[133] *Thyreus,*] The folio has "Thidias" here and afterwards.

[134] *What though*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 157) proposes "What *an though;*" "unless," he adds, "'What *although*' [given by several editors] be allowable, which I doubt."

Frighted each other? why should he follow?[135]
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The merèd question: 'twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

*Cleo.* Prithee, peace.

*Enter* ANTONY *with* EUPHRONIUS.

*Ant.* Is that his answer?

*Euph.* Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* The queen shall, then, have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.

*Euph.* He says so.

*Ant.* Let her know't.—
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

*Cleo.* That head, my lord?

*Ant.* To him again: tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons[136] apart,
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

[*Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.*

*Eno.* [*aside*] Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stage'd to the show,
Against a sworder! I see men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,

(135) *follow?*] "Surely, for the sake of metre, we should read [with Pope] 'follow *you?*'" STEEVENS.

(136) *comparisons*] Pope substituted "caparisons."

To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness![137]—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too.

*Enter an* Attendant.

*Att.* A messenger from Cæsar.

*Cleo.* What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose[138]
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

[*Exit Attendant.*

*Eno.* [*aside*] Mine honesty and I begin to square.
The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

*Enter* THYREUS.

*Cleo.* Cæsar's will?

*Thyr.* Hear it apart.

*Cleo.* None but friends: say boldly.

*Thyr.* So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

*Eno.* He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know
Whose he is we are, and that's Cæsar's.

*Thyr.* So.—
Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.[139]

(137) *That he should dream,*
*Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will*
*Answer his emptiness!*]

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*Knowing all* miseries, *the full*," &c.—"The words *full* and *emptiness* prove to a demonstration that '*measures*' is the right word." *Blackwood's Magazine* for Oct. 1853, p. 467.

(138) *nose*] Very probably "noses;" with Walker, *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 251.

(139) *Further than he is Cæsar.*] The folio has "*Fvrther then he is*

*Cleo.* Go on: right royal.
*Thyr.* He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.
*Cleo.* O!
*Thyr.* The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrainèd blemishes,
Not as deservèd.
*Cleo.* He's a god, and knows[140]
What is most right: mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.
*Eno.* [*aside*] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit.*
*Thyr.* Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shrowd,[141]
The universal landlord.
*Cleo.* What's your name?
*Thyr.* My name is Thyreus.
*Cleo.* Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this:—in deputation[142]
I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I'm prompt

Cæsars;" an error occasioned perhaps by "that is *Cæsars*" at the end of the preceding speech. (Later in this play, p. 352, the folio has the same mistake,—"Packt Cards with *Cæsars*," &c.).—Here the editor of the second folio made the proper correction.—Malone retains "*Further than he is* Cæsar's" (with a monstrous explanation); and so does Mr. Collier, silently.—1865. Mr. Collier now prints "*Cæsar*."

(140) *Not as deservèd.*
Cleo. *He's a god,*]

"Fol. '*deserved.*' So read, and '*He's*' (ἀρχαϊκῶς '*H' is*') for '*He is.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 305.

(141) *And put yourself under his shrowd,*] A line manifestly mutilated: Hanmer added to it "the great;" Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, more happily, makes it end with "who is."

(142) *deputation*] So Warburton (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—The folio has "disputation."

To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.
*Thyr.* 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.
*Cleo.* Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

*Re-enter* ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

*Ant.* Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?
*Thyr.* One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.
*Eno.* [*aside*] You will be whipp'd.
*Ant.* Approach, there!—Ay, you kite!—Now, gods and devils!
Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried "Ho!"
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry "Your will?"—Have you no ears? I am
Antony yet.

*Enter* Attendants.

Take hence this Jack, and whip him.
*Eno.* [*aside*] 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp
Than with an old one dying.
*Ant.* Moon and stars!—
Whip him.—Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here,—what's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra?—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: take him hence.
*Thyr.* Mark Antony,—

*Ant.* Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again:—this Jack[145] of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him. [*Exeunt Attendants with Thyreus.*
You were half blasted ere I knew you:—ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?
*Cleo.* Good my lord,—
*Ant.* You have been a boggler ever:—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,—
O misery on't!—the wise gods seel our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at's, while we strut
To our confusion.
*Cleo.* O, is't come to this?
*Ant.* I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out: for, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.
*Cleo.* Wherefore is this?
*Ant.* To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say "God quit you!" be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The hornèd herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.

*Re-enter* Attendants *with* THYREUS.

Is he whipp'd?

(145) *this Jack*] The folio has "the *Iacke.*"—(Compare above, "Take hence *this Jack.*")

*First Att.* Soundly, my lord.
*Ant.* Cried he? and begg'd he pardon?
*First Att.* He did ask favour.
*Ant.* If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: look thou say
He makes me angry with him; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't,
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into th' abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchèd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me: urge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, begone! [*Exit Thyreus.*
*Cleo.* Have you done yet?
*Ant.* Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!
*Cleo.* I must stay his time.
*Ant.* To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?
*Cleo.* Not know me yet?
*Ant.* Cold-hearted toward me?
*Cleo.* Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite![144]
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,

(144) *Cæsarion smite!*] The folio has "Cæsarian smile."

Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying[145] of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless,—till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!
*Ant.* I'm satisfied.
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle:
There's hope in't yet.[146]
*Cleo.* That's my brave lord!
*Ant.* I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.
*Cleo.* It is my birth-day:
I had thought[147] t' have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.
*Ant.* We will yet do well.
*Cleo.* Call all his noble captains to my lord.
*Ant.* Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen;

(145) *discandying*] Thirlby's and Theobald's correction; and an obvious one.—The folio has "discandering;" which Mr. Knight, "without hesitation, restores"!

(146) *There's hope in't yet.*] Has been altered to "*There* is *hope in* it *yet*," that it might make up a verse with the following, "That's my brave lord!": but in Antony's third speech after this we find "*There's* sap *in't* yet."

(147) *I had thought*, &c.] "Arrange;

'I' had thought t' have held it poor:
But, since my lord is Antony again,
I will be Cleopatra.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 306.

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend[148]
Even with his pestilent scythe. [*Exeunt all except Enobarbus.*

*Eno.* Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious,
Is to be frighted out of fear; and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge; and[149] I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: when valour preys on[150] reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

# ACT IV.

## SCENE I. CÆSAR'S *camp at Alexandria.*

*Enter* CÆSAR, *reading a letter;* AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, *and others.*

*Cæs.* He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony:—let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die;[151] meantime
Laugh at his challenge.

*Mec.* Cæsar must think,[152]

(148) *for I will contend,* &c.] "Arrange and write, perhaps;

'for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.
*Eno.* Now he'll outstare
The lightning. To be furious, is to be
*Affrighted* out of fear; and, in that mood,' &c."

Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 306.

(149) *and*] "Ought we not [with Hanmer] to expunge the '*and*'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 306.

(150) *on*] The folio has "in."

(151) *I have many other ways to die;*] Hanmer printed "He hath *many*," &c.; which, as Farmer observes, "most indisputably is the sense of Plutarch, and given so in the modern translations; but Shakespeare was misled by the ambiguity of the old one [North's]: '—— Cæsar answered him, that he had many other wayes to dye then so.'"

(152) *Cæsar must think,*] "Ritson suggests, 'Cæsar *needs* must think.' Possibly, 'Cæsar, *we* must think.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 262.

When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction:—never anger
Made good guard for itself.
*Cæs.* Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight:—within our files there are,
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done:[153]
And feast the army; we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Alexandria. A room in* CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

*Enter* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and others.*

*Ant.* He will not fight with me, Domitius.
*Eno.* No.
*Ant.* Why should he not?
*Eno.* He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He's twenty men to one.
*Ant.* To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?
*Eno.* I'll strike, and cry "Take all."
*Ant.* Well said; come on.—
Call forth my household servants: let's to-night
Be bounteous at our meal.

*Enter* Servants.

Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
And[154] thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you've serv'd me well,
And kings have been your fellows.

[153] *See it done:*] In all probability, "*See it* be *done.*"
[154] *And*] An addition by Rowe,—positively required.

*Cleo.* [*aside to Eno.*] What means this?
*Eno.* [*aside to Cleo.*] 'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.
*Ant.* And thou art honest too.
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service
So good as you have done.[155]
*Servants.* The gods forbid!
*Ant.* Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.
*Cleo.* [*aside to Eno.*] What does he mean?
*Eno.* [*aside to Cleo.*] To make his followers weep.
*Ant.* Tend me to-night;
May be it is the period of your duty:
Haply you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't!
*Eno.* What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd: for shame,
Transform us not to women.
*Ant.* Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense;

(155) *that I might do you service*
*So good as you have done.*]

"Does not the sense imperatively require 'So good as y' have done *me*'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 254. But is not "me" implied in the old text?

For I spake to you for your comfort,[156]—did desire you
To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you
Where rather I'll expect victorious life
Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Before* CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

*Enter two* Soldiers *to their guard.*

*First Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.
*Sec. Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?
*First Sold.* Nothing. What news?
*Sec. Sold.* Belike 'tis but a rumour. Good night to you.
*First Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

*Enter two other* Soldiers.

*Sec. Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.
*Third Sold.* And you. Good night, good night.
[*The first and second go to their posts.*
*Fourth Sold.* Here we: [*the third and fourth go to their posts*] and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.
*Third Sold.* 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose. [*Music as of hautboys underground.*
*Fourth Sold.* Peace! what noise?
*First Sold.* List, list!
*Sec. Sold.* Hark!
*First Sold.* Music i' the air.
*Third Sold.* Under the earth.
*Fourth Sold.* It signs well,[157] does it not?

(156) *For I spake to you for your comfort,*] "Rather 'I spake'*t* you for your comfort.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 306. (So Pope, except that he printed "speake't.")

(157) *It signs well,*] "*i.e.* it is a good sign, it bodes well." STEEVENS.—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 307) would read "*It* sings *well.*"

*Third Sold.* No.
*First Sold.* Peace, I say!
What should this mean?
*Sec. Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.
*First Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do? [*They advance to another post.*
*Sec. Sold.* How now, masters!
*Soldiers.* [*speaking together*] How now!
How now! do you hear this?
*First Sold.* Ay; is't not strange?
*Third Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?
*First Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let's see how't will off.
*Soldiers.* [*speaking together*] Content. 'Tis strange.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A room in* CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

*Enter* ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and others attending.*

*Ant.* Eros! mine armour, Eros!
*Cleo.* Sleep a little.
*Ant.* No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

*Enter* EROS *with armour.*

Come, my good fellow, put mine iron on:—[158]
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her:—come.
*Cleo.* Nay, I'll help too.
What's this for?

[158] *Come, my good fellow, put mine iron on:*—] The folio has "*Come good Fellow, put* thine *Iron on;*" and, according to Malone, "*Thine iron* is the iron which thou hast in thy hand, *i.e.* Antony's armour;" an utterly improbable reading and explanation, since just before Antony has twice said "*mine* armour." Nor, as the context shows, is Antony here speaking of *Eros's armour*:—he afterwards bids Eros "put on his defences."—That the word which has dropt out of the folio in this line was "*my*" (Rowe's addition) is proved by Antony's next speech but one, "Seest thou, *my good fellow?*"

*Ant.* Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart:—false, false; this, this.
*Cleo.* Sooth, la, I'll help: thus it must be.
*Ant.* Well, well;
We shall thrive now.[159]—Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go put on thy defences.
*Eros.* Briefly, sir.
*Cleo.* Is not this buckled well?
*Ant.* Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To daff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—[160]
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou: dispatch.—O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou shouldst see
A workman in't.

*Enter a* Captain *armed.*[161]

Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:

(159) Cleo. *Nay, I'll help too.*
*What's this for?*
Ant. *Ah, let be, let be! thou art*
*The armourer of my heart:—false, false; this, this.*
Cleo. *Sooth, la, I'll help: thus it must be.*
Ant. *Well, well;*
*We shall thrive now.*]

Stands thus in the folio;

"Cleo. *Nay, Ile helpe too,* Anthony.
*What's this for? Ah let be, let be, thou art*
*The Armourer of my heart: False, false: This, this,*
*Sooth-law Ile helpe: Thus it must bee.*
Ant. *Well, well, we shall thriue now.*"

(the prefix "Anthony" having crept into the text, and another prefix being omitted by mistake).—I give the modern distribution (Hanmer's, slightly altered by Malone); and it is doubtless the right one.

(160) *shall hear a storm.*—] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*shall* bear *a storm;*" which alteration Mr. Singer, in his *Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c., p. 295, calls "very doubtful;" yet in his recently published *Shakespeare* he has adopted it.

(161) a *Captain* armed.] The folio has "an Armed Soldier:" but what is said to him by Antony shows that he is not one of the common file.

To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to't with delight.
*Capt.* A thousand, sir,
Early though't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.
[*Shout and flourish of trumpets within.*

*Enter other* Captains *and* Soldiers.

*Sec. Capt.*[162] The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.
*All.* Good morrow, general.
*Ant.* 'Tis well blown, lads:
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.—
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable, [*Kisses her.*
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.—You that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.
[*Exeunt Antony, Eros, Captains, and Soldiers.*
*Char.* Please you, retire to your chamber.
*Cleo.* Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony,—but now—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V. ANTONY'S *camp near Alexandria.*

*Trumpets sound within. Enter* ANTONY *and* EROS; *a* Soldier *meeting them.*

*Sold.*[163] The gods make this a happy day to Antony!
*Ant.* Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!

[162] Sec. Capt.] The folio has "Alex."
[163] Sold.] To the first three speeches of the Soldier in this scene the folio prefixes "Eros."

*Sold.* Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.
*Ant.* Who's gone this morning?
*Sold.* Who!
One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say "I am none of thine."
*Ant.* What say'st thou?
*Sold.* Sir,
He is with Cæsar.
*Eros.* Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.
*Ant.* Is he gone?
*Sold.* Most certain.
*Ant.* Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him—
I will subscribe—gentle adieus and greetings;
Say that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men!—Dispatch.—Enobarbus![166]

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI. CÆSAR'S *camp before Alexandria.*

*Flourish. Enter* CÆSAR *with* AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, *and others.*

*Cæs.* Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.
*Agr.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*
*Cæs.* The time of universal peace is near:

[166] *Dispatch.—Enobarbus!*] Altered by the editor of the second folio to "*Dispatch* Eros" (not, as Mr. Collier states by mistake, to "Eros, dispatch").—Walker observes; "*Enobarbus* in *Antony and Cleopatra* is frequently used as if it were a trisyllable, in whatever way the anomaly is to be explained." *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 186 (where the present passage is quoted).

Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

*Enter a* Messenger.

*Mess.* Antony
Is come into the field.
*Cæs.* Go charge Agrippa
Plant[165] those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt all except Enobarbus.*
*Eno.* Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry on
Affairs of Antony; there did persuade[166]
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

*Enter a* Soldier *of* CÆSAR'S.

*Sold.* Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: the messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.
*Eno.* I give it you.
*Sold.* Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true: best you[167] saf'd the bringer

(165) *Go charge Agrippa Plant*, &c.] Here Mr. Collier puts a full-point, and Mr. Knight a colon, after "*Agrippa;*" though the meaning of the passage is obviously "Go and enjoin Agrippa to plant those that," &c.—1865. Mr. Collier in the second edition of his *Shakespeare* rectifies his mistake; but Mr. Grant White adopts it.

(166) *persuade*] The folio has "disswade;" "perhaps rightly," says Johnson; though the corresponding passage in North's *Plutarch* distinctly proves it to be wrong.

(167) *best you*] Most probably "*best* that *you*."

Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit.*

*Eno.* I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows[168] my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *Field of battle between the camps.*

*Alarums. Drums and trumpets. Enter* AGRIPPA *and others.*

*Agr.* Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

*Alarums. Enter* ANTONY, *and* SCARUS *wounded.*

*Scar.* O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.
*Ant.* Thou bleed'st apace.
*Scar.* I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.
*Ant.* They do retire.
*Scar.* We'll beat 'em into bench-holes: I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

*Enter* EROS.

*Eros.* They're beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

(168) *blows*] Had been altered to "bows;" but Johnson rightly brought back the original reading,—"*blows*" meaning "swells."

*Scar.* Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:
'Tis sport to maul a runner.
*Ant.* I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and tenfold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
*Scar.* I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VIII. *Under the walls of Alexandria.*

*Alarums. Enter* ANTONY, *marching;* SCARUS, *and Forces.*

*Ant.* We've beat him to his camp:—run one before,
And let the queen know of our gests.[169]—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see 's, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as't had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown[170] all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole.—[*To Scarus*] Give me thy hand;

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, *attended.*

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—[*To Cleo.*] O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,

[169] *our gests.*] *i.e.* our exploits.—So Theobald ("as Mr. Warburton likewise prescribes"); a very obvious correction: yet, in the *Varior. Shakespeare*, the reading of the folio, "*our* guests," is retained, with a note by Johnson to inform us that "guests" means Antony's officers whom he intends to bring to sup with Cleopatra!

[170] *you have shown*, &c.] "I think;

'you' have shown all Hectors. *Go,*
Enter the city,' &c.

At any rate, something has dropped out at the end of the line." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 307.

Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triúmphing!
*Cleo.* Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue, com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?
*Ant.* My nightingale,
We've beat them to their beds. What, girl! though gray
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha' we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:—
Kiss it, my warrior:—he hath fought to-day
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.
*Cleo.* I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.
*Ant.* He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand:—
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together,
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IX. CÆSAR'S *camp.*

Sentinels *at their post.*

*First Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court-of-guard: the night
Is shiny; and they say we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

*Sec. Sold.* This last day was[171]
A shrewd one to's.

*Enter* ENOBARBUS.

*Eno.* O, bear me witness, night,—
*Third Sold.* What man is this?
*Sec. Sold.* Stand close, and list him.
*Eno.* Be witness to me, O thou blessèd moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—
*First Sold.* Enobarbus!
*Third Sold.* Peace!
Hark further.
*Eno.* O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver and a fugitive:
O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies.*
*Sec. Sold.* Let's speak
To him.
*First Sold.* Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.
*Third Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

(171) *This last day was*, &c.] "Arrange;

'This last day was
A shrewd one to us.
*Eno.* O, bear me witness, night,—
3 *Sold.* What man is this?
2 *Sold.* Stand close, and list him.
*Eno.* Be witness to me,' &c."

Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 307.

*First Sold.* Swoons[172] rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.[173]
*Sec. Sold.* Go we to him.
*Third Sold.* Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.
*Sec. Sold.* Hear you, sir?
*First Sold.* The hand of death hath raught him. [*Drums afar off.*] Hark! the drums
Demurely wake the sleepers.[174] Let us bear him
To the court-of-guard: he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.
*Third Sold.* Come on, then;
He may recover yet. [*Exeunt with the body.*

SCENE X. *Ground between the two camps.*

*Enter* ANTONY *and* SCARUS, *with Forces, marching.*

*Ant.* Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.
*Scar.* For both, my lord.
*Ant.* I would they'd fight i' the fire or i' the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven:—forward, now,

(172) *Swoons*] Here the folio has "Swoonds" (and so the later folios). See note 93 on *The Winter's Tale.*
(173) *for sleep.*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "fore *sleep.*"

(174) *The hand of death hath raught him. Hark! the drums Demurely wake the sleepers.*]

Here Warburton explains "*Demurely*" to mean *Solemnly.*—Hanmer prints

"*The hand of death hath* caught *him.*
*Hark* how *the* drums' din early wakes *the sleepers.*"

And Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "Do early *wake the sleepers.*"—That "early" is feeble and inexpressive, I agree with Mr. Singer (in his note *ad l.* 1856); who conjectures "Clam'rously *wake,*" &c.—Qy. "Do merrily *wake,*" &c.?

Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour.(175) [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI. *Another part of the same.*

*Enter* CÆSAR, *with his Forces, marching.*

*Cæs.* But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII. *Another part of the same.*

*Enter* ANTONY *and* SCARUS.

*Ant.* Yet they are not join'd: where yond pine does stand,
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word

(175) *But this it is; our foot*
*Upon the hills adjoining to the city*
*Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;*
*They have put forth the haven:—forward, now,*
*Where their appointment we may best discover,*
*And look on their endeavour.*]

The folio has

"*But this it is, our Foote*
*Vpon the hilles adioyning to the Citty*
*Shall stay with vs. Order for Sea is giuen,*
*They haue put forth the Hauen:*
*Where their appointment we may best discouer,*
*And looke on their endeuour.*"

and Mr. Knight sees no necessity for any addition to the old text: according to him, "The sentence—

'order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven'—

is parenthetical. Omit it, and Antony says, that the foot-soldiers shall stay with him, upon the hills adjoining to the city,

'Where their appointment we may best discover.'"

But, though Mr. Collier and Mr. Singer (in his second edition) are satisfied with Mr. Knight's view of the passage, I nevertheless think it utterly ridiculous. I cannot for a moment doubt that after the word "*haven*" something has been accidentally omitted either by the transcriber or the printer.—Rowe inserted "Further on;" Capell, "Hie we on;" Malone, "Let's seek a spot;" and Tyrwhitt (in his copy of the second folio in the British Museum), "Let us go."—1865. Mr. Grant White's addition is "Ascend we then."

Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

*Scar.* Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers[176]
Say they know not,—they cannot tell;—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

[*Alarums afar off, as at a sea-fight.*

*Re-enter* ANTONY.

*Ant.* All is lost;[177]
This foul Egyptian hath betrayèd me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all:—bid them all fly; begone. [*Exit Scarus.*
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
That spaniel'd[178] me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,—[179]

[176] *augurers*] The folio has "Auguries."

[177] *All is lost*, &c.] "Certainly wrong; besides that the pause between the two speeches is too great to allow of the sense being continued in the same line. Read [with Theobald]

'All's lost; this foul Egyptian hath betray'd me.'"
Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 309.

[178] *spaniel'd*] Hanmer's correction.—The folio has "pannelled."

[179] *For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,*
. . . . . .
*O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,*—]

Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p 233) observes that here something

Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,—
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros, Eros!

*Enter* CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

*Cleo.* Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

*Ant.* Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:[180]
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for doits;[181] and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit Cleopatra.*

'Tis well thou'rt gone,
If it be well to live; but better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me:—teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:

is "wrong surely; perhaps it is the latter '*charm*' that is corrupt. '*Grave*,' too, looks suspicious." Again (in the same work, vol. iii. p. 309), having cited the second of the above lines, he says, "For '*Souls*' (fol. p. 361, col. 2) read '*Snake*'" (compare "*serpent* of old Nile," p. 270).—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*O this false* spell *of Egypt, this* great *charm.*"—Examples of "*grave*" in the sense of *deadly* or *destructive* are adduced from Chapman's *Homer* by Steevens *ad l.*

[180] *plebeians;*] To be pronounced "*plébians.*" See note 54 on *Coriolanus.*

[181] *For poor'st diminutives, for doits;*] Warburton's correction.—The folio has "*For poor'st Diminitiues, for* Dolts;" which Mr. Knight retains (and his explanation of the passage is very curious—"the 'poor'st diminutives' are the lowest of the populace, as the 'dolts' are the most stupid. We must therefore understand *for* to mean for the gratification of"!).

To the young[182] Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot; she dies for't.—Eros, ho! [*Exit.*

SCENE XIII. *Alexandria. A room in* CLEOPATRA'S *palace.*

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

*Cleo.* Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.
*Char.* To the monument!
There lock yourself, and send him word you're dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off.
*Cleo.* To the monument!—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was "Antony,"
And word it, prithee, piteously: hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death.—To the monument!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIV. *The same. Another room in the same.*

*Enter* ANTONY *and* EROS.

*Ant.* Eros, thou yet behold'st me?
*Eros.* Ay, noble lord.
*Ant.* Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forkèd mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod into the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.
*Eros.* Ay, my lord.
*Ant.* That which is now a horse, even with a thought

(182) *young*] This word has been rejected by several editors; and assuredly, while it injures the metre, it adds nothing to the sense.

The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.
*Eros.* It does, my lord.
*Ant.* My good knave Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar,[183] and false-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

*Enter* MARDIAN.

O, thy vile lady!
She has robb'd me of my sword.
*Mar.* No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.
*Ant.* Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.
*Mar.* Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharg'd: what thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake
Was, "Antony! most noble Antony!"
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.
*Ant.* Dead, then?
*Mar.* Dead.
*Ant.* Unarm me, Eros;[184] the long day's task is done,

[183] *Cæsar,*] The folio has "Cæsars."
[184] *Unarm me, Eros;*] So Rowe,—"In the folios," says Mr. Collier, "this is printed '*Unarme* Eros,' and the old corrector of that of 1632 puts it 'Unarm *me*, Eros,' which we cannot believe to be right, because

And we must sleep.—[*To Mardian*] That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go. [*Exit Mardian.*
Off, pluck off:—
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier:—bruisèd pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me awhile. [*Exit Eros.*
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture:—since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further: now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.—
Eros!—I come, my queen.—Eros!—Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

*Re-enter* EROS.

*Eros.* What would my lord?
*Ant.* Since Cleopatra died,
I've liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble-minded[185]

the measure is thus unnecessarily disturbed. Steevens, almost wantonly, read 'Eros, unarm.'" A note which shows that Mr. Collier has rather odd ideas on the subject of metre.

([185]) *less noble-minded*] The folio has "*lesse Noble* minde;" which Malone and Steevens defend at great length.—"Read '*less noble-minded.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 310; where his editor observes, "So Rowe and all the earlier editors. Malone and Steevens have done their best to darken noon. Compare for the meaning of '*minded*,' *Taming of the Shrew*, ii. 1;

'I am as peremptory as she proud-minded.'"

Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells
" I'm conqueror of myself." Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come,—which now
Is come indeed,—when I should see behind me
Th' inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me: do't; the time is come:
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

*Eros.* The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

*Ant.* Eros,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensu'd?

*Eros.* I would not see't.

*Ant.* Come, then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

*Eros.* O, sir, pardon me!

*Ant.* When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

*Eros.* Turn from me, then, that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

*Ant.* Lo thee! [*Turning from him.*

*Eros.* My sword is drawn.

*Ant.* Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

*Eros.* My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

*Ant.* 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

*Eros.* Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?
*Ant.* Now, Eros.
*Eros.* Why, there then [*falls on his sword*]:—thus I do escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*
*Ant.* Thrice-nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A nobleness in record: but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus
[*Falling on his sword.*
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead?[186] not dead?—
The guard, ho![187]—O, dispatch me!

*Enter* DERCETAS *and* Guard.

*First Guard.* What's the noise?
*Ant.* I've done my work ill, friends: O, make an end
Of what I have begun.
*Sec. Guard.* The star is fall'n.
*First Guard.* And time is at his period.
*All.* Alas, and woe!
*Ant.* Let him that loves me strike me dead.
*First Guard.* Not I.
*Sec. Guard.* Nor I.
*Third Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*
*Der.* Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

*Enter* DIOMEDES.

*Dio.* Where's Antony?
*Der.* There, Diomed, there.

(186) *not dead?*] Most probably, with Pope, "*not* yet *dead?*"
(187) *ho!*] The folio has "how?"—See note 11.

*Dio.* Lives he?
Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit Dercetas.*
*Ant.* Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.
*Dio.* Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.
*Ant.* When did she send thee?
*Dio.* Now, my lord.
*Ant.* Where is she?
*Dio.* Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw—
Which never shall be found—you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.
*Ant.* Too late, good Diomed:—call my guard, I prithee.
*Dio.* What, ho, the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls!

*Enter some of the* Guard.

*Ant.* Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.
*First Guard.* Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.
*All.* Most heavy day!
*Ant.* Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I've led you oft: carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*

SCENE XV. *The same. A monument.*

*Enter, above,* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

*Cleo.* O Charmian, I will never go from hence.
*Char.* Be comforted, dear madam.
*Cleo.* No, I will not:
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

*Enter, below,* DIOMEDES.

How now! is he dead?
*Dio.* His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' th' other side your monument;
His guard have brought him thither.[188]

*Enter, below,* ANTONY, *borne by the* Guard.

*Cleo.* O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world.—O Antony,
Antony, Antony!—Help, Charmian; help, Iras, help;—
Help, friends below![189]—let's draw him hither.
*Ant.* Peace!
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,

[188] *thither.*] Altered by the editor of the second folio to "hither:" but the original word agrees well enough with what precedes.
[189] *Help, friends below,* &c.] "Arrange;

'help, friends, below!
Let's draw him hither.
*Ant.* Peace: not Cæsar's valour
Hath o'erthrown Antony, but Antony's
Hath triumph'd on itself.
*Cleo.* So should it be that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony;'

(the last line and a half is thus arranged in some editions;) and, as I conjecture,—

But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.
*Cleo.* So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!
*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here impórtune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.
*Cleo.* I dare not, dear,—
Dear my lord, pardon,—I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not th' imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—
Assist, good friends.
*Ant.* O, quick, or I am gone.
*Cleo.* Here's sport indeed!—How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight: had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,

'But woe 'tis so!
*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt; only,' &c.

The repetition of the word 'dying' was, perhaps, taken from a later passage." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 310.—

Here Theobald (indebted to Pope for the word at the end of the first line) gave

'Ant. *I am dying, Egypt, dying; only* yet
*I here importune death awhile, until*
*Of many thousand kisses the poor last*
*I lay upon thy lips.*—Come down.
Cleo. *I dare not,*
(Dear, *dear my lord,* your *pardon,* that *I dare not,*)
*Lest I be taken,*" &c.—

Ritson says; "Theobald's insertion ['Come down'] seems misplaced, and should be made at the end of the next line but one. I would therefore read

'I lay upon thy lips.
*Cleo.* I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not *come down.*'"

And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools,—O, come, come, come;
[*They draw Antony up.*
And welcome, welcome! die where[190] thou hast liv'd:
Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

*All.* A heavy sight!

*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

*Cleo.* No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

*Ant.* One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O!

*Cleo.* They do not go together.

*Ant.* Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.

*Cleo.* My resolution and my hands I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.

*Ant.* The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes,
Wherein I liv'd the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Nor[191] cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman,—a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;
I can no more.

*Cleo.* Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?—O, see, my women, [*Antony dies.*
The crown o' th' earth doth melt.—My lord! my lord![192]
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,

(190) *where*] The folio has "when."
(191) *Nor*] The folio has "Not."—Corrected by Rowe.
(192) *My lord! my lord!*] The folio has merely "*My lord;*" but, as Walker observes (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 144), "surely the repetition is required."

The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [*Faints.*

*Char.* O, quietness, lady!

*Iras.* She is dead too, our sovereign.

*Char.* Lady,—

*Iras.* Madam,—

*Char.* O madam, madam, madam,—

*Iras.* Royal Egypt,
Empress,—

*Char.* Peace, peace, Iras!

*Cleo.* No more, but e'en[193] a woman, and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares.—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at th' injurious gods;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!
My noble girls!—Ah, women, women, look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out!—Good sirs, take heart:—[194]

([193]) *e'en*] Capell's and Johnson's correction.—The folio has "in."

([194]) *How do you, women?*
*What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!*
*My noble girls!—Ah, women, women, look,*
*Our lamp is spent, it's out!—Good sirs, take heart:—*]

Here to the words "*Good sirs, take heart,*" is usually added a stage-direction "[*To the Guard below:*" but by "*sirs*" Cleopatra means Charmian and Iras:—in act v. sc. 2, she says, "*Sirrah* Iras, go." That in former days women were frequently so addressed, is proved by numerous passages of our old writers: *e.g.* in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*, act iv. sc. 3, the Mother says to Viola, Nan, and Madge,

> "*Sirs*, to your tasks, and show this little novice
> How to bestir herself," &c.;

and presently after, Nan and Madge call each other "*Sirrah.*" Again, in *A King and no King*, by the same dramatists, act ii. sc. 1, we find

We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:—
This case of that huge spirit now is cold:
Ah, women, women!—come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.
[*Exeunt; those above bearing off Antony's body.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. CÆSAR'S *camp before Alexandria.*

*Enter* CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, *and others.*

*Cæs.* Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks
The pauses that he makes.(195)

*Dol.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

"*Spa.* I do beseech you, madam, send away
Your other women, and receive from me
A few sad words, which, set against your joys,
May make 'em shine the more.
*Pan.* Sirs, leave me all. [*Exeunt Waiting-women.*"

(195) *Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks*
*The pauses that he makes.*]

Here Hanmer printed "*Being so frustrate, tell him he* but *mocks*," &c.; Steevens conjectured that either "*frustrate*" should be changed to "frustrated," or that we might read "*Being so frustrate, tell him* that *he mocks*," &c. (Capell gave "frustrated," and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector inserts "that"); while Malone's alteration is,

"*Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks* us by
*The pauses that he makes.*"—

Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 9) says, "Can a good sense be made out of the original reading? the play of words seems a very strong argument in its favour; indeed, it seems impossible that this should be accidental:" and he cites the following examples of "*frustrate*" used as a trisyllable;

"The law that should take away your old wife from you,
The which I do perceive was your desire,
Is void and *frustrate;* so for the rest:

*Enter* DERCETAS, *with the sword of* ANTONY.

*Cæs.* Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st
Appear thus to us?
*Der.* I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.
*Cæs.* What is't thou say'st?
*Der.* I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.
*Cæs.* The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: the round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,[196]
And citizens to their dens:—the death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.
*Der.* He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hirèd knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,

There has been since another parliament
Has cut it off."
Massinger, Middleton, and W. Rowley's *Old Law*,—
Massinger's *Works*, iv. 573, ed. Gifford, 1813.

"Confirm his banishment with our hands and seals.
*Lan.* What we confirm the king will *frustrate.*
*Y. Mor.* Then may we lawfully revolt from him."
Marlowe's *Edward II.*,—*Works*, p. 187, ed. Dyce, 1858.

(196) *A greater crack: the round world*
*Should have shook lions into civil streets*, &c.]

Something would certainly seem to have dropped out here.—Hanmer printed "*A greater crack* in nature: *the round world*," &c.—Theobald altered the arrangement of the lines, and "*in*" to "Into," thus;

"A greater crack: the round world should have shook
Lions into civil streets, and citizens
*Into* their dens," &c.

Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword;
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.
*Cæs.* Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings[197]
To wash the eyes of kings.
*Agr.*[198] And strange it is
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.
*Mec.* His taints and honours
Wag'd[199] equal with him.
*Agr.* A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.
*Mec.* When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.
*Cæs.* O Antony!
I've follow'd thee to this:—but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look'd[200] on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: but yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,
Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season:

(197) *it is a tidings*] So the second folio.—The first folio omits "*a*."—In the preceding act "*tidings*" has occurred as a noun singular; "*this tidings*," p. 355.

(198) Agr.] The folio has "*Dol.*;" and it prefixes "*Dola.*" to the next speech but one.

(199) *Wag'd*] Altered by Rowe (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector) to "Weigh'd."—The second folio has "Way."

(200) *look'd*] The folio has "looke."

*Enter a* Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him;
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?[201]

*Mess.* A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forc'd to.

*Cæs.* Bid her have good heart:
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot learn[202]
To be ungentle.

*Mess.* So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*

*Cæs.* Come hither, Proculeius. Go, and say
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

*Pro.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

*Cæs.* Gallus, go you along. [*Exit Gal.*] Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius?

*Agr., Mec., &c.* Dolabella!

*Cæs.* Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*

(201) *Whence are you?*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 311) proposes to add "What?"—Capell adds "sir?"

(202) *learn*] The folio has "leaue;" which Southern (in his copy of the fourth folio) and Pope altered to "live."—I adopt the correction made by Tyrwhitt in his copy of the second folio in the British Museum.

## SCENE II. *Alexandria. A room in the monument.*

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.[203]

*Cleo.* My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will: and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.[204]

*Enter, to the gates of the monument,* PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, *and* Soldiers.

*Pro.* Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.
*Cleo.* What's thy name?
*Pro.* My name is Proculeius.

[203] Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.] When the play was originally acted, they no doubt entered here (as in scene XV. of the preceding act) on what was called the upper-stage: but how the business of the present scene was managed after the seizure of Cleopatra, I cannot pretend to determine.

[204] *and never palates more the dug,*
*The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.*]

So Warburton (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—The folio has

"*and neuer pallates more the* dung,
*The beggers,*" &c.;

which is the usual modern text, "dung" being explained "gross and terrene sustenance;" while we are told that "*The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's*" means "Death."—To me the word "*nurse*" is almost alone sufficient evidence that "dung" is a transcriber's or printer's mistake for "*dug;*" which was the more liable to be corrupted, as it was formerly often spelt "*dugge*" (so the folio has, in *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 3, "on the nipple of my *Dugge*").—The sense I conceive to be, "and never more palates that dug which affords nourishment as well to the beggar as to Cæsar."—Johnson observes; "The difficulty of the passage, if any difficulty there be, arises only from this, that the act of suicide, and the state which is the effect of suicide, are confounded."

*Cleo.* Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

*Pro.* Be of good cheer;
You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: let me report to him
Your sweet dependency; and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

*Cleo.* Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

*Pro.* This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

*Gal.*[205] You see how easily she may be surpris'd:

[*Here Proculeius*[206] *and two of the Guard ascend the monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, come behind Cleopatra. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.*

[*To Proculeius and the Guard*] Guard her till Cæsar come.

[*Exit.*

*Iras.* Royal queen!

[205] Gal.] The folio has "*Pro.;*" which the editor of the second folio altered to "*Char.*"

[206] [Here Proculeius, &c.] This stage-direction (founded on North's *Plutarch*) is by Malone.

*Char.* O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!
*Cleo.* Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a dagger.*
*Pro.* Hold, worthy lady, hold:
[*Seizes and disarms her.*
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.
*Cleo.* What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?
*Pro.* Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
Th' undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.
*Cleo.* Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!
*Pro.* O, temperance, lady!
*Cleo.* Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,[207]
I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be châstis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark-nak'd, and let the water-flies[208]
Blow me into abhorring! rather make

[207] *necessary,*] Hanmer alters "*necessary*" to "accessary;" and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector (between whom and Hanmer there is frequently an unaccountable agreement).

[208] *Lay me stark-nak'd, and let the water-flies*] Here "*nak'd*" is generally altered to "naked," though the author evidently used the word as a monosyllable: and so it was often used by his contemporaries; *e.g.*

"Good Menelaus slew
Accomplisht Thoas, in whose breast (being *nak'd*) his lance he threw,
Aboue his shield, and freed his soule."
Chapman's *Homer,—Iliad*, B. xvi. p. 224, ed. fol.

"Stript *nak't* her bosome, shew'd her breasts," &c. *Id.* B. xxii. p. 300.

My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

*Pro.* You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

*Enter* DOLABELLA.

*Dol.* Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent me for thee: for the queen,[209]
I'll take her to my guard.

*Pro.* So, Dolabella.
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
[*To Cleo.*] To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
If you'll employ me to him.

*Cleo.* Say, I would die.

[*Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers.*

*Dol.* Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

*Cleo.* I cannot tell.

*Dol.* Assuredly you know me.

*Cleo.* No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

*Dol.* I understand not, madam.

*Cleo.* I dream'd there was an emperor Antony:—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

*Dol.* If it might please ye,—

*Cleo.* His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.

*Dol.* Most sovereign creature,—

*Cleo.* His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm

(209) *And he hath sent me for thee: for the queen,*] I proposed this correction in a note on my first edition, and before the appearance of Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., in which (vol. i. p. 8 and vol. iii. p. 311) the same correction is suggested.—The follo omits "*me.*"—The editor of the second folio printed "*And he hath sent for thee: as for the Queene.*"

Crested the world; his voice was propertied
As all the tunèd spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas[210]
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: in his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

*Dol.* Cleopatra,—

*Cleo.* Think you there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?

*Dol.* Gentle madam, no.

*Cleo.* You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or[211] ever were, one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, t' imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

*Dol.* Hear me, good madam.
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites[212]
My very heart at root.

*Cleo.* I thank you, sir.
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

*Dol.* I'm loth to tell you what I would you knew.

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, sir,—

*Dol.* Though he be honourable,—

*Cleo.* He'll lead me, then, in triumph?

*Dol.* Madam, he will; I know't. [*Flourish within.*

*Within.* Make way there,—Cæsar!

[210] *an autumn 'twas*] Theobald's correction.—The folio has "*An* Anthony *it was.*"

[211] *or*] The folio has "nor."

[212] *smites*] So Tyrwhitt in his copy of the second folio in the British Museum, Capell, and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, Barron Field, and Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 311).—The folio has "suites."

*Enter* CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS, SELEUCUS, *and* Attendants.

*Cæs.* Which is the Queen of Egypt?
*Dol.* It is the emperor, madam. [*Cleopatra kneels.*
*Cæs.* Arise, you shall not kneel:
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.
*Cleo.* Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.
*Cæs.* Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.
*Cleo.* Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often sham'd our sex.
*Cæs.* Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,—
Which towards you are most gentle,—you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.
*Cleo.* And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we,
Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.
*Cæs.* You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.
*Cleo.* This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valu'd;
Not petty things admitted.[213]—Where's Seleucus?
*Sel.* Here, madam.

[213] *admitted.*] Altered by Theobald to "omitted."

*Cleo.* This is my treasurer: let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing.—Speak the truth, Seleucus.
*Sel.* Madam,
I had rather seal my lips[214] than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.
*Cleo.* What have I kept back?
*Sel.* Enough to purchase what you have made known.
*Cæs.* Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.
*Cleo.* See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
Th' ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild:—O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd!—What, goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: slave, soulless villain, dog!
O rarely base!
*Cæs.* Good queen, let us entreat you.
*Cleo.* O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,—
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek,[215] that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart

(214) *seal my lips*] The folio has "seele *my lippes;*" and several editors have retained "seel," understanding it to mean—close up my lips as effectually as the eyes of a hawk are closed,—to *seel* hawks being a technical term: so in p. 331 of this play we have "the wise gods *seel our eyes*," &c. But here the spelling of the folio goes for little: in *King Lear*, act iv. sc. 6, the folio has "the power to *seale* th' accusers *lips;*" and in *The Sec. Part of Henry VI.* act i. sc. 2, "*Seale* vp yours *Lips*," &c.

(215) *meek*,] "I suppose, means here *tame*, subdued by adversity." MALONE.—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 300) would read "weak;" which Pope gave.

For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods![216] it smites me
Beneath the fall I have.—[*To Seleucus*] Prithee, go hence;
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through th' ashes of my chance:[217] wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

*Cæs.* Forbear, Seleucus.

[*Exit Seleucus.*

*Cleo.* Be't known that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.[218]

*Cæs.* Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons:[219] no, dear queen;
For we intend so to dispose you as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

(216) *The gods!*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "Ye *gods!*" which Mr. Singer adopts in his *Shakespeare*, 1856.—But compare "O me, *the gods*," *Coriolanus*, act ii. sc. 3; "O *the gods!*" *Troilus and Cressida*, act iv. sc. 2, *Coriolanus*, act iv. sc. 1, *Cymbeline*, act i. sc. 1; "O *the* blest *gods!*" *King Lear*, act ii. sc. 4; and "O *the* good *gods!*" in the present play, p. 374.

(217) *the cinders of my spirits*
*Through th' ashes of my chance:*]

Walker cites this passage with the reading "*my* spirit" (rightly perhaps:) and bids us read "change" for "*chance*." *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 312.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector also reads "*my* spirit," but alters "*my chance*" to "mischance," as Hanmer does.

(218) *Are therefore to be pitied.*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "And *therefore to be pitied;*" very unnecessarily. In the last clause of a sentence Shakespeare (like other old writers) sometimes omits "and."

(219) *prisons:*] Qy. "prison"?—Johnson says, "I once wished to read 'poison';" which Hanmer had printed.

*Cleo.* My Master, and my lord!
*Cæs.* Not so. Adieu.
[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar and his Train.*
*Cleo.* He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself: but, hark thee, Charmian.
[*Whispers Charmian.*
*Iras.* Finish, good lady; the bright day is done
And we are for the dark.
*Cleo.* Hie thee again:
I've spoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haste.
*Char.* Madam, I will.

*Re-enter* DOLABELLA.

*Dol.* Where is the queen?
*Char.* Behold, sir. [*Exit.*
*Cleo.* Dolabella!
*Dol.* Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.
*Cleo.* Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.
*Dol.* I your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.
*Cleo.* Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit Dolabella.*
Now, Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves,
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.
*Iras.* The gods forbid!
*Cleo.* Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras:—saucy lictors

Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

*Iras.* O the good gods!

*Cleo.* Nay, that's certain.

*Iras.* I'll never see't; for I am sure my nails[220]
Are stronger than mine eyes.

*Cleo.* Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.[221]

*Re-enter* CHARMIAN.

Now, Charmian!—
Show me, my women, like a queen:—go fetch
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—sirrah Iras,[222] go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed;
And, when thou'st done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise? [*Exit Iras. A noise within.*

*Enter one of the* Guard.

*Guard.* Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence:
He brings you figs.

*Cleo.* Let him come in. [*Exit Guard.*

[220] *my nails*] The folio has "mine *Nailes.*"—Corrected in the second folio.

[221] *Their most absurd intents.*] Altered by Theobald to "*Their most* assur'd *intents;*" so too Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—"I have preserved the old reading. The design certainly appeared *absurd* enough to Cleopatra, both as she thought it unreasonable in itself, and as she knew it would fail." JOHNSON.

[222] *sirrah Iras,*] See note 194. (Nearly all the modern editors wrongly put a comma between these words.)

What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I'm marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

*Re-enter one of the* Guard, *with* Clown *bringing in a basket.*

*Guard.* This is the man.

*Cleo.* Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

*Clown.* Truly I have him: but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

*Cleo.* Rememberest thou any that have died on't?

*Clown.* Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt,—truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm; but he that will believe all that they say shall never be saved by half that they do: but this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

*Cleo.* Get thee hence; farewell.

*Clown.* I wish you all joy of the worm.

[*Sets down his basket.*

*Cleo.* Farewell.

*Clown.* You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

*Cleo.* Ay, ay; farewell.

*Clown.* Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

*Cleo.* Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

*Clown.* Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

*Cleo.* Will it eat me?

*Clown.* You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

*Cleo.* Well, get thee gone; farewell.

*Clown.* Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy o' the worm. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter* IRAS *with a robe, crown, &c.*

*Cleo.* Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me: now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:—
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick.—Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
T' excuse their after wrath:—husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I'm fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.
[*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*[225]
Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

*Char.* Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say
The gods themselves do weep!

*Cleo.* This proves me base
If she first meet the curlèd Antony,

(225) [Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.] A modern stage-direction.—"Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her arm while her mistress was settling her dress, or I know not why she should fall so soon." STEEVENS.

He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have.—Come, thou mortal wretch,
[*To an asp, which she applies to her breast.*
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
Unpolicied!

*Char.* O eastern star!

*Cleo.* Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

*Char.* O, break! O, break!

*Cleo.* As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—
[*Applying another asp to her arm.*
What should I stay— [*Dies.*

*Char.* In this vile world?[224]—So, fare thee well.—
Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld

([224]) *In this vile world?*] The folio has "*In this* wilde *World?*"—The correction was made by Capell, who saw (what is plain enough) that "vilde" had been by mistake transformed into "wilde." (The folio, with its usual inconsistency of spelling, has in some places "vild" and "vilde,"—in others "*vile.*")

1865. Here, in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, Mr. Collier observes; "The epithet is 'wild' in all the early editions, and there is not the slightest pretext for altering it to the commonplace phrase, 'In this *vile* world,' as has been done under the supposition that *vile* having been of old often misprinted *vilde* (a form to which the Rev. Mr. Dyce strangely adheres), it was in this place mistaken for 'wild.' Charmian might well call the world 'wild,' desert, and savage, after the deaths of Antony, Cleopatra, and others whom she loved. . . . . If any change were made, we should prefer here *wide* to *vile*; but in truth it is an offence against all just rules of criticism to attempt an emendation where none is required. Rowe properly retained 'wild world.'"

On the above note I have to remark;

First, That I no longer "adhere" to the old spelling *vild:* see both my first and my second edition of *Shakespeare* passim.

Secondly, That the passages in early books where *vild* (i.e. *vile*) is misprinted *wild* are so very numerous, that there can be no doubt of the same error having been committed in the passage now under consideration. We meet with the following examples in the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher;

Of eyes again so royal!—Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.[225]

*Enter the* Guard, *rushing in.*

*First Guard.* Where is the queen?
*Char.* Speak softly, wake her not.
*First Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

"I will not lose a word
To this *wild* [read *vild*=*vile*] woman," &c.
*The Maid's Tragedy*, act iii. sc. 1.

"that now dares say
I am a stranger, not the same, more *wild* [read *vild*=*vile*]," &c.
*The Faithful Shepherdess*, act iv. sc. 4.

"To do these *wild* [so the first 4to, the later 4tos *vild*, folio 1679 *vile*] unmanly things."
*The Scornful Lady*, act iii. sc. 1.

"Or am I of so *wild* [read *vild*=*vile*] and low a blood," &c.
*The Little French Lawyer*, act iii. sc. 5.

Thirdly, That "*vile world*," which Mr. Collier terms a "commonplace phrase," occurs in a passage of *The Sec. Part of King Henry VI.* act v. sc. 2,—a passage which (as it is not found in *The First Part of the Contention*, &c.) we may confidently ascribe to Shakespeare;

"O, let the VILE WORLD end,
And the premisèd flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together!"

Fourthly, That "*wide*"—which, "if any change were made, Mr. Collier would prefer to *vile*"—has no propriety here, not being (what is obviously required) a vituperative epithet.

(225) *Your crown's awry;*
*I'll mend it, and then play.*]

The folio has "*your Crownes* away," &c.—After "*play*" the folio has a break.—"*and then play*] *i.e.* play her part in this tragic scene by destroying herself: or she may mean, that, having performed her last office for her mistress, she will accept the permission given her, in p. 374, to '*play* till doomsday.'" STEEVENS.

1865. On the words "*Your crown's awry*," Steevens observes; "So in Daniel's Tragedy of Cleopatra, 1594;

'And, senseless, in her sinking down, she *wryes*
*The diadem* which on her head she wore;
Which Charmion (poor weak feeble maid) espyes,
And hastes to right it as it was before;
For Eras now was dead.'"

And Malone remarks; "The correction ['*awry*'] was made by Mr. Pope. The author has here as usual followed the old translation of

*Char.* Too slow a messenger. [*Applies an asp.*
O, come apace, dispatch: I partly feel thee.
*First Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's beguil'd.
*Sec. Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar; call him.
*First Guard.* What work is here!—Charmian, is this well done?
*Char.* It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier! [*Dies.*

*Re-enter* DOLABELLA.

*Dol.* How goes it here?
*Sec. Guard.* All dead.
*Dol.* Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.
*Within.* A way there, a way for Cæsar!

*Re-enter* CÆSAR *and his Train.*

*Dol.* O sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear is done.
*Cæs.* Brav'st at the last,
She levell'd at our purposes,[226] and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.
*Dol.* Who was last with them?
*First Guard.* A simple countryman, that brought her figs:
This was his basket.
*Cæs.* Poison'd, then.

Plutarch [North's]; 'They found Cleopatra starke dead layed upon a bed of gold, attired and arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her feete; and her other woman called Charmian half dead, and trembling, *trimming the diadem* which Cleopatra wore upon her head.'"—The addition I have now made to my original note on this passage has been called forth by the thrice-foolish attempt to defend the blunder of the folio, "away," in *Notes on Shakespeare, No. II. By James Nichols, M.R.C.P., Engl.* p. 3.

(226) *purposes,*] Qy. "purpose"?

*First Guard.* O Cæsar,
This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.
*Cæs.* O noble weakness!—
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external[227] swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.
*Dol.* Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.
*First Guard.* This is an aspic's trail: and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as th' aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.
*Cæs.* Most probable
That so she died; for her physician tells me
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:—
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall
In solemn show attend this funeral;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*

[227] *external*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii., p. 312) queries "extern," citing from *Othello*, act i. sc. 1, "compliment *extern*."

# CYMBELINE.

# CYMBELINE.

FIRST printed in the folio of 1623.—Malone is probably not far from the truth when he conjectures that *Cymbeline* was written in 1609; and he certainly is right when he observes, "the versification of this play bears, I think, a much greater resemblance to that of *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest* than to any of our author's earlier plays." *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 453.—Some incidents in this drama have been traced to two old French metrical romances and an early French miracle-play; but that Shakespeare was acquainted with the said romances and play seems very unlikely. "The general scheme of *Cymbeline*," says Malone, "is, in my opinion, formed on Boccace's novel Day 2. Nov. 9:"—"*Bernabò da Genova, da Ambrogiuolo ingannato, perde il suo, e comanda che la moglie innocente sia uccisa. Ella scampa, e in abito d' uomo serve il Soldano: ritrova lo ingannatore; e Bernabò conduce in Alessandria, dove lo ingannatore punito, ripreso abito femminile, col marito ricchi si tornano a Genova:*" and in Shakespeare's time there may have been other translations of that novel (though they have not come down to us) besides the very rude version, or rather imitation of it, printed in 1518. A much later imitation of Boccaccio's novel (with the scene laid in England during the reigns of Henry the Sixth and Edward the Fourth) is the second Tale in a tract entitled *Westward for Smelts, or the Waterman's Fare of Mad Merry Western Wenches*, &c.: which both Steevens and Malone state was first published in 1603; but no edition earlier than that of 1620 is at present known; and in 1620 Shakespeare had been four years dead. On the passage, act ii. sc. 2,

> "On her left breast
> A mole cinque-spotted," &c.,

Malone remarks; "Our author certainly took this circumstance from some translation of Boccaccio's novel; for it does not occur in the imitation printed in *Westward for Smelts*." (It occurs in one of the French romances before mentioned.) Mr. Collier observes (*Introd.* to this play); "The materials in Holinshed for the historical portion of 'Cymbeline' are so imperfect and scanty, that a belief may be entertained that Shakespeare resorted to some other more fertile source, which the most diligent inquiries have yet failed to discover. The names of Cymbeline and of his sons, Guiderius and Arviragus, occur in the old Chronicle, and there we hear of the tribute demanded by the Roman emperor, but nothing is said of the stealing of the two young princes, nor of their residence with Belarius among the mountains, and final restoration to their father." That the vision in act v. sc. 4 (whencesoever it was derived, or by whomsoever it was introduced) is not from Shakespeare's pen, may be considered as certain. (A particular account of the above-mentioned French romances and play, an English abridgment of Boccaccio's novel by Skottowe, and the tale from *Westward for Smelts*, &c., may be seen in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. ii.)

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYMBELINE, king of Britain.
CLOTEN, son to the Queen by a former husband.
POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, a gentleman, husband to Imogen.
BELARIUS, a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.
GUIDERIUS, } sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of
ARVIRAGUS, } Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons of Belarius.
PHILARIO, friend to Posthumus, } Italians.
IACHIMO, friend to Philario, }
A French Gentleman, friend to Philario.
CAIUS LUCIUS, general of the Roman forces.
A Roman Captain.
Two British Captains.
PISANIO, servant to Posthumus.
CORNELIUS, a physician.
Two Lords of Cymbeline's court.
Two Gentlemen of the same.
Two Gaolers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.
IMOGEN,* daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.
HELEN, woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

Apparitions.

SCENE—*Sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy.*

* "*Imogen* seems a misreading for *Innogen*, the fabulous British heroine." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 31. Shakespeare originally intended to introduce an *Innogen* in *Much Ado about Nothing*: see note 1 on that play.

# CYMBELINE.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *Britain. The garden of* CYMBELINE'S *palace.*

*Enter two* Gentlemen.

*First Gent.* You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.[1]

*Sec. Gent.* But what's the matter?

*First Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son—a widow
That late he married—hath referr'd[2] herself
Unto[3] a poor but worthy gentleman: she's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

*Sec. Gent.* None but the king?

*First Gent.* He that hath lost her too: so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match: but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent

(1) *the king.*] So Tyrwhitt (and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—The folio has "*the* Kings."—But does the emendation now adopted set all right in this much-disputed passage?—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 72) suspects that a line is wanting before the present one.

(2) *referr'd*] "What is '*referr'd*' here?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 313; where his editor asks, "Is not '*referr'd*' an erratum for '*affied*' or '*assur'd*'?"

(3) *Unto*] Capell prints "To;" which Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 313) would read.

Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.[4]
*Sec. Gent.* And why so?
*First Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her—
I mean, that married her, alack, good man!
And therefore banish'd—is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare:—I do not think
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.
*Sec. Gent.* You speak him far.
*First Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.
*Sec. Gent.* What's his name and birth?
*First Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join[5] his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success,—
So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father,
Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,

(4) *Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not*
*Glad at the thing they scowl at.*]

Pope prints

"*Of the king's looks,* but *hath a heart that is not*
*Glad,*" &c.;

and so Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 314) conjectures.—Theobald gives

"*Of the king's* look [Hanmer "*looks*"], but *hath a heart that is*
*Glad,*" &c.

(5) *join*] For this word—which is spelt in the folio "*ioyne.*"—Mr. Swynfen Jervis proposes "win," and Mr. Grant White substitutes "gain."

Big of this gentleman our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus Leonatus;[6]
Breeds him, and makes him of his bedchamber;
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd;
And in's spring became a harvest; liv'd in court—
Which rare it is to do—most prais'd, most lov'd;
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature
A glass that feated them; and to the graver
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

*Sec. Gent.* I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

*First Gent.* His only child.
He had two sons,—if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,—the eld'st of them at three years old,
I' the swathing-clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stol'n; and to this hour no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

*Sec. Gent.* How long is this ago?

*First Gent.* Some twenty years.

*Sec. Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd!
So slackly guarded! and the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

*First Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

*Sec. Gent.* I do well believe you.

(6) *Posthumus Leonatus;*] Here several editors throw out, "*Leonatus,*" for the sake of the metre: but it is necessary for the sense; and various passages in these plays show that Shakespeare (like his contemporary dramatists) occasionally disregarded metre when proper names were to be introduced. See note 2 on *The Second Part of King Henry VI.*

*First Gent.* We must forbear: here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter the* Queen, POSTHUMUS, *and* IMOGEN.

*Queen.* No, be assur'd you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most stepmothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: you're my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint.—For you, Posthúmus,
So soon as I can win th' offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.
*Post.* Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.
*Queen.* You know the peril.—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit.*
*Imo.* O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing—
Always reserv'd my holy duty—what
His rage can do on me: you must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.
*Post.* My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:
My residence in Rome at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,

And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

*Re-enter* Queen.

*Queen.* Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure.—[*Aside*] Yet I'll move him
To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

*Post.* Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

*Imo.* Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

*Post.* How, how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements[7] from a next
With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here
[*Putting on the ring.*
While sense can keep it on![8] And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so in our trifles

(7) *And sear up my embracements*] In this passage "*sear up*" seems to be used simply for *close up*. The same expression, though with a different sense, occurs in Barnes's *Divils Charter*, 1607;

"The diuill is witnesse with me when I seald it,
And cauteriz'd this conscience now *seard up*
To banish out faith, hope, and charity." Sig. B 2.

(Mr. Singer, in his recent edition, has substituted "*And* seal *up*," &c.)—1865. Steevens suggests that in this line perhaps "*sear*" ought to be spelt "cere;" which Mr. Grant White gives.

(8) *remain thou here*
*While sense can keep it on!*]

"The poet ought to have written 'can keep *thee* on,' as Mr. Pope and

I still win of you: for my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner. [*Putting a bracelet upon her arm.*
*Imo.* O the gods!
When shall we see again?[9]
*Post.* Alack, the king!

*Enter* CYMBELINE *and* Lords.

*Cym.* Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!
Thou'rt poison to my blood.
*Post.* The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I'm gone. [*Exit.*
*Imo.* There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

the three subsequent editors read. But Shakespeare has many similar inaccuracies. So in *Julius Cæsar* [act iii. sc. 1];

'Casca, you are the first that rears *your* hand,'

instead of '*his* hand.' Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece;*

'*Time's glory* is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,—
To ruinate proud buildings with *thy* hours,'—

instead of '*his* hours.' Again, in the [Third Scene of the] Third Act of the play before us;

'Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took *thee* for their mother,
And every day do honour to *her* grave.'" MALONE.—

"As none of our author's productions were revised by himself as they passed from the theatre through the press; and as *Julius Cæsar* and *Cymbeline* are among the plays which originally appeared in the blundering first folio; it is hardly fair to charge irregularities on the poet, of which his publishers alone might have been guilty. I must therefore take leave to set down the present, and many similar offences against the established rules of language, under the article of Hemingisms and Condelisms; and, as such, in my opinion, they ought, without ceremony, to be corrected.—The instance brought from *The Rape of Lucrece* might only have been a compositorial inaccuracy, like those which have occasionally happened in the course of our present republication." STEEVENS.

(9) *When shall we see again?*] The very same words are addressed by Cressida to Troilus in *Troilus and Cressida*, act iv. sc. 4, vol. vi. p. 87. See note 122 on *Measure for Measure;* and 2 on *King Henry VIII.*

*Cym.* O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heapest
A year's age on me![10]
*Imo.* I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation:
I'm senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.
*Cym.* Past grace? obedience?
*Imo.* Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.
*Cym.* That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!
*Imo.* O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.
*Cym.* Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne
A seat for baseness.
*Imo.* No; I rather added
A lustre to it.
*Cym.* O thou vile one!
*Imo.* Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthúmus:
You bred him as my playfellow; and he is
A man worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.
*Cym.* What, art thou mad!
*Imo.* Almost, sir: heaven restore me!—Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!
*Cym.* Thou foolish thing!—

*Re-enter* Queen.

They were again together: you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

[10] *thou heapest*
*A year's age on me!*]
Hanmer printed
"*thou heapest* many
*A year's,*" &c.
Capell,
"*thou heap'st* instead
*A year's,*" &c.

*Queen.* Beseech your patience.—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace!—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.
*Cym.* Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [*Exeunt Cymbeline and Lords.*
*Queen.* Fie! you must give way.

*Enter* PISANIO.

Here is your servant.—How now, sir! What news?
*Pis.* My lord your son drew on my master.
*Queen.* Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?
*Pis.* There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.
*Queen.* I'm very glad on't.
*Imo.* Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part.—
To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back.—Why came you from your master?
*Pis.* On his command: he would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven; left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.
*Queen.* This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.
*Pis.* I humbly thank your highness.
*Queen.* Pray, walk awhile.
*Imo.* About some half-hour hence,
I[11] pray you, speak with me: you shall at least
Go see my lord aboard: for this time leave me. [*Exeunt.*

([11]) *I*] Omitted in the folio.

## SCENE II. *The same. A public place.*

*Enter* CLOTEN *and two* Lords.

*First Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

*Clo.* If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it.—Have I hurt him?

*Sec. Lord.* [*aside*] No, faith; not so much as his patience.

*First Lord.* Hurt him! his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a throughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

*Sec. Lord.* [*aside*] His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town.

*Clo.* The villain would not stand me.

*Sec. Lord.* [*aside*] No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

*First Lord.* Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

*Sec. Lord.* [*aside*] As many inches as you have oceans.—Puppies![12]

*Clo.* I would they had not come between us.

*Sec. Lord.* [*aside*] So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

*Clo.* And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

*Sec. Lord.* [*aside*] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.

*First Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her

(12) First Lord. *Stand you!* . . . . .
. . . . . .
*Puppies!*]

Walker queries if in the heading of this scene "*two Lords*" should be "three *Lords;*" and then observes, "I think '*Puppies*' does not mean 1 Lord and Cloten. Qu.;

'1 *Lord.* Stand you! You have . . . . . own.
3 *Lord.* But he . . . . . ground.'"
*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 316.

brain go not together: she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

*Sec. Lord.* [*aside*] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

*Clo.* Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

*Sec. Lord.* [*aside*] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

*Clo.* You'll go with us?

*Sec. Lord.*[13] I'll attend your lordship.

*Clo.* Nay, come, let's go together.

*Sec. Lord.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III. *The same. A room in* CYMBELINE'S *palace.*

*Enter* IMOGEN *and* PISANIO.

*Imo.* I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

*Pis.* It was, "His queen, his queen!"

*Imo.* Then wav'd his handkerchief?[14]

*Pis.* And kiss'd it, madam.

*Imo.* Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

*Pis.* No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this[15] eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep

(13) Sec. Lord.] So Capell.—The folio has "1."

(14) *Then wav'd his handkerchief?* &c.] "Arrange somewhat as follows;

'Then wav'd his handkerchief?
*Pis.* And kiss'd it, madam.
*Imo.* Senseless linen, happier
Therein than I!
And that was all?' &c."
Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 316.

(15) *this*] The folio has "his."

The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

*Imo.* Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

*Pis.* Madam, so I did.

*Imo.* I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

*Pis.* Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.

*Imo.* I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T' encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

*Enter a* Lady.

*Lady.* The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

*Imo.* Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.—
I will attend the queen.

*Pis.* Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Rome. An apartment in* PHILARIO'S *house.*

*Enter* PHILARIO, IACHIMO, *a* Frenchman, *a* Dutchman, *and a* Spaniard.

*Iach.* Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

*Phi.* You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within.

*French.* I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

*Iach.* This matter of marrying his king's daughter—wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own—words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

*French.* And then his banishment,—

*Iach.* Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality.[16] But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

*Phi.* His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.—Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.

*Enter* POSTHUMUS.

—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine: how

(16) *without less quality.*] Altered by Rowe to "*without* more *quality.*" —Here Malone remarks; "Whenever *less* or *more* is to be joined with a verb denoting want, or a preposition of a similar import, Shakespeare never fails to be entangled in a grammatical inaccuracy, or rather, to use words that express the very contrary of what he means."

worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

*French.* Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

*Post.* Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

*French.* Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

*Post.* By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgment,—if I offend not[17] to say it is mended, —my quarrel was not altogether slight.

*French.* Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

*Iach.* Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

*French.* Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching—and upon warrant of bloody affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptable, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

*Iach.* That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

*Post.* She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

*Iach.* You must not so far prefer her fore ours of Italy.

*Post.* Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

*Iach.* As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand comparison—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that

[17] *not*] Omitted in the folio.

diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe[18] she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

*Post.* I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

*Iach.* What do you esteem it at?

*Post.* More than the world enjoys.

*Iach.* Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

*Post.* You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift:[19] the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

*Iach.* Which the gods have given you?

*Post.* Which, by their graces, I will keep.

*Iach.* You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, your brace[20] of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

*Post.* Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

*Phi.* Let us leave here, gentlemen.

*Post.* Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

*Iach.* With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

(18) *I could not but believe*] So Malone.—The folio has "*I could not beleeue.*"

(19) *the one may be sold, or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift:*] Corrected by Rowe.—The folio has "*the one may be solde or giuen,* or *if there were wealth enough for the* purchases, *or,*" &c.—(and Mr. Collier retains the "or," which he says "obviously" means "either:" but there can be no doubt that it was inadvertently repeated by the transcriber or compositor).

(20) *so, your brace*] Has been altered to "*so, of your brace.*"

*Post.* No, no.

*Iach.* I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation; and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

*Post.* You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain[21] what you're worthy of by your attempt.

*Iach.* What's that?

*Post.* A repulse: though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more,—a punishment too.

*Phi.* Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

*Iach.* Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have spoke!

*Post.* What lady would you choose to assail?

*Iach.* Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.

*Post.* I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

*Iach.* You are afraid,[22] and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: but I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

*Post.* This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

(21) *you sustain*] Altered by Rowe to "you'd *sustain*," and by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "you'll *sustain*,"—unnecessarily.

(22) *You are afraid,*] So Warburton, who observes; "What Iachimo says in the close of his speech determines this to have been our poet's reading—'but I see you have some religion in you, that you *fear*.'"—(Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "*You are* afeard").—The folio has "*You are* a Friend;" which has been very unsuccessfully defended,—especially by Boswell, who ventures to suggest, "Does it not mean—You show yourself *a friend to your ring?*"

*Iach.* I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

*Post.* Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—let there be covenants drawn between's: my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

*Phi.* I will have it no lay.

*Iach.* By the gods, it is one.—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours;—provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

*Post.* I embrace these conditions;[23] let us have articles betwixt us.—Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced,—you not making it appear otherwise,—for your ill opinion, and the assault

(23) *If I bring you no sufficient testimony* . . . .
. . . . . .
Post. *I embrace these conditions;*]

"This was a wager between the two speakers. Iachimo declares the conditions of it; and Posthumus embraces them, as well he might; for Iachimo mentions only *that* of the two conditions which was favourable to Posthumus; namely, that, if his wife preserved her honour, he should win: concerning the other, in case she preserved it not, Iachimo, the accurate expounder of the wager, is silent. To make him talk more in character, for we find him sharp enough in the prosecution of his bet, we should strike out the negative, and read the rest thus;

'If I bring you sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed, &c., my ten thousand ducats are *mine;* so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour, &c., she your jewel, &c., and my gold are *yours.*'" WARBURTON (whose alteration was adopted by Hanmer and Capell).

"I once thought this emendation right; but am now of opinion that Shakespeare intended that Iachimo, having gained his purpose, should designedly drop the invidious and offensive part of the wager, and to flatter Posthumus, dwell long upon the more pleasing part of the representation. One condition of a wager implies the other, and there is no need to mention both." JOHNSON.—(In opposition to the last sentence of Johnson's defence of the old text we surely may urge: Allowing that "one condition of a wager implies the other, there is no need to mention" *that one condition twice over in different words.*)

you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

*Iach.* Your hand,—a covenant: we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve:[24] I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

*Post.* Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*

*French.* Will this hold, think you?

*Phi.* Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V. *Britain. A room in* CYMBELINE'S *palace.*

*Enter* Queen, Ladies, *and* CORNELIUS.

*Queen.* Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;
Make haste: who has the note of them?

*First Lady.* I, madam.

*Queen.* Dispatch.— [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

*Cor.* Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam:
[*Presenting a small box.*
But I beseech your grace, without offence,—
My conscience bids me ask,—wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly?

*Queen.* I wonder, doctor,[25]

(24) *starve:*] Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare*, 1856) says that here the "sterue" of the folio has been inconsiderately changed to "*starve.*" I do not agree with him. They are one and the same word, whether it be used (as in the present passage) simply in the sense of *perish*, or in that of *dying with hunger*: see Richardson's *Dict.* in v. "*Starve.*" (The folio in *Coriolanus*, act iv. sc. 1, has

"Angers my Meate: I suppe vpon myselfe,
And so shall *sterue* with Feeding;"

in which passage Mr. Singer prints "*starve* with feeding.")

(25) *I wonder, doctor,*] "We should read, I imagine, '*I* do *wonder.*'" Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 24; an insertion made long ago.

Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,—
Unless thou think'st me devilish,—is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging,—but none human,—
To try the vigour of them,[26] and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.

*Cor.* Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
But noisome and infectious.

*Queen.* O, content thee.—
[*Aside*] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him
Will I first work: he's for his master,[27]
And enemy to my son.—

*Enter* PISANIO.

How now, Pisanio!—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

*Cor.* [*aside*] I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm.

*Queen.* [*to Pisanio*] Hark thee, a word.

(26) *I will try the forces*
*Of these thy compounds* . . . . . .
. . . . . .
*To try the vigour of them,*]

"Possibly 'To *test* the vigour of them.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 289.

(27) *he's for his master,*] "Read," says Walker, "'he's *factot* for his master.' So, in the latter part of the same scene, she calls him 'the agent for his master.' *Factor* in this sense is common in Shakespeare." *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 256.

*Cor.* [*aside*] I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile;
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking-up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

*Queen.* No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

*Cor.* I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

*Queen.* Weeps she still, say'st thou? Doth thou think in time
She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then
As great as is thy master; greater,—for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day that comes comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans,—
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,
[*The Queen drops the box: Pisanio takes it up.*
So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial:—nay, I prithee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't as from thyself.

Think what a chance thou chancest on ;[28] but think
Thou hast thy mistress still,—to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee : I'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire ; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women :
Think on my words. [*Exit Pisanio.*

A sly and constant knave ;
Not to be shak'd ; the agent for his master ;
And the remembrancer of her to hold
The hand-fast to her lord.—I've given him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet ; and which she after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd
To taste of too.

*Re-enter* PISANIO *and* Ladies.

So, so ;—well done, well done :
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet.—Fare thee well, Pisanio ;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

*Pis.* And shall do :
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself : there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

## SCENE VI. *The same. Another room in the same.*

*Enter* IMOGEN.

*Imo.* A father cruel, and a step-dame false ;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,

[28] *Think what a chance thou chancest on ;*] So Rowe (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector). — The folio has "*Thinke what a chance thou* changest *on.*"—Theobald printed "*Think what a* change *thou* chancest *on.*" ("A line in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* adds some [great] support to the reading 'thou *chancest* on,' which is much in Shakespeare's manner ;

'Let there *bechance him* pitiful mis-*chances.*'" MALONE).

That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire[29] that's glorious: bless'd be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? Fie!

*Enter* PISANIO *and* IACHIMO.

*Pis.* Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome
Comes from my lord with letters.
*Iach.* Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a letter.*
*Imo.* Thanks, good sir:
You're kindly welcome.
*Iach.* [*aside*] All of her that is out of door most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone th' Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.
*Imo.* [*reads*] "He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, a you value your truest LEONATUS."[30]
So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—

[29] *desire*] The folio has "desires."—Corrected in the second folio.
[30] *your truest* LEONATUS.] So Hanmer (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—The folio has "*your* trust. *Leonatus.*"—"'Trust' has been defended, but most ineffectually. Imogen had no special *trust* from Posthumus; and what she reads is certainly the end, not the beginning, of the letter; the first word that she reads 'he,' necessarily implying a previous mention and introduction of Iachimo. In courtesy Imogen reads aloud her husband's commendation of her guest. 'So far' may very properly be taken in the sense of 'So much,' and 'the rest,' of which Imogen speaks, may refer as well to an unmentioned part that goes before as to one that comes after." GRANT WHITE.—In the third line after this the folio has "take."

You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

*Iach.* Thanks, fairest lady.—
What, are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop[31]
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach?[32] and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

*Imo.* What makes your admiration?

*Iach.* It cannot be i' th' eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other: nor i' the judgment;
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: nor i' th' appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

*Imo.* What is the matter, trow?

*Iach.* The cloyèd will,—
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
Both fill'd and running,—ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.

*Imo.* What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

*Iach.* Thanks, madam; well.—[*To Pisanio*] Beseech you, sir, desire

(31) *crop*] Warburton reads "cope" (and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).

(32) *the number'd beach?*] Altered by Theobald to "*th'* unnumber'd *beach?*" (and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—"Mr. Theobald's conjecture may derive some support from a passage in *King Lear* [act iv. sc. 6];

'the murmuring surge,
That on *th' unnumber'd* idle pebbles chafes—'

'*Th' unnumber'd*' and '*the number'd*,' if hastily pronounced, might easily have been confounded by the ear. If '*number'd*' be right, it surely means, as Dr. Johnson has explained it, *abounding in numbers* of stones, *numerous*." MALONE.

My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish.
*Pis.* I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [*Exit.*
*Imo.* Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?
*Iach.* Well, madam.
*Imo.* Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.
*Iach.* Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.
*Imo.* When he was here
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
Not knowing why.
*Iach.* I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton—
Your lord, I mean—laughs from's free lungs, cries "O,
Can my sides hold, to think that man—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be—will his free hours[33] languish for
Assurèd bondage?"
*Imo.* Will my lord say so?
*Iach.* Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter:
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.
*Imo.* Not he, I hope.
*Iach.* Not he: but yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you,—which I count[34] his beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound

(33) *will his free hours*] "Folio, '*will's* free houres,' &c. Possibly right; *hoüirs*." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 309.
(34) *count*] The folio has "account."

To pity too.

*Imo.* What do you pity, sir?

*Iach.* Two creatures heartily.

*Imo.* Am I one, sir?

You look on me: what wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?

*Iach.* Lamentable! What,
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

*Imo.* I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

*Iach.* That others do—
I was about to say—enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

*Imo.* You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you—
Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born—discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

*Iach.* Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To th' oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing[35] it only here;—should I—damn'd then—
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood, as
With labour; then lie peeping[36] in an eye

(35) *Fixing*] The folio has "Fiering."—Corrected in the second folio.

(36) *lie peeping*] So Johnson.—The folio has "by *peeping;*" and Mr. W. N. Lettsom (Preface to Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., p. xxvi.) observes that "the same error occurs in Goffe, *Courageous Turk*, ii. 1, 'Make him *by* snoring on a wanton breast;' and in Beaumont and Fletcher, *Mad Lover*, i. 1, '*By* wambling in your stomachs.'"

Base and unlustrous[87] as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow;—it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

*Imo.* My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

*Iach.* And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out.

*Imo.* Let me hear no more.

*Iach.* O dearest soul, your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick! A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery
Would make the great'st king double, to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that self exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

*Imo.* Reveng'd!
How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,—
As I have such a heart that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,—if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?

(87) *unlustrous*] The folio has "illustrious."—"Corrected by Mr. Rowe. That *illustrious* was not used by our author in the sense of *inlustrous* or *unlustrous*, is proved by a passage in the old comedy of Patient Grissell, 1603; '— the buttons were *illustrious* and resplendent diamonds.'" MALONE.—And see Richardson's *Dict.* in v. "*Unlustrous.*"—Mr. Collier prints "illustrous;" and he is followed by Mr. Singer in his *Shakespeare*, 1856 [and, 1865, by Mr. Grant White]: but Chapman at least uses "illustrous" in a sense the very reverse of what they would have it convey in our text;

> "Telemachus, into a roome built hie,
> Of his *illustrous* court, and to the eie
> Of circular prospect, to his bed ascended," &c.
> *Homer's Odyssey*, B. i. p. 15, ed. fol.

*Iach.* Should he make me
Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,[38]
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

*Imo.* What, ho, Pisanio!

*Iach.* Let me my service tender on your lips.

*Imo.* Away!—I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st,—as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What, ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault:[39] if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us,—he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter who
He not respects at all.—What, ho, Pisanio!—

*Iach.* O happy Leonatus! I may say:
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit.—Blessèd live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only

[38] *Should he make me*
*Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,*]

I cannot but express my wonder at Mr. Grant White's thinking it necessary to substitute "*Should he make* thee," &c.—Iachimo evidently means "*If I were you*, should he make me," &c. Probably we ought here to read "Lie, *like*," &c.: see Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 209.

[39] *Of thy assault:*] "I think 'of *this* assault,'" says Walker, *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 238.

For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.[40]

*Imo.* You make amends.

*Iach.* He sits 'mongst men like a descended[41] god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know cannot err: the love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

*Imo.* All's well, sir: take my power i' the court for yours.

*Iach.* My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
T' entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord, myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.[42]

*Imo.* Pray, what is't?

*Iach.* Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord—

(40) *into him;*
*Half all men's hearts are his.*]

The modern editors generally alter "*into*" to "unto" (but there are other passages in these volumes where our author, like the writers of his day, uses "*into*" for "unto").—The folio has "men;" which was corrected in the second folio.

(41) *descended*] The folio has "defended."—Corrected in the second folio.

(42) *for it concerns*
*Your lord, myself, and other noble friends,*
*Are partners in the business.*]

Here a semicolon is usually put after "*Your lord,*"—wrongly, I believe; the sense being, "for it concerns your lord, myself, and other noble friends, *who* are partners in the business."

The best feather of our wing—have mingled sums
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
To take them in protection?

*Imo.* Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bedchamber.

*Iach.* They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

*Imo.* O, no, no.

*Iach.* Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word
By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise
To see your grace.

*Imo.* I thank you for your pains:
But not away to-morrow!

*Iach.* O, I must, madam:
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have outstood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.

*Imo.* I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,[43]
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome. [*Exeunt.*

([43]) *it shall safe be kept,*] "I am not *quite* sure that we ought not to read 'it shall *be safe* kept.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 247.

# ACT II.

## SCENE I. *Britain. Court before* CYMBELINE'S *palace.*

*Enter* CLOTEN *and two* Lords.

*Clo.* Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't: and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

*First Lord.* What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

*Sec. Lord.* [*aside*] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

*Clo.* When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by[44] to curtail his oaths, ha?

*Sec. Lord.* No, my lord; [*aside*] nor crop the ears of them.

*Clo.* Whoreson dog!—I give[45] him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

*Sec. Lord.* [*aside*] To have smelt like a fool.

*Clo.* I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth,—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

*Sec. Lord.* [*aside*] You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

*Clo.* Sayest thou?

*Sec. Lord.* It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

*Clo.* No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

(44) *standers-by*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 245) would read "stander-*by*."

(45) *give*] The folio has "gaue."—Corrected in the second folio.

*Sec. Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

*Clo.* Why, so I say.

*First Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night ?[46]

*Clo.* A stranger, and I not know on't!

*Sec. Lord.* [*aside*] He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

*First Lord.* There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

*Clo.* Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger ?

*First Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

*Clo.* Is it fit I went to look upon him ? is there no derogation in't ?

*Sec. Lord.*[47] You cannot derogate, my lord.

*Clo.* Not easily, I think.

*Sec. Lord.* [*aside*] You are a fool granted; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

*Clo.* Come, I'll go see this Italian: what I have lost to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

*Sec. Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt Cloten and First Lord.*

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou mayst stand,
T' enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land! [*Exit.*

(46) *to court to-night ?*] The folio has "*to Court night.*"—Corrected in the second folio.

(47) Sec. Lord.] Qy. "*First Lord*"?

SCENE II. *The same.* IMOGEN'S *bedchamber in* CYMBELINE'S *palace: a trunk in one corner of it.*

IMOGEN *in bed, reading; a* Lady *attending.*

*Imo.* Who's there? my woman Helen?
*Lady.* Please you, madam.
*Imo.* What hour is it?
*Lady.* Almost midnight, madam.
*Imo.* I have read three hours, then: mine eyes are weak:
Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly. [*Exit Lady.*
To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye!
[*Sleeps. Iachimo comes from the trunk.*
*Iach.* The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
To see th' enclosèd lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design's[48]
To note the chamber: I will write all down:—
Such and such pictures;—there the window;—such
Th' adornment of her bed;—the arras, figures,
Why, such and such;—and the contents o' the story,—
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,

([48]) *design's*] So the third folio.—The first folio has "designe."

Above ten thousand meaner movables
Would testify, t' enrich mine inventory:—
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—
[*Taking off her bracelet.*
As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!—
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip: here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I've pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more. To what end?
Why should I write this down, that's riveted,[49]
Screw'd to my memory?—She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus: here the leaf's turn'd down
Where Philomel gave up.—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.—
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare the raven's eye![50] I lodge in fear;

([49]) *that's riveted,*] So the third folio.—The first folio has "*that's* riuete;" the second, "*thats* riveteds."

([50]) *Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning*
*May bare the raven's eye!*]

The folio, by a mis-spelling, has "*May* beare *the*," &c.—Compare a passage in Drout's *Pityfull Historie of Gaulfrido and Barnardo le vayne*, &c., 1570;

"At last *the Rauens did discry*
*Aurora to be neare*," &c. Sig. F 2.—

"Mr. Barron Field," says Mr. Collier in his note *ad l.*, "thinks that this expression ['May bare the raven's eye'] has been hitherto understood too literally, as meaning that the 'raven's eye' is 'bared,' or *opened*, by the 'dawning:' he apprehends that night is here poetically described as 'the raven.'" Mr. Singer also (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c., p. 304) pronounces it to be "a highly poetical image for returning day opening the eye of night."—Now nobody, I presume, will dispute that "*you dragons of the night*" means "you dragons that draw the chariot of the Night:" here, therefore, Night is a goddess; and can we suppose that in the very next line Shakespeare would turn her into a raven? Besides, how could

Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.[51] [*Clock strikes.* One, two, three,—Time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk. Scene closes.*

SCENE III. *The same. An ante-chamber adjoining* IMOGEN'S *apartments in the same.*

*Enter* CLOTEN *and* Lords.

*First Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

*Clo.* It would make any man cold to lose.

*First Lord.* But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win.

*Clo.* Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not?

*First Lord.* Day, my lord.

*Clo.* I would this music would come: I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate.—

*Enter* Musicians.

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

the "*dawning*" be said to *open the eye of Night?* Do not poets invariably describe Night as betaking herself to repose at the dawn of Day?

"Darknesse is fled: looke, infant Morne hath drawne
Bright siluer curtains 'bout *the couch of Night.*"
Marston's *Antonio's Reuenge*, 1602, sig. B 2.—

1865. Mr. Collier in the second edition of his *Shakespeare* gives, with his Ms. Corrector, "*May* da:e [*i.e.* dazzle] *the raven's eye;*" and also proposes (most ridiculously) "*May* blear *the raven's eye.*"

(51) *Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.*] Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 85) thinks—and probably he is right—that here "*this*" should be printed "this'," the contraction of "this is," which the folio has in *Measure for Measure*, act v. sc. 1.

SONG.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With every thing that pretty is,[52]
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise!

*Clo.* So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice[53] in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.[54] [*Exeunt Musicians.*

*Sec. Lord.* Here comes the king.

*Clo.* I am glad I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early; he cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly.

*Enter* CYMBELINE *and* Queen.

Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious mother.

*Cym.* Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth?

*Clo.* I have assailed her with music,[55] but she vouchsafes no notice.

*Cym.* The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time

([52]) *pretty is,*] Hanmer printed "*pretty* bin,"—for the sake of a rhyme.

([53]) *vice*] The folio has "voyce;" which Mr. Knight deliberately prefers!

([54]) *calves'-guts . . . . amend.*] Here Rowe substituted "cat's-*guts.*"—The folio has "amed," which was corrected in the second folio.

([55]) *music,*] The folio has "musickes;" which some editors retain: but why should the plural be used here by Cloten, who has previously said, "I would this *music* would come: I am advised to give her *music* o' mornings," &c.,—and "If this penetrate, I will consider your *music* the better," &c.? (I have already more than once noticed that the folio not unfrequently adds *s* to substantives when they manifestly ought to be in the singular number:—afterwards in the present play (p. 422) the folio has "*Clot. His* Garments? *Now the diuell.*")

Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

*Queen.* You are most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly solicits, and be friended
With aptness of the season; make denials
Increase your services;[56] so seem as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

*Clo.* Senseless! not so.

*Enter a* Messenger.

*Mess.* So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

*Cym.* A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,

(56) *Frame yourself*
*To orderly solicits, and be friended*
*With aptness of the season; make denials*
*Increase your services;*]

The folio has

"*Frame your selfe*
*To orderly* solicity, *and*," &c.—

Corrected in the second folio.—Pope printed

"*Frame yourself*
*To orderly solicits; and* befriended
*With aptness of the season, make denials*," &c.

But what has Cloten's being "befriended with aptness of the season" to do with his "making denials increase his services"? Mason, however, stumbled on the same alteration; and from him it has been adopted both by Mr. Knight and by Mr. Singer in his recent edition;—Mr. Knight, moreover, reducing the close of this speech to a perfect chaos by altering the punctuation.—1865. The Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*) print "*To orderly* soliciting," &c.; which slightly injures the metre.

When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen and us; we shall have need
T' employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.
[*Exeunt all except Cloten.*

*Clo.* If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still and dream.—By your leave, oh!—
[*Knocks.*

I know her women are about her: what
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man: what
Can it not do and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.—
By your leave. [*Knocks.*

*Enter a* Lady.

*Lady.* Who's there that knocks?
*Clo.* A gentleman.
*Lady.* No more?
*Clo.* Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.
*Lady.* That's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?
*Clo.* Your lady's person: is she ready?
*Lady.* Ay,
To keep her chamber.
*Clo.* There is gold for you;
Sell me your good report.
*Lady.* How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess!

*Enter* IMOGEN.

*Clo.* Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.
[*Exit Lady.*

*Imo.* Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.
*Clo.* Still, I swear I love you.
*Imo.* If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.
*Clo.* This is no answer.
*Imo.* But that you shall not say, I yield being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.
*Clo.* To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.
*Imo.* Fools are not mad folks.
*Clo.* Do you call me fool?
*Imo.* As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,—
T' accuse myself,—I hate you; which I had rather
You felt than make't my boast.
*Clo.* You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,—
One bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court,—it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties—
Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their souls—
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary—in self-figur'd knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by

The consequence o' the crown; and must not soil[57]
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

*Imo.* Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

*Clo.* The south-fog rot him!

*Imo.* He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above[58] thee,
Were they all made such men.

*Enter* PISANIO.

How now, Pisanio![59]

*Clo.* "His garment"![60] Now, the devil—

*Imo.* To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently—

(57) *soil*] The folio has "foyle."

(58) *above*] Mr. Singer, in his *Shakespeare*, 1856, prints "about."

(59) Enter PISANIO.

*How now, Pisanio!*] We have had the same words before (p. 402), and they occur afterwards (p. 436). But qy. are they right here? "*How*" (as I have several times before observed) is frequently the old spelling of "Ho:" and we might expect (as at p. 410)

"What, ho, *Pisanio!*

*Enter* PISANIO."—

Hanmer printed

"*Clot.* How now?
*Imo.* Pisanio!"

which Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 319) would give with the first speech altered to "How! how!"

(60) *garment"!*] The folio has "Garments?"—Corrected in the second folio.

*Clo.* "His garment"!
*Imo.* I am sprited with a fool;
Frighted, and anger'd worse:—go bid my woman
Search for a jewel that too casually
Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's; shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think
I saw't this morning: confident I am
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:(61)
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.
*Pis.* 'Twill not be lost.
*Imo.* I hope so: go and search. [*Exit Pisanio.*
*Clo.* You have abus'd me:—
"His meanest garment"!(62)
*Imo.* Ay, I said so, sir:
If you will make't an action, call witness to't.
*Clo.* I will inform your father.
*Imo.* Your mother too:
She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*
*Clo.* I'll be reveng'd:—
"His meanest garment"!—Well. [*Exit.*

(61) *Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:*] "Possibly '—— I *kissed* it' [an early alteration]. But '*kissed*' sounds exceedingly suspicious. Perhaps Steevens's '*it was upon* mine arm' may be right." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 319.

(62) "*His meanest garment*"! &c.] "Arrange, rather;

'His meanest garment!
*Imo.* Ay;
I said so, sir: if you will make't an action,
Call witness to't.
*Clo.* I will inform your father.
*Imo.* Your mother too:
She's my good lady,'" &c.
Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 320.

SCENE IV. *Rome. An apartment in* PHILARIO'S *house.*

*Enter* POSTHUMUS *and* PHILARIO.

*Post.* Fear it not, sir: I would I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.
*Phi.* What means do you make to him?
*Post.* Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state,[63] and wish
That warmer days would come: in these sear'd hopes,[64]
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.
*Phi.* Your very goodness and your company
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do's commission throughly: and I think
He'll grant the tribute, send th' arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.
*Post.* I do believe—
Statist though I am none, nor like to be—
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions now in Gallia[65] sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen

(63) *the present winter's state,*] Walker, instancing the "Confusion of *f* and long *s*," says that here "*flaw* ought to be restored for the unmeaning word '*state.*'" *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 294.

(64) *these sear'd hopes,*] The folio has "*these* fear'd hope;" the second folio, "*these* fear'd *hopes.*"—The alteration of "fear'd" to "*sear'd*" is proposed by Tyrwhitt in his copy of the second folio now in the British Museum; and it has been also made by Mr. Knight.—Since most copies of the folio, in *Measure for Measure*, act ii. sc. 4, have the misprint, "Growne *feard*, and tedious," I cannot think that the original reading here is to be defended on the supposition that "fear'd *hopes*" may mean "fearing hopes" or "hopes mingled with fears,"—like Lucan's "spe trepido" or Petrarch's "paventosa speme."

(65) *The legions now in Gallia*] The folio has "*The* Legion *now*," &c. ("So afterwards [p. 460], 'And that *the legions now in Gallia* are,' &c." MALONE.)

Are men[66] more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline
Now mingled with their courage[67] will make known
To their approvers they are people such
That mend upon the world.

*Phi.* See! Iachimo!

*Enter* IACHIMO.

*Post.* The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

*Phi.* Welcome, sir.

*Post.* I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

*Iach.* Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I've look'd upon.

*Post.* And therewithal the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

*Iach.* Here are letters for you.

*Post.* Their tenor good, I trust.

*Iach.* 'Tis very like.

*Phi.*[68] Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court
When you were there?

*Iach.* He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

*Post.* All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

*Iach.* If I had lost it,[69]

(66) *men*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 320) proposes to substitute, very unnecessarily, "now."

(67) *Now mingled with their courage,*] The folio has "*Now* wing-led *with their* courages."—The error "wing-led" was corrected in the second folio.

(68) Phi.] The folio has "*Post.*"

(69) *If I had lost it,*] The folio has "*If I* haue *lost it:*" but, though some passages occur in our old writers where "have" seems to be

I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, t' enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.
*Post.* The stone's too hard to come by.
*Iach.* Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.
*Post.* Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.
*Iach.* Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
*Post.* If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours: if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves[70] both
To who shall find them.
*Iach.* Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.
*Post.* Proceed.
*Iach.* First, her bedchamber,—

equivalent to "*had*," the present one cannot, I think, be considered as belonging to that class. (In *Coriolanus*, act iv. sc. 7, the folio has

"Yet I wish Sir,
(I meane for your particular) you had not
Ioyn'd in Commission with him: but either *haue* borne
The action of your selfe, or else to him, had left it soly.")

([70]) *leaves*] The folio has "leaue."

Where, I confess, I slept not; but profess
Had that was well worth watching,—it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was—[71]

*Post.* This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me
Or by some other.

*Iach.* More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

*Post.* So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

*Iach.* The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece
Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

*Post.* This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

*Iach.* The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is[72] fretted: her andirons—
I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

*Post.* This is her honour!—
Let it be granted you have seen all this,—and praise

[71] *Since the true life on't was*—] Capell printed "*Since the true life* was in it."—Mason proposes "Such *the true life on't was*."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "*Since the true life on't 'twas*."—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 320) conjectures "*Since the true life on't was* not."

[72] *is*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 320) proposes to omit this word.

Be given to your remembrance,—the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.
*Iach.* Then, if you can,
[*Pulling out the bracelet.*
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!—
And now 'tis up again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.
*Post.* Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: is it that
Which I left with her?
*Iach.* Sir,—I thank her,—that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me, and said
She priz'd it once.
*Post.* May be she pluck'd it off
To send it me.
*Iach.* She writes so to you, doth she?
*Post.* O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here, take this too;
[*Gives the ring.*
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't.—Let there be no honour
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man: the vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they're made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing.—
O, above measure false!
*Phi.* Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable she lost it; or
Who knows if one o' her women,[73] being corrupted,
Hath stol'n it from her?
*Post.* Very true;

[73] *one o' her women,*] The folio has "*one her women,*" the second folio, "*one* of *her women.*"—Mr. Collier retains the original reading, as elliptical: but in the preceding scene (p. 420) we have

"I will make
*One of her women* lawyer to me," &c.

And so, I hope, he came by't.—Back my ring:
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stol'n.
*Iach.* By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.
*Post.* Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true,—nay, keep the ring,—'tis true: I'm sure
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn and honourable:—they induc'd to steal it!
And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.—
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!
*Phi.* Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of.
*Post.* Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.
*Iach.* If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast—
Worthy the[74] pressing—lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: by my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?
*Post.* Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
*Iach.* Will you hear more?
*Post.* Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!
*Iach.* I'll be sworn—
*Post.* No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou'st made me cuckold.
*Iach.* I'll deny nothing.

(74) *the*] The folio has "her."

*Post.* O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there and do't; i' the court; before
Her father:—I'll do something— [*Exit.*
*Phi.* Quite besides
The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.
*Iach.* With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. Another room in the same.*

*Enter* POSTHUMUS.

*Post.* Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards:[75]
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O, vengeance, vengeance!—
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow:—O, all the devils!—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—
Or less,—at first?—perchance he spoke not, but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,[76]

[75] *We are all bastards:*] Pope printed "*We are* bastards all;" Capell, "*We are all bastards;* all,"—which is also proposed by Walker, *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 322.

[76] *Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,*] The folio has "*Like a full Acorn'd Boare, a* Iarmen on;" "*a* Iarmen on" being merely, as Rowe saw, the old spelling for "*a German one:*" so in the *Sec. Part of Henry IV.* act ii. sc. 1, the quarto of 1600 has "the *Iarman* [i.e. *German*] hunting in waterworke," &c.—Theobald asks, "Is not Westphalia a part of *Germany?* And where are boars more delicately fed, or more likely to be rank and hot after the female, than *German* ones?"—which note having failed to satisfy some recent editors, who still keep wondering

Cried "O!" and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard.—Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be't lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longing,[77] slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd,[78] nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all;
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old at that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them:—yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

why Shakespeare should especially mention *a German* boar, I subjoin the following extract from a very common book; "The forests [of Germany] are plentifully supplied with wild boars, which are reared to a large size. Westphalia is particularly noted for this species of game." *Edin. Encyclop.* (by Brewster), vol. x. p. 255.—(Here Pope printed "*a*-churning on;" Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*a* foaming *one;*" and Mr. Singer, in his *Shakespeare*, 1856, gives "*a* briming *one*").

(77) *disdain,*
*Nice longing,*]

Several modern editors (even Mr. Collier) silently print "*Nice* longings, *slanders:*"—why did they not also change the preceding "*disdain*" to "disdains"?

(78) *All faults that may be nam'd.*] The folio has "*All Faults that* name."—I give the reading of the second folio; but the alterations in that edition are merely conjectural; and here perhaps the author wrote "*All faults that* have a name."—1865. Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 258) would read "*All faults that* man can (*or* may) name."

# ACT III.

SCENE I. *Britain. A room of state in* CYMBELINE'S *palace.*

*Enter, from one side,* CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, *and* Lords; *from the other,* CAIUS LUCIUS *and* Attendants.

*Cym.* Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

*Luc.* When Julius Cæsar—whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever—was in this Britain
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,—
Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it,—for him
And his succession granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

*Queen.* And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

*Clo.* There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

*Queen.* That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from's, to resume
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbèd and palèd in
With rocks[79] unscalable and roaring waters;
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of "Came, and saw, and overcame:" with shame—
The first that ever touch'd him—he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping—

[79] *rocks*] Hanmer's correction.—The folio has "Oakes."

Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point—
O giglet Fortune!—to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's-town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

*Clo.* Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses; but to owe such straight arms, none.

*Cym.* Son, let your mother end.

*Clo.* We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

*Cym.* You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from's, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,—
Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world,—against all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.

*Clo.* We do.

*Cym.* Say, then, to Cæsar,[80]
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
Ordain'd our laws,—whose use the sword of Cæsar

[80] *which to shake off*
*Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon*
*Ourselves to be.*
Clo. *We do.*
Cym. *Say, then, to Cæsar*, &c.]

Stands thus in the folio;

"*which to shake off*
*Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon*
*Our selues to be*, we do. *Say then to Cæsar*," &c.;

which the modern editors have variously altered,—to

Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry;—Mulmutius made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

*Luc.* I'm sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar—
Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers—thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then:—war and confusion
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted.—Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

*Cym.* Thou'rt welcome, Caius,
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms,—a precedent

"*which to shake off*
*Becomes a warlike people* (which *we reckon*
*Ourselves to be*) to do. *Say, then, to Cæsar,*" &c.

to

"*which to shake off*
*Becomes a warlike people,* such as *we*
*Reckon ourselves to be. Say then to Cæsar,*" &c.

and to

"*which to shake off*
*Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon*
*Ourselves to be.* We do *say, then, to Cæsar,*" &c.—

With Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, I restore the words "*we do*" to Cloten; for to him they evidently belong.—1865. Mr. Staunton prints (not happily)

"*which to shake off*
*Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon*
*Ourselves to be.* Say then, we do, *to Cæsar.*
*Our ancestor,*" &c.—

The Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*) assign "*We do*" to "*Clo. and Lords.*"

Which not to read would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

*Luc.* Let proof speak.

*Clo.* His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

*Luc.* So, sir.

*Cym.* I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another room in the same.*

*Enter* PISANIO, *with a letter.*

*Pis.* How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser?[81]—Leonatus!
O master! what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,
As poisonous-tongu'd as handed, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal! No:
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue.—O my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact comes to? [*Reading*] "Do't: the letter[82]

(81) *What monster's her accuser?*] The folio has "*What* Monsters *her* accuse?"

(82) "*Do't: the letter,*" &c.] "The *words* here read by Pisanio from his master's letter (which is afterwards [p. 443] given at length, and in prose,) are not found there, though the *substance* of them is contained in it. This is one of many proofs that Shakespeare had no view to the

That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity:"—O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a fedary[83] for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without?—Lo, here she comes.—
I'm ignorant in what I am commanded.

*Enter* IMOGEN.

*Imo.* How now, Pisanio!

*Pis.* Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

*Imo.* Who? thy lord? that is my lord,—Leonatus?
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not
That we two are asunder,—let that grieve him,—
Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of them,
For it doth physic love;—of his content
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—bless'd be
You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike:
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods! [*Reads.*

"Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes.[84] Take notice that I am in

publication of his pieces. There was little danger that such an inaccuracy should be detected by the ear of the spectator, though it could hardly escape an attentive reader." MALONE.—Mr. Knight has contrived to persuade himself that here Pisanio is not reading the letter, but only commenting upon its substance.

([83]) *fedary*] *i.e.* colleague, associate, confederate: see *Glossary*.

([84]) *could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes.*] Altered by Pope to "*could not be so cruel to me;* but *you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes;*" by Capell to "*could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would* not *even renew me with your eyes;*" and by Mr. Knight to "*could not be so cruel to me,* an *you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes.*"—1865. Mr. Grant White prints "*could not be cruel to me,* so *as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes.*"

Cambria, at Milford-Haven: what your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS."

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,—
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—
O, let me bate,—but not like me;—yet long'st,—
But in a fainter kind;—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond,—say, and speak thick,—
Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense,—how far it is
To this same blessèd Milford: and, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
T' inherit such a haven: but, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
And our return, t' excuse:—but first, how get hence:
Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride[85]
'Twixt hour and hour?

*Pis.* One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too.

*Imo.* Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I've heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf:—but this is foolery:—
Go bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She'll home to her father: and provide me presently
A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

*Pis.* Madam, you're best consider.

([85]) *How many score of miles may we well ride*] The folio has "*How many* store *of Miles may we well* rid."—Corrected in the second folio.

*Imo.* I see before me, man: nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee;
Do as I bid thee: there's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Wales: a mountainous country with a cave.*

*Enter, from the cave,* BELARIUS; *then* GUIDERIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

*Bel.* A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop,[86] boys: this gate
Instructs you how t' adore the heavens, and bows you
To morning's holy office:[87] the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

*Gui.* Hail, heaven!

*Arv.* Hail, heaven!

*Bel.* Now for our mountain sport: up to yond hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I've told you
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check,

(86) *Stoop,*] Hanmer's correction.—The folio has "Sleepe."
(87) *To morning's holy office:*] The folio has "*To* a *mornings holy office,*" &c. See Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 90.

Richer than doing nothing for a bribe,[88]
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em[89] fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

*Gui.* Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know not
What air's from home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age: but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;
A prison for a debtor,[90] that not dares
To stride a limit.

*Arv.* What should we speak of
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:

(88) *Richer than doing nothing for a bribe,*] The folio has "——*for a* Babe;" which Steevens, Capell, and Malone retain, with various interpretations.—Rowe prints "——*for a* bauble;" a slight alteration, no doubt, since "bauble" was often written "bable."—Johnson recommends "——*for a* brabe" (which is adopted by Mr. Singer in his *Shakespeare*, 1856, though he understands "brabe" in a sense different from that which Johnson assigned to it); and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "——*for a* bob."—In my first edition I adopted Rowe's emendation: but I now prefer that of Hanmer, "——*for a bribe;*" which Walker mentions as undoubtedly right, *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 275, where his editor adds in a note; "In Greene's *James IV.*, ed. Dyce, vol. ii. p. 112 [*Dram. and Poet. Works*, p. 203, ed. Dyce, 1861], Sir Bartram says of Ateuken;

> 'But he, injurious man, who lives by crafts,
> And sells king's favours for who will give most,
> Hath taken bribes of me, yet covertly
> Will sell away the thing pertains to me.'

This shows how a man may do nothing, or worse than nothing, for a bribe; a fact that seems incomprehensible to the primitive simplicity of the nineteenth century."

(89) *'em*] The folio has "him;" a word, as we have before seen, frequently confounded with "*'em*" or "*them*" by transcribers and printers.

(90) *A prison for a debtor,*] The folio has "*A Prison, or a Debtor,*" &c. (which Mr. Hunter thinks the "better" reading. *New Illust. of Shakespeare*, vol. ii. p. 294).

We are beastly; subtle as the fox for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat:
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.
*Bel.* How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil o' the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honour; which dies i' the search
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act; nay, many times
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure:—O boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one night,
A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.
*Gui.* Uncertain favour!
*Bel.* My fault being nothing,—as I've told you oft,—
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,
This rock and these demesnes have been my world:
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid
More pious debts to heaven than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains!
This is not hunters' language:—he that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;

And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.
[*Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus.*
How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.[91]
They think they're mine; and, though train'd up thus meanly
I' the cave wherein they bow,[92] their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say, "Thus mine enemy fell,
And thus I set my foot on's neck;" even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,—
Once Arviragus,—in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving.—Hark, the game is rous'd!—
O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
At three and two years old, I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,

(91) *Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.*] "Could Shakespeare's ear have tolerated this line? Qu.;

> 'I'll meet you in the valleys.—How hard it is
> To hide the sparks of nature! these *two* boys
> Know little they are sons to th' king; nor Cymbeline
> Dreams that they are alive.'"
> Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 322.

(92) *wherein they bow,*] Warburton's correction.—The folio has "whereon the *Bowe.*"

And every day do honour to her grave: (93)
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father.—The game is up. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same. Near Milford-Haven.*

*Enter* PISANIO *and* IMOGEN.

*Imo.* Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand:—ne'er long'd my mother so (94)
To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio! man!
Where is Posthúmus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From th' inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staider senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If't be summer news,
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand!
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-crafted (95) him,

(93) *Euriphile,*
*Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,*
*And every day do honour to her grave:*]

See note 8.—"*Euriphile*, the nurse of the two young princes in *Cymbeline*, iii. 3, iv. 2, is perhaps a corruption of *Euriphyle*." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 31; where Walker certainly must have written "—— a corruption of *Eriphyle*."

(94) *ne'er long'd my mother so*, &c.] "We should arrange, I suspect;

'ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio!—
Man!—Where's Posthumus?—What is in thy mind,' &c."

Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 323.

(95) *out-crafted*] The folio has the spelling "*out*-craftied;" which, says Malone, "Shakespeare certainly wrote. So in *Coriolanus* [act v. sc. 3],

'chaste as the icicle,
That's *curdied* by the frost from purest snow.'"

But in such cases no stress can be laid on the spelling of the folio. In *Coriolanus*, act iv. sc. 6, it has

And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man: thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

*Pis.* Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

*Imo.* [*reads*] "Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal."

*Pis.* What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

*Imo.* False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to's bed, is it?

*Pis.* Alas, good lady!

*Imo.* I false! Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting,[96] hath betray'd him:

"you haue made faire hands,
You and your Crafts, you haue *crafted* faire:"

and while in *All's well that ends well* it has "muddied," in *The Tempest* it twice has "*mudded*," see note 196 on the former play.

([96]) *Whose mother was her painting,*] Hanmer printed "*Whose* feathers

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I'm richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany; not born where't grows,
But worn a bait for ladies.

*Pis.* Good madam, hear me.

*Imo.* True-honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were, in his time, thought false; and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity
From most true wretchedness: so thou, Posthúmus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjur'd
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience: look!
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: do his bidding; strike.
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

*Pis.* Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

*Imo.* Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: 'gainst self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart:—
Something's afore't:[97]—soft, soft! we'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,

are *her painting;*" Capell, "*Whose* feather *was her painting.*"—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives most ingeniously "Who smothers her with *painting.*"

([97]) *afore't:*] The folio has "a-foot."

Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthúmus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows,[98] shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Prithee, dispatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

*Pis.* O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

*Imo.* Do't, and to bed then.

*Pis.* I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first.[99]

(98) *And thou, Posthúmus, thou that didst set up*
*My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,*
*And make me put into contempt the suits*
*Of princely fellows,*]

In the first line the second "*thou*" is a modern addition.—The folio has "*and* makes *me*," &c.—For "*fellows*" (explained "those of the same fellowship or rank with myself") Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "followers."

(99) *I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first.*] So Hanmer, whose reading has been usually adopted, and is surely the right one.—The folio omits "*blind.*"—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "*I'll* crack *mine eyeballs first;*" which Mr. Collier in the second edition of his *Shakespeare* adopts, as being "a phrase perfectly natural." Now, "To *crack the eye-strings*" is a not uncommon expression, and, indeed, occurs in this very play, p. 395;

"I would have broke *mine eye-strings; crack'd them*, but
To look upon him," &c.:

but who ever heard of "*cracking the eyeballs*," though Mr. Collier calls it "a phrase perfectly natural"?—Mr. Staunton, after observing that "Mr. Collier adopts the almost ludicrous alteration suggested by his annotator," proceeds to defend the old reading, "I'll wake mine eyeballs

*Imo.* Wherefore, then,
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court
For my being absent, whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
Th' elected deer before thee?

*Pis.* But to win time
To lose so bad employment; in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

*Imo.* Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I've heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

*Pis.* Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

*Imo.* Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

*Pis.* Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then

first," on the strength of a passage in *Lust's Dominion* (a play falsely ascribed to Marlowe in the title-page);

> "I'll *still wake*,
> And waste these balls of sight by tossing them
> In busy observations upon thee,
> Sweet Opportunity," &c.

But I cannot think that, in the above passage, the verb "*wake*" (after which Mr. Staunton throws out the comma) governs "eyeballs:" the meaning I conceive to be, "I'll still keep myself awake, and waste these balls," &c. (So in Spenser;

> "All night she watcht; ne once adowne would lay
> Her dainty limbs in her sad dreriment,
> But praying *still did wake*, and waking did lament."
> *The Faerie Queene*, B. i. c. xi. st. 32.)

Some word, therefore, such as "*blind*" seems to be required after "*eyeballs;*" nor is the metre, which throughout this scene is far from irregular, complete without it.

My purpose would prove well. It cannot be[100]
But that my master is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursèd injury.
*Imo.* Some Roman courtezan.
*Pis.* No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.
*Imo.* Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?
*Pis.* If you'll back to the court,—
*Imo.* No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing, Cloten,—[101]
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.
*Pis.* If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.
*Imo.* Where then?[102]
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in't;

(100) *It cannot be*, &c.] "I am all but certain that we should read and arrange;

"It cannot be
But that my master is abus'd. Some villain,
And singular in's art, hath done you both
This cursed injury.
*Imo.* Some Roman courtezan, &c."
Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 323.

(101) *With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing, Cloten,*—] Here "*Cloten*" is the addition made by Theobald to a line manifestly mutilated; which, however, according to Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c., p. 308), "is *quite as harmonious* and more effective" without any addition.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*With that harsh, noble, simple*, empty *nothing*."

(102) *Where then?*] Hanmer made these words the conclusion of the preceding speech.—"The rest of Imogen's speech induces me to think that we ought to read '*What* then?' instead of '*Where* then?' The reason of the change is evident." MASON.

In a great pool a swan's nest: prithee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

*Pis.* I'm most glad
You think of other place. Th' ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is,[103] and but disguise
That which, t' appear itself, must not yet be
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty and full of view;[104] yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus,—so nigh at least
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves.

*Imo.* O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

*Pis.* Well, then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness—
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self—into[105] a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrelous as the weasel; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it—but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!—to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

*Imo.* Nay, be brief:

(103) *if you could wear a mind*
*Dark as your fortune is,*]

Theobald, at Warburton's suggestion, printed "*if you could wear a* mien," &c.—But, observes Johnson, "to wear a *dark mind* is to carry a mind impenetrable to the search of others. *Darkness* applied to the *mind* is *secrecy;* applied to the *fortune* is *obscurity.*"

(104) *Pretty and full of view;*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "Privy, yet *full of view.*"

(105) *into*] Qu. "to"?

I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

*Pis.* First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit—
'Tis in my cloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you're happy,—which you'll[106] make him know,
If that his head have ear in music,—doubtless
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.

*Imo.* Thou'rt all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away:
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us: this attempt
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

*Pis.* Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen:
What's in't is precious; if you're sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood:—may the gods
Direct you to the best!

*Imo.* Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. A room in* CYMBELINE'S *palace.*

*Enter* CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, *and* Lords.

*Cym.* Thus far; and so, farewell.

*Luc.* Thanks, royal sir.

[106] *you'll*] The folio has "will."

My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

*Cym.* Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

*Luc.* So, sir, I desire of you[107]
A conduct overland to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace and yours![108]

*Cym.* My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit.—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

*Luc.* Your hand, my lord.

*Clo.* Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

*Luc.* Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: fare you well.

*Cym.* Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!

[*Exeunt Lucius and Lords.*

*Queen.* He goes hence frowning: but it honours us
That we have given him cause.

*Clo.* 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

[107] *So, sir, I desire of you*] After "*sir*" the folio has a colon; which Mr. Collier alters to a full-stop. But though we have had before (p. 435) "*So, sir,*" as a complete sentence, here it can hardly be disjoined from the words which follow.

[108] *Madam, all joy befall your grace and yours!*] The folio has "—— *your Grace, and* you."—Malone thinks we should read "—— his *grace and* you!"—The Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*) print

"Madam, all joy befall your grace!
*Queen.* And you!"—

Mr. Swynfen Jervis proposes "—— *your grace, and* you, sir!"—I adopt, with some hesitation, the reading of Capell (which Steevens gives as his own conjecture: "*i.e.,*" he says, "your relatives. So in *Macbeth* [act iii. sc. 1],

'And beggar'd *yours* for ever'").

Compare, towards the end of the play, p. 512, what Cymbeline says, speaking of the Queen,—"*her* and *hers.*"

*Cym.* Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.
*Queen.* 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.
*Cym.* Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: she looks us like[109]
A thing more made of malice than of duty:
We've noted it.—Call her before us; for
We've been too slight in sufferance. [*Exit an Attendant.*
*Queen.* Royal sir,
Since th' exile of Posthúmus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,[110]
And strokes death to her.

*Re-enter* Attendant.

*Cym.* Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answered?
*Atten.* Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer

[109] *she looks us like*] The folio has "*She* looke *vs like.*"—The editor of the second folio substituted "*She lookes* as *like;*" which Mr. Singer (with the earlier editors) adopts in his *Shakespeare*, 1856, observing that "all the recent editions have the awkward phrase '*She looks us like.*'" But, in spite of its "awkwardness," it is assuredly the right reading: our early writers frequently use the verb "*look*" with an ellipsis of the word which modern phraseology requires after it. So in the preceding play, p. 324,

"By *looking back what* I have left behind."

And see note 144 on *King Henry V.*

[110] *strokes,*] The folio has "stroke."—Corrected in the second folio.

That will be given to the loud'st noise we make.[111]

*Queen.* My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

*Cym.* Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear
Prove false! [*Exit.*

*Queen.* Son, I say,[112] follow the king.

*Clo.* That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

*Queen.* Go, look after. [*Exit Cloten.*

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthúmus!—
He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthúmus: gone she is
To death or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

*Re-enter* CLOTEN.

How now, my son!

*Clo.* 'Tis certain she is fled.
Go in and cheer the king: he rages; none
Dare come about him.

*Queen.* [*aside*] All the better: may
This night forestall him of the coming day! [*Exit.*

(111) *to the loud'st noise we make.*] "The folio, '*to th'* lowd of *noise*,' &c.; where 'of' is most probably a misprint of *st*, as Rowe supposed." GRANT WHITE.

(112) *Son, I say,*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 146) proposes "*Son,—*son, *I say.*"

*Clo.* I love and hate her: for she's fair and royal,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all,—I love her therefore: but,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthúmus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare is chok'd; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools
Shall—

*Enter* PISANIO.

Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither: ah, you precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou'rt straightway with the fiends.

*Pis.* O, good my lord!—

*Clo.* Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter—
I will not ask again. Close villain, I
Will have[113] this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthúmus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

*Pis.* Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

*Clo.* Where is she, sir? Come nearer;

[113] *Close villain, I Will have*] Stands thus in the folio;

"*Close Villaine,*
Ile *haue;*"

and Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 44) would read

"*Close* villany,
*I'll have.*"

But (though the words "*villain*" and "*villany*" are often confounded by early printers) I do not believe that Shakespeare wrote "*villany*" here.

No further halting: satisfy me home
What is become of her.

*Pis.* O, my all-worthy lord!—

*Clo.* All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is at once,
At the next word,—no more of "worthy lord;"
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

*Pis.* Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*

*Clo.* Let's see't.—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

*Pis.* [*aside*] Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this
May prove his travel, not her danger.

*Clo.* Hum!

*Pis.* [*aside*] I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return agen!

*Clo.* Sirrah, is this letter true?

*Pis.* Sir, as I think.

*Clo.* It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee with a serious industry,—that is, what villany soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man: thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

*Pis.* Well, my good lord.

*Clo.* Wilt thou serve me?—for since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine,—wilt thou serve me?

*Pis.* Sir, I will.

*Clo.* Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

*Pis.* I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

*Clo.* The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

*Pis.* I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

*Clo.* Meet thee at Milford-Haven!—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:—even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would these garments were come. She said upon a time—the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart—that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined,—which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so praised,—to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

*Re-enter* PISANIO, *with the clothes.*

Be those the garments?

*Pis.* Ay, my noble lord.

*Clo.* How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

*Pis.* She can scarce be there yet.

*Clo.* Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous and true, preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford: would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. [*Exit.*

*Pis.* Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true.—To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursu'st.—Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her!—This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The same. Wales: before the cave of* BELARIUS.

*Enter* IMOGEN, *in boy's clothes.*

*Imo.* I see a man's life is a tedious one:
I've tir'd myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: to lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars.—My dear lord!
Thou'rt one o' the false ones: now I think on thee
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
Here is a path to't: 'tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother.—Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take or lend. Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy[114]
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [*Goes into the cave.*

([114]) *and if mine enemy*, &c.] "Arrange, rather,

'and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me,
He'll scarcely look on't.—Such a foe, good heavens!'"
Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 326.

*Enter* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

*Bel.* You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman, and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what's homely savoury: weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down-pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

*Gui.* I'm throughly weary.

*Arv.* I'm weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

*Gui.* There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll browse on that,
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

*Bel.* Stay; come not in. [*Looking into the cave.*
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

*Gui.* What's the matter, sir?

*Bel.* By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

*Re-enter* IMOGEN.

*Imo.* Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
T' have begg'd or bought what I have took: good troth,
I have stol'n naught; nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i' the floor.[115] Here's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted[116]
With prayers for the provider.

*Gui.* Money, youth?

[115] *Gold strew'd i' the floor.*] Here "*i'*" has been altered to "o'" by editors who forgot that formerly "*in*" was often equivalent to "on." See note 21 on *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

[116] *parted*] Pope printed "*parted* thence;" Capell, "*parted* so."

*Arv.* All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
And 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.
*Imo.* I see you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.
*Bel.* Whither bound?
*Imo.* To Milford-Haven.
*Bel.* What's your name?
*Imo.* Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I'm fall'n in this offence.
*Bel.* Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.
*Gui.* Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom:—in honesty,
I bid for you as I do buy.[117]
*Arv.* I'll make't my comfort
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him
After long absence, such is yours: most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.
*Imo.* 'Mongst friends,
If brothers.—[*Aside*] Would it had been so,[118] that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize

([117]) *I bid for you as I do buy.*] Has been altered to "*I'd bid for you as I* would [and "*I'd*"] *buy*," and to "*I bid for you as I'd buy.*"

([118]) *'Mongst friends,*
*If brothers.*—[Aside] *Would it had been so,*]

Is pointed in the folio thus,

"*'Mongst Friends?*
*If Brothers: would*," &c.;

(the folio sometimes having an interrogation-point where it is quite out of place: see note 106 on *King Henry VIII.* In the second folio thus,

Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthúmus.
*Bel.* He wrings at some distress.
*Gui.* Would I could free't!
*Arv.* Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!
*Bel.* Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*
*Imo.* Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them,—laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes,—
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus' false.[119]
*Bel.* It shall be so.
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we've supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.
*Gui.* Pray, draw near.
*Arv.* The night to th' owl, and morn to the lark, less welcome.
*Imo.* Thanks, sir.
*Arv.* I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VII. *Rome. A public place.*

*Enter two* Senators *and* Tribunes.

*First Sen.* This is the tenour of the emperor's writ,—
That since the common men are now in action

"'*Mongst friends.*
*If Brothers: would,*" &c.—

Rowe rectified the old punctuation (though Theobald takes the credit of having done so).

[119] *Since Leonatus' false.*] Here, as Walker recommends (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 98), I have marked the elision of "is" after "*Leonatus.*"

'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commends
His absolute commission.[120] Long live Cæsar!

*First Tri.* Is Lucius general of the forces?

*Sec. Sen.* Ay.

*First Tri.* Remaining now in Gallia?

*First Sen.* With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant: the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their dispatch.

*First Tri.* We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *Britain. Wales: the forest near the cave of* BELARIUS.

*Enter* CLOTEN.

*Clo.* I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather—saving reverence of the word—for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to

(120) *he commends*
*His absolute commission.*]

So Theobald (at Warburton's suggestion).—The folio has "*he* commands," &c., which Capell maintains to be right, as "a direct Gallicism" (*Notes*, &c., vol. i. P. i. p. 114), and which, according to Johnson, means "he *commands* the commission to be given to you." But, as Mr. Singer observes (*Shakespeare*, 1856), "to *commend* was the old formula: we have it again in *King Lear*, 'I did *commend* your highness' letters to them.'"

myself,—for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber, I mean,—the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperceiverant thing[121] loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before her face:[122] and all this

([121]) *this imperceiverant thing*] The folio has "*this* imperseuerant *Thing.*"—In my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 258, I observed that the right reading (according to modern orthography) is "this *imperceiverant* thing," *i.e.* this undiscerning thing,—this thing without the power of *perceiving* my superiority to Posthumus; and I quoted from *The Widow* (a play attributed to Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton),

> "Methinks the words
> Themselves should make him do't, had he but the *perseverance*
> Of a cock-sparrow, that will come at Philip,
> And can nor write nor read, poor fool!"
> Act iii. sc. 2 (Middleton's *Works*, vol. iii. p. 388, ed. Dyce).

where, of course, "*perseverance*" is, with our present spelling, "*perceiverance*," *i.e.* discernment, power of *perceiving*.—More recently, in *Notes and Queries*, vol. vii. p. 400, the Rev. W. R. Arrowsmith has adduced numerous instances of the same substantive, with various spelling, from different authors: he also (*ibid.*) refers to a stanza in Hawes's *Pastime of Pleasure* (p. 43, Percy Soc. ed.), where both *perceyueraunce* and *percyueraunt* occur;

> "To vnderstandyng these iiii. accident,
> Doctryne, *perceyueraunce*, and exercyse,
> And also therto is equypolent
> Euermore the perfyt practyse,
> For fyrst doctryne in all goodly wyse
> The *perceyueraunt* rowthe in hys bote of wyll
> In vnderstandyng for to knowe good from yll."
> Sig. F iii. ed. 1555.

([122]) *before her face:*] The folio has "*before* thy *face;*" the transcriber or compositor having here by mistake repeated "thy," in consequence of the preceding "*thy* head," "*thy* shoulders," "*thy* mistress," and "*thy* garments."—Malone defends the old reading, "*before* thy *face*," in the following preposterous note, of which he took the hint from Capell; "Shakespeare, who in *The Winter's Tale* makes a Clown say, 'If thou'lt see a thing to talk on after thou art dead,' would not scruple to give the expression in the text to so fantastic a character as Cloten. The garments of Posthumus might indeed be cut to pieces *before his face*, though his head were off; no one, however, but Cloten would consider

done, spurn her home to her father; who may happily be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. Before the cave of* BELARIUS.

*Enter, from the cave,* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, *and* IMOGEN.

*Bel.* [*to Imogen*] You are not well: remain here in the cave;
We'll come to you after hunting.
*Arv.* [*to Imogen*] Brother, stay here:
Are we not brothers?
*Imo.* So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I'm very sick.
*Gui.* Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.
*Imo.* So sick I am not,—yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton as
To seem to die ere sick: so please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I'm ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me; society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I'm not very sick,

this circumstance as any aggravation of the insult."—Cloten could have no possible object in cutting to pieces the garments of Posthumus before his face, even if Posthumus had been alive to witness the dissection. Cloten wishes to cut them to pieces before the face of Imogen, as a sort of revenge for her having said to him,

> "His [Posthumus's] meanest garment,
> That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
> In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
> Were they all made such men." p. 422.

Cloten is certainly not the downright idiot that Capell and Malone would make him out to be.

Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

*Gui.* I love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

*Bel.* What? how! how!

*Arv.* If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason: the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
"My father, not this youth."

*Bel.* [*aside*] O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
I'm not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

*Arv.* Brother, farewell.

*Imo.* I wish ye sport.

*Arv.* You health.—So please you, sir.[123]

*Imo.* [*aside*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I've heard!
Our courtiers say all's savage but at court:
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!
Th' imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug. [*Swallows some.*[124]

(123) *So please you, sir.*] Tyrwhitt would make these words the commencement of the next speech.—"Point

'So please you, sir—'

Arviragus is speaking to Belarius." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 326.

(124) *Pisanio,*
*I'll now taste of thy drug.* [Swallows some.]

Here the folio has no stage-direction.—Rowe, himself a dramatist, saw

*Gui.* I could not stir him:
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.
*Arv.* Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
I might know more.
*Bel.* To the field, to the field!—
We'll leave you for this time: go in and rest.
*Arv.* We'll not be long away.
*Bel.* Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.
*Imo.* Well or ill,
I am bound to you.
*Bel.* And shalt be ever.
[*Exit Imogen into the cave.*
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.
*Arv.* How angel-like he sings!
*Gui.* But his neat cookery![125] he cut our roots in characters;
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.
*Arv.* Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh,—as if the sigh
Was that it was for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.
*Gui.* I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,[126]

that at these words Shakespeare evidently intended Imogen to swallow secretly some of the "drug;" and he accordingly added a stage-direction (which is retained in the acting-copies of the play), "*Drinks out of the vial:*" but the "drug," it appears, was a solid.

[125] Gui. *But his neat cookery!* &c.] The folio has

"*Gui.* *But his neate Cookerie?*
Arui. *He cut our Rootes,*" &c.

[126] *rooted in him both,*] The folio has "*rooted in* them *both;*" which Mr. Hunter defends: "who," he asks, "can doubt that 'them' has for its antecedent the smile and the sigh?" *New Illust. of Shakespeare*, vol. ii. p. 297.

Mingle their spurs together.

*Arv.* Grow, patience![127]

And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine!

*Bel.* It is great morning. Come, away!—Who's there?

*Enter* CLOTEN.

*Clo.* I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.

*Bel.* "Those runagates"!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he.—We're held as outlaws: hence!

*Gui.* He is but one: you and my brother search
What companies are near:[128] pray you, away;
Let me alone with him. [*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*

*Clo.* Soft!—What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?[129]
I've heard of such.—What slave art thou?

*Gui.* A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A "slave" without a knock.

*Clo.* Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.

*Gui.* To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not

(127) *Grow, patience!*] The folio has "*Grow* patient."—In the next line but one, Hanmer printed "—— *root* from thy *increasing vine!*"

(128) *What companies are near:*] "Why the plural? A little below we have

'No company's abroad.'

And again,

'What company
Discover you abroad?'"

Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 255.

(129) *mountaineers?*] Here the folio has "Mountainers?" a form which I should have retained but that in the five other passages where the word occurs the folio spells it with the double *e*.

My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?
*Clo.* Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?
*Gui.* No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.
*Clo.* Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.
*Gui.* Hence, then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I'm loth to beat thee.
*Clo.* Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
*Gui.* What's thy name?
*Clo.* Cloten, thou villain.
*Gui.* Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it: were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould move me sooner.
*Clo.* To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.
*Gui.* I'm sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.
*Clo.* Art not afeard?
*Gui.* Those that I reverence, those I fear,—the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
*Clo.* Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's-town set your heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

*Re-enter* BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

*Bel.* No company's abroad.
*Arv.* None in the world: you did mistake him, sure.
*Bel.* I cannot tell:—long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore, the snatches in his voice,

And burst of speaking, were as his: I'm absolute
'Twas very Cloten.
*Arv.* In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.
*Bel.* Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment
Is oft the cure of fear.[130]—But, see, thy brother.

*Re-enter* GUIDERIUS *with* CLOTEN'S *head.*

*Gui.* This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse,—
There was no money in't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as I do his.
*Bel.* What hast thou done?
*Gui.* I'm perfect what, cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads where—thank[131] the gods!—they grow,
And set them on Lud's-town.
*Bel.* We're all undone.
*Gui.* Why, worthy father, what have we to lose
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law

[130] *for defect of judgment*
*Is oft the cure of fear.*]

The folio has "*Is oft the* cause *of Feare.*"—Theobald printed

"*for* th' effect *of judgment*
*Is oft the* cause *of fear.*"—

I adopt Hanmer's alteration; which is approved of by Capell in his *Notes*, &c., vol. i. P. i. p. 115; and which Malone and Mr. Collier have adopted.—Mr. Grant White (who gives Theobald's reading) says, with over-subtilty, that Hanmer made his correction "regardless of the incongruity between a negative condition and an active remedial agent."—Mr. Staunton prints

"*for defect of judgment*
*Is oft the* sauce *of fear.*"

[131] *thank*] The folio has "thanks."

Protects not us: then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner all himself,
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

*Bel.* No single soul
Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour[132]
Was nothing but mutation,—ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he hearing—
As it is like him—might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail,
More perilous than the head.

*Arv.* Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

*Bel.* I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

*Gui.* With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I've ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck. [*Exit.*

*Bel.* I fear 'twill be reveng'd:
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

(132) *humour*] The folio has "Honor."—Theobald restored the right word,—to do which, indeed, required no great acuteness.

*Arv.* Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursu'd me !—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.
*Bel.* Well, 'tis done:—
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I prithee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.
*Arv.* Poor sick Fidele !
I'll willingly to him: to gain his colour
I'd let a parish of such Clotens' blood,
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*
*Bel.* O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself[133] thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder[134]
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

*Re-enter* GUIDERIUS.

*Gui.* Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,

(133) *how thyself*] Pope's correction.—The folio has "thou *thyselfe*."—The editor of the second folio omitted "thou."
(134) *wonder*] Pope printed "wonderful."—"Of course, '*wonderful*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 327.

In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn music.*
*Bel.* My ingenious instrument![135]
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!
*Gui.* Is he at home?
*Bel.* He went hence even now.
*Gui.* What does he mean? since death of my dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?
*Bel.* Look, here he comes,[136]
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for!

*Re-enter* ARVIRAGUS, *bearing* IMOGEN, *as dead, in his arms.*

*Arv.* The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
T' have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.
*Gui.* O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not th' one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself.
*Bel.* O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest[137] harbour in?—Thou blessèd thing!

(135) *My ingenious instrument!*] The folio has "*My* ingenuous *Instrument;*" which (though "*ingenious*" was often used for "ingenuous," and, in rare cases, the latter for the former) Shakespeare would not have written here.

(136) *Look, here he comes,*] Walker proposes "Cadwal!—*Look here,*" &c. *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 145.

(137) *thy sluggish crare*
*Might easiliest*]
The folio has

Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?

*Arv.* Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

*Gui.* Where?

*Arv.* O' the floor;
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought he slept; and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

*Gui.* Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.(138)

*Arv.* With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath:(139) the ruddock would,
With charitable bill,—O bill, sore-shaming(140)

"*thy sluggish* care
Might'st *easilest;*"

and so the second folio, except that it alters "Might'st" to "*Might.*"—Simpson substituted "*crare*" for "care."

(138) *With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,*
*And worms will not come to thee.*]

Another of those violent changes of person, which Malone defends, and which Steevens thinks it unfair to lay to the charge of Shakespeare. See note 8.

(139) *no, nor*
*The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,*
*Out-sweeten'd not thy breath:*]

See last note on *The Winter's Tale.*

(140) *sore-shaming*] "*Foreshaming* or *forshaming*, I think; *for* as in *fordo, forwaste*, &c." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 297.—The old reading is surely right.

Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!—bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground[141] thy corse.

*Gui.* Prithee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave!

*Arv.* Say, where shall's lay him?

*Gui.* By good Euriphile, our mother.

*Arv.* Be't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother;[142] use like note and words,
Save that Euriphile[143] must be Fidele.

*Gui.* Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

*Arv.* We'll speak it, then.

*Bel.* Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:
And, though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that:[144] though mean and mighty rotting
Together have one dust, yet reverence—
That angel of the world—doth make distinction

(141) *winter-ground*] Warburton reads "*winter*-gown;" and so Walker, who says that the "*winter-ground*" of the folio is "for *winter-gowne*. (Or indeed *gowne* may have been written in the Ms. *gownd*, as the final *e* is often printed *d* in the folio; see art. lxii. on that point)." *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 141.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*winter*-guard."

(142) *sing him to the ground,*
*As once our mother;*]

The folio has "*As once* to *our Mother*,"—"the compositor having probably caught the word 'to' from the preceding line. The correction was made by Mr. Pope." MALONE.

(143) *Euriphile*] See note 93.

(144) *He was paid for that:*] "Sir Thomas Hanmer reads 'He *has* paid for that,'—rather plausibly than rightly. '*Paid*' is for *punished*." JOHNSON.

Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.
*Gui.* Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.
*Arv.* If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.
[*Exit Belarius.*
*Gui.* Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to th' east;
My father hath a reason for't.
*Arv.* 'Tis true.
*Gui.* Come on, then, and remove him.
*Arv.* So.—Begin.

SONG.

*Gui.* Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

*Arv.* Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

*Gui.* Fear no more the lightning-flash,
*Arv.* Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;
*Gui.* Fear not slander, censure rash;
*Arv.* Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
*Both.* All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

*Gui.* No exorciser harm thee!
*Arv.* Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
*Gui.* Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

*Arv.* Nothing ill come near thee!
*Both.* Quiet consummation have;
And renownèd be thy grave!

*Re-enter* BELARIUS *with the body of* CLOTEN.

*Gui.* We've done our obsequies: come, lay him down.
*Bel.* Here's a few flowers; but 'bout midnight, more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces.—
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
These herblets shall, which we upon you strow.—
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground that gave them first has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is[145] their pain.
[*Exeunt Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*
*Imo.* [*awaking*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the way?—
I thank you.—By yond bush?—Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins! can it be six mile yet?—
I've gone all night:—faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow:—O gods and goddesses!
[*Seeing the body of Cloten.*
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope I dream;
For so[146] I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd,[147] felt.

[145] *is*] The folio has "are."
[146] *so*] Pope printed "sure;" and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "lo,"—rightly perhaps.
[147] *imagin'd,*] Qy. "imag'd"?

A headless man!—The garments of Posthúmus!
I know the shape of's leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his[148] Jovial face—
Murder in heaven?—How!—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irregulous devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forgèd letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top!—O Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me! where's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left thy head on.—How should this be?[149] Pisanio?
'Tis he and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed and Cloten's:[150] O!—
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

[*Throws herself on the body.*

*Enter* LUCIUS, *a* Captain *and other* Officers, *and a* Soothsayer.

*Cap.* To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven with your ships:

[148] *but his*] "Write 'but's.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 327.

[149] *And left thy head on.—How should this be?*] So Hanmer.—The folio has "*And left* this *head on*," &c. (which was altered in the third folio to "*And left* his *head on*," &c.); the transcriber's or compositor's eye having caught "this" from the latter part of the line.

[150] *Cloten's:*] The folio has "Cloten."

They are in readiness.[151]

*Luc.* But what from Rome?

*Cap.* The senate hath stirr'd up the cónfiners
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

*Luc.* When expect you them?

*Cap.* With the next benefit o' the wind.

*Luc.* This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?

*Sooth.* Last night the very gods show'd me a vision,—
I fast and pray'd for their intelligence,—thus:
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends—
Unless my sins abuse my divination—
Success to the Roman host.

*Luc.* Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here
Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

*Cap.* He's alive, my lord.

*Luc.* He'll, then, instruct us of this body.—Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for it seems
They crave to be demanded. Who is this

(151) *You here at Milford-Haven with your ships:*
*They are in readiness.*]

So the second folio.—The first folio has

"*You heere at Milford-Hauen, with your Shippes:*
*They are* heere *in readinesse;*"

the transcriber or compositor having repeated "heere" by mistake.

Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

*Imo.* I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain:—alas!
There is no more such masters:[152] I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, and[153] all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

*Luc.* 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining than
Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good friend.

*Imo.* Richard du Champ.—[*Aside*] If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it.—Say you, sir?

*Luc.* Thy name?

*Imo.* Fidele, sir.

*Luc.* Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: go with me.

*Imo.* I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;

(152) *There is no more such masters:*] The modern editors usually print, with the second folio, "*There* are *no more*," &c.: yet earlier in this play (p. 433) they are content to give "there *is* no more such Cæsars," &c. (which, by the by, is not altered in the second folio).

(153) *and*] Added by Capell; the line halting intolerably from omission.

And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.
*Luc.* Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee than master thee.—
My friends,[154]
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: come, arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A room in* CYMBELINE'S *palace.*

*Enter* CYMBELINE, Lords, PISANIO, *and* Attendants.

*Cym.* Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her.
A fever with the absence of her son; [*Exit an Attendant.*
A madness,[155] of which her life's in danger,—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,[156]
Who needs must know of her departure, and

(154) *And rather father thee than master thee.—*
*My friends,*]

"Write, I imagine,

'And rather father than master thee. My friends,' &c."
Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 327.

(155) *A fever with the absence of her son;*
*A madness,*]

"Wrong surely; the latter '*A*' originating in the former." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 88.—Several of the earlier editors omit the latter "*A.*"

(156) *But for thee, fellow,*] "Surely, 'But for thee, *thee*, fellow' [which Capell gave]." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 146.

Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

*Pis.* Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

*First Lord.* Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here:
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

*Cym.* The time is troublesome.—
[*To Pisanio*] We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy
Does yet depend.

*First Lord.* So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

*Cym.* Now for the counsel of my son and queen!—
I am amaz'd with matter.

*First Lord.* Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're ready:
The want is, but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.

*Cym.* I thank you. Let's withdraw;
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away!

[*Exeunt all except Pisanio.*

*Pis.* I've had no letter[157] from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain: 'tis strange:

[157] *I've had no letter*] So Hanmer (which Capell slightly altered to "*I* have *had no letter*").—The folio has "*I* heard *no Letter;*" which is thus defended by Malone: "Perhaps '*letter*' here means, not an epistle, but the elemental part of a syllable. This might have been a phrase in Shakespeare's time. We yet say—I have not *heard* a *syllable* from him."

Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings; neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all:—the heavens still must work.
Wherein I'm false I'm honest; not true, to be true:
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same. Wales: before the cave of* BELARIUS.

*Enter* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

*Gui.* The noise is round about us.
*Bel.* Let us from it.
*Arv.* What pleasure, sir, find we in life,[158] to lock it
From action and adventure?
*Gui.* Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.
*Bel.* Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death—we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands—may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.
*Gui.* This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.
*Arv.* It is not likely

[158] *find we in life,*] The folio has "we finde *in life*."—Corrected in the second folio.

That when they hear the[159] Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.
*Bel.* O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.
*Gui.* Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to th' army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,[160]
Cannot be question'd.
*Arv.* By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: what thing is it that I never

[159] *the*] The folio has "their."

[160] *o'ergrown,*] Understanding this word to refer more particularly to the hair and beard of Belarius, I observed in my *Remarks on Mr Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 260; "Its meaning is sufficiently explained by what Posthumus afterwards says of Belarius,

'who deserv'd
So long a breeding as *his white beard* came to;'"

and I noticed the strange inappositeness of a quotation from Spenser which Steevens adduces to illustrate it. Hence, in the second edition of his *Shakespeare* Mr. Collier writes as follows; "The Rev. Mr. Dyce would poorly limit the meaning of 'o'ergrown' to the beard of Belarius; and he laughs at Steevens for quoting Spenser in some lines where 'o'ergrown with old decay' occurs. Such unquestionably was the meaning of 'o'ergrown' in this passage in 'Cymbeline,' the 'white beard' of Belarius being only a small part of the change produced in him by age. No reference could well be more apposite than that of Steevens; and we cannot but smile when we find Mr. Dyce, with surprising simplicity, complaining of commentators, who fancy that quotations are illustrative, merely because they contain a particular word in the text ('Remarks,' p. 259)."

It is plain that Mr. Collier knows the passage in Spenser only from

Did see man die![161] scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison!
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel! I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

*Gui.* By heavens, I'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by

the note of Steevens,—who (cunning dog, as he always showed himself!) purposely gave it thus mutilated;

> "*o'ergrown* with old decay,
> And hid in darkness, that none could behold
> The hue thereof."

Entire, it stands;

> "Both roofe, and floore, and walls, were all of gold,
> But *overgrowne with dust and old decay*,
> And hid in darknes, that none could behold
> The hew thereof; for vew of cherefull day
> Did never in that house itselfe display," &c.
> *The Fairie Queene*, B. ii. c. vii. st. 29.

and if Mr. Collier still imagines that Spenser's description of THE CAVE OF MAMMON, "*o'ergrowne with dust and old decay*" (*i.e.* covered with dust and mouldiness—*pulvere et situ*), illustrates the word "*o'ergrown*" as applied by Shakespeare to Belarius, he is welcome to his opinion for me, and may continue to "smile at my surprising simplicity" in thinking that the quotation is altogether inapposite, and that Steevens, with equal propriety, might have cited from st. 4 of the same Book and Canto

> "His yron cote, all *overgrowne* with rust,
> Was underneath enveloped with gold," &c.

In conclusion, I may mention that Sir John Harington in his version of the *Orlando Furioso* has

> "Whose *beard with age was overgrowne* and gray." B. xv. st. 30.
>
> "This while Adonio, looking pale and wan,
> As erst I told, and *overgrown with haire*," &c. B. xliii. st. 89.

(161) *what thing is it that I never*
*Did see man die!*]

The modern editors (misled by the folio, which sometimes, as here, puts the interrogation-point for the exclamation-point) very improperly make this passage interrogative. By "what thing is it," &c., Arviragus means "what *a* thing is it," &c.,—the "*a*" in such exclamations being frequently omitted by our early writers: see note 23 on *Julius Cæsar*.

The hands of Romans!

*Arv.* So say I,—Amen.

*Bel.* No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys!
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead.—[*Aside*] The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn,
Till it fly out, and show them princes born. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. *Britain. The Roman camp.*

*Enter* POSTHUMUS *with a bloody handkerchief.*

*Post.* Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd[162]
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little!—O Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this: so had you sav'd
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.[163]

[162] *for I wish'd*] So Pope.—The folio has "*for I* am *wisht;*" which Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare*, 1856) alters to "*for I* e'en *wish'd*" (weakening the sense not a little).

[163] *you some permit*
*To second ills with ills, each elder worse,*
*And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.*]
In the last line of this very obscure passage Theobald altered "*dread it*"

But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,
And make me bless'd t' obey!—I am brought hither
Among th' Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose:—I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion,—less without and more within. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. A field between the British and Roman camps.*

*Enter, from one side,* LUCIUS, IACHIMO, IMOGEN, *and the* Roman Army; *from the other side, the* British Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS *following, like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Alarums. Then enter again, in skirmish,* IACHIMO *and* POSTHUMUS: *he vanquisheth and disarmeth* IACHIMO, *and then leaves him.*

*Iach.* The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I've belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before

to "dreaded." As to "*elder*," I agree with Malone that Shakespeare here "considered the later evil deed as the elder."

This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [*Exit.*

*The battle continues; the* Britons *fly;* CYMBELINE *is taken: then enter, to his rescue,* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

*Bel.* Stand, stand! We have th' advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us but
The villany of our fears.
*Gui., Arv.* Stand, stand, and fight!

*Re-enter* POSTHUMUS, *and seconds the* Britons: *they rescue* CYMBELINE, *and all exeunt. Then re-enter* LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *and* IMOGEN.

*Luc.* Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hoodwink'd.
*Iach.* 'Tis their fresh supplies.
*Luc.* It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let's re-enforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Another part of the field.*

*Enter* POSTHUMUS *and a* British Lord.

*Lord.* Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?
*Post.* I did:
Though you, it seems, came from the fliers.
*Lord.* I did.
*Post.* No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: the king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

*Lord.* Where was this lane?

*Post.* Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's country:—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings,—lads more like to run
The country base than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd or shame,—
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
"Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand!"—These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,—
For three performers are the file when all
The rest do nothing,—with this word, "Stand, stand,"
Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness,—which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance,—gilded pale looks,
Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward
But by example,—O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!—gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' th' hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon
A rout, confusion-thick: forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
The strides they victors made:[164] and now our cowards—
Like fragments in hard voyages—became
The life o' the need: having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound!

(164) *they stoop'd eagles; slaves,*
*The strides they victors made:*]

The folio has

"*they* stopt *Eagles, slaues*
*The strides* the *Victors made.*"

Some slain before; some dying; some their friends
O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten, chas'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would die or e'er resist are grown
The mortal bugs o' the field.
*Lord.* This was strange chance,—
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys!
*Post.* Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
"Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane."
*Lord.* Nay, be not angry, sir.
*Post.* 'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;
For if he'll do as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You've put me into rhyme.
*Lord.* Farewell; you're angry.
*Post.* Still going?[165] [*Exit Lord.*
This is a lord! O noble misery!
To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!
To-day how many would have given their honours
T' have sav'd their carcasses! took heel to do't,
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will find him:
For being now a favourer to the Briton,[166]

([165]) *Still going?*] "*i.e.* You run away from me, as you did from the enemy." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 327.

([166]) *For being now a favourer to the Briton*, &c.] "This is spoken of '*death*,' whom the speaker is seeking: but despairing to find him among the Britains, of whom he was '*now a favourer, I, no more a Britain*,' says he, '*have resum'd the part I came in*, the Roman, and will meet with him there." Capell's *Notes*, &c., vol. i. P. i. p. 118.—Hanmer substituted "*For being now a favourer to the* Roman," &c.

No more a Briton, I've resum'd again
The part I came in: fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
Britons must take: for me, my ransom's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep nor bear agen,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

*Enter two* British Captains *and* Soldiers.

*First Cap.* Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius is taken:
'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.
*Sec. Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave th' affront with them.
*First Cap.* So 'tis reported:
But none of 'em can be found.—Stand! who is there?
*Post.* A Roman;
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.
*Sec. Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!—
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here:—he brags his service
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

*Enter* CYMBELINE, *attended;* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Soldiers, *and* Roman Captives. *The* Captains *present* POSTHUMUS *to* CYMBELINE, *who delivers him over to a* Gaoler: *after which, all go out.*

## SCENE IV. *The same. A prison.*

*Enter* POSTHUMUS *and two* Gaolers.

*First Gaol.* You shall not now be stol'n, you've locks upon you;
So graze as you find pasture.

*Sec. Gaol.* Ay, or a[167] stomach.

[*Exeunt Gaolers.*

*Post.* Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death; who is the key
T' unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods, give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,
Then free for ever! Is't enough[168] I'm sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me than my all.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement: that's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
You rather mine, being yours: and so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,[169]

(167) *a*] An interpolation?

(168) *Is't enough*] "Does not the sense require 'Is't *not* enough'? The metre would admit it." Note by Mr. W. N. Lettsom apud Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 328.

(169) *If you will take this audit, take this life,*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 293) marks the first "*take*" as suspicious. But he does not notice the remarkable accumulation of *takes* in this speech: a little above we have

"*take*
No stricter render of me than my all.
. . . . . .
Who of their broken debtors *take* a third,
. . . . . .
For Imogen's dear life *take* mine;
. . . . . .
Though light, *take* pieces for the figure's sake."

And cancel these cold bonds:—O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence. [*Sleeps.*

*Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition,* SICILIUS LEONATUS, *father to* POSTHUMUS, *an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to* POSTHUMUS, *with music before them; then, after other music, follow the two young* LEONATI, *brothers to* POSTHUMUS, *with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle* POSTHUMUS *round, as he lies sleeping.*

*Sici.* No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending nature's law:
Whose father then, as men report
Thou orphans' father art,
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

*Moth.* Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthúmus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

*Sici.* Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

*First Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

*Moth.* With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

*Sici.* Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' th' other's villany?

*Sec. Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we come,[170]
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty and Tenantius' right
With honour to maintain.

*First Bro.* Like hardiment Posthúmus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd?

*Sici.* Thy crystal window ope; look out;[171]
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.

*Moth.* Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

*Sici.* Peep through thy marble mansion; help;
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest
Against thy deity.

[170] *come,*] The folio has "came;" manifestly wrong.
[171] *look out;*] The folio has "*looke*, looke *out.*"—Corrected in the second folio.

*Both Bro.* Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER *descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunderbolt. The* Ghosts *fall on their knees.*

*Jup.* No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush! How dare you ghosts
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering bank of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents opprest;
No care of yours it is; you know 'tis ours.
Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine:
And so, away! no further with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*

*Sici.* He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet than our bless'd fields: his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.

*All.* Thanks, Jupiter!

*Sici.* The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof.—Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*The Ghosts vanish.*

*Post.* [*waking*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
A father to me; and thou hast created

A mother and two brothers: but—O scorn!—
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born:
And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise. [*Reads.*

"Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty."

'Tis still a dream;[172] or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

*Re-enter* First Gaoler.

*First Gaol.* Come, sir, are you ready for death?

*Post.* Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

*First Gaol.* Hanging is the word, sir: if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

*Post.* So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

(172) *'Tis still a dream*, &c.] "Something is lost. Perhaps Shakespeare wrote

> 'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
> Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing; or
> *A* senseless speaking, or a speaking such
> As sense cannot untie.'"
>
> Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 329.

*First Gaol.* A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern-bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty,—the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light being drawn of heaviness: of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O the charity of a penny cord![173] it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

*Post.* I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

*First Gaol.* Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

*Post.* Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

*First Gaol.* Your death has eyes in's head, then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know; or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.[174]

*Post.* I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to

[173] *of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord!*] The folio has "Oh, *of this contradiction you shall now be quit; Oh, the charity*," &c.; the first "Oh" having been evidently inserted by mistake, in consequence of the transcriber's or compositor's eye resting on the second one.

[174] *or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know; or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.*] The folio has "*or* to *take vpon your selfe*," &c.: it also has a blur (occasioned by the sticking up of what is technically called a *space*) before the next "*or;*" which blur Mr. Knight considers to be an *f*, and prints "for, *jump the after-inquiry on your own peril, and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.*"—1865. The Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*) print "*or* do *take upon yourself*," &c.: but I feel sure that the "to" of the folio was repeated by mistake from the immediately preceding "*to* know."

direct them the way I am going, but such as wink and will not use them.

*First Gaol.* What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging's the way of winking.

*Enter a* Messenger.

*Mess.* Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

*Post.* Thou bringest good news,—I am called to be made free.

*First Gaol.* I'll be hanged, then.

*Post.* Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Messenger.*

*First Gaol.* Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V. *The same.* CYMBELINE'S *tent.*

*Enter* CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, *and* Attendants.

*Cym.* Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targes of proof,[175] cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

*Bel.* I never saw

[175] *Stepp'd before targes of proof,* &c.] See note 76 on *Antony and Cleopatra*, p. 294 of this volume.

Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd naught
But beggary and poor looks.

*Cym.* No tidings of him?

*Pis.* He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

*Cym.* To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[*To Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus.*
By whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are:—report it.

*Bel.* Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add we're honest.

*Cym.* Bow your knees.
Arise my knights o' the battle: I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

*Enter* CORNELIUS *and* Ladies.

There's business in these faces.—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

*Cor.* Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

*Cym.* Who worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

*Cor.* With horror, madly dying, like her life
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd
I will report, so please you: these her women
Can trip me, if I err; who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

*Cym.* Prithee, say.

*Cor.* First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.

*Cym.* She alone knew this;
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

*Cor.* Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

*Cym.* O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

*Cor.* More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, lingering,
By inches waste you: in which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show; yes, and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft,[176] to work
Her son into th' adoption of the crown:
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so,
Despairing, died.

*Cym.* Heard you all this, her women?

*First Lady.* We did, so please your highness.

*Cym.* Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;

[176] *yes, and in time,*
*When she had fitted you with her craft,*]

Here the "*yes*" is from the second folio; an insertion which, I confess, I hardly like, and which is pronounced to be "wrong" by Walker, who (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 329) proposes "*and in* due *time.*"—In the second line Walker (*id.* vol. i. p. 294) would substitute "*fit*" for "*fitted;*" an alteration which seems less necessary here than in *The Taming of the Shrew;* see note 7 on that play.

Mine ears, that heard[177] her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

*Enter* LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *the* Soothsayer, *and other* Roman Prisoners, *guarded;* POSTHUMUS *behind, and* IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So think of your estate.

*Luc.* Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on't: and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous-diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join
With my request, which I'll make bold your highness
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

*Cym.* I've surely seen him:
His favour is familiar to me.—
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own.—I know not why, nor[178] wherefore,

[177] *heard*] The folio has "heare."—Corrected in the second folio.
[178] *nor*] Omitted in the folio.

To say "Live, boy:" ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

*Imo.* I humbly thank your highness.

*Luc.* I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet I know thou wilt.

*Imo.* No, no: alack,
There's other work in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

*Luc.* The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd?

*Cym.* What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more: think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

*Imo.* He is a Roman; no more kin to me
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

*Cym.* Wherefore ey'st him so?

*Imo.* I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

*Cym.* Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

*Imo.* Fidele, sir.

*Cym.* Thou'rt my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*

*Bel.* Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

*Arv.* One sand another
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidele.[179]—What think you?

[179] *One sand another*
*Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad*
*Who died, and was Fidele.*]

Imperfectly as this is expressed, I am inclined to agree with Mr. Knight

*Gui.* The same dead thing alive.

*Bel.* Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I'm sure
He would have spoke to us.

*Gui.* But we saw[180] him dead.

*Bel.* Be silent; let's see further.

*Pis.* [*aside*] 'Tis my mistress:
Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad. [*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*

*Cym.* Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—[*To Iachimo*] Sir, step you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.

*Imo.* My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

*Post.* [*aside*] What's that to him?

*Cym.* That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours?

*Iach.* Thou'lt torture me[181] to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

*Cym.* How! me?

*Iach.* I'm glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which torments me to conceal.[182] By villany

in thinking that we have here what Shakespeare wrote.—It has been altered in various ways.—Walker supposes that half a line has dropped out: he says, "Qu.,

'One sand another
Not more resembles [
Than he resembles] that sweet rosy lad,
Who died,' &c." *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 329.

(180) *saw*] The folio has "see."

(181) *Thou'lt torture me*, &c.] In case this should seem obscure to some readers, I may notice that the meaning is—"Instead of torturing me to speak, thou wouldst (if thou wert wise, or aware) torture me to prevent my speaking that," &c.

(182) *I'm glad to be constrain'd to utter that*
*Which torments me to conceal.*]

Here the "*Which*" (though we have "*that which*" in Iachimo's preceding speech) would seem to be an addition by the transcriber or printer. A modern arrangement is,

I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus' jewel;
Whom thou did'st banish; and—which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me—a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

*Cym.* All that belongs to this.

*Iach.* That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember—Give me leave; I faint.

*Cym.* My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

*Iach.* Upon a time,—unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!—it was in Rome,—accurs'd
The mansion where!—'twas at a feast,—O, would
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heav'd to head!—the good Posthúmus—
What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones—sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak; for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye,—

*Cym.* I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.

*Iach.* All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This Posthúmus,
Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover, took his hint;

> "*I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which*
> *Torments me,*" &c.;]

and Boswell says, "If we lay an emphasis on *that*, it will be an hypermetrical line of eleven syllables. *There is scarcely a page in Fletcher's plays where this sort of versification is not to be found,*"—Fletcher's versification being essentially different from our author's!

And, not dispraising whom we prais'd,—therein
He was as calm as virtue,—he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

*Cym.* Nay, nay, to the purpose.

*Iach.* Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of's bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of's car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design:—well may you, sir,
Remember me at court; where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent:
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,—
O cunning, how I got it![183]—nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon—

([183]) *it!*] Added in the second folio.

Methinks, I see him now—

*Post.* [*coming forward*] Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend!—Ay me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all th' abhorrèd things o' th' earth amend
By being worse than they. I am Posthúmus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd Posthúmus Leonatus; and
Be villany less than 'twas!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

*Imo.* Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

*Post.* Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her: she falls.*

*Pis.* O, gentlemen, help![184]
Mine and your mistress!—O, my lord Posthúmus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now.—Help, help!—
Mine honour'd lady!

*Cym.* Does the world go round?

*Post.* How come these staggers on me?

*Pis.* Wake, my mistress!

*Cym.* If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

*Pis.* How fares my mistress?

*Imo.* O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

*Cym.* The tune of Imogen!

*Pis.* Lady,

[184] *help!*] In all probability "*help*, help."

The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.
*Cym.* New matter still?
*Imo.* It poison'd me.
*Cor.* O gods!—
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: "If Pisanio
Have," said she, "given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat."
*Cym.* What's this, Cornelius?
*Cor.* The queen, sir, very oft impórtun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but in short time
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?
*Imo.* Most like I did, for I was dead.[185]
*Bel.* My boys,
There was our error.
*Gui.* This is, sure, Fidele.
*Imo.* Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again.[186] [*Embracing him.*

[185] *dead.*] "i.e. *insensible, fainting*, in a state of suspended animation," says Mr. W. N. Lettsom apud *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 330, by Walker, who quotes "Stage Direction, iv. 2, fol. p. 389, col. i. '*Enter Arviragus, with Imogen* dead, *bearing her in his Armes*';" and "Spenser, F. Q., B. iv. C. vii. st. ix.,

> 'For she (deare ladie) all the while was *dead*,
> Whilest he in armes her bore; but when she felt
> Herself down soust, she waked out of dread,
> Straight into griefe,' &c."

[186] *Think that you are upon a rock; and now Throw me again.*] "A passage of impenetrable obscurity. There is probably a corruption of all the last five words. 'Rock' may be a misprint of 'neck;' and

*Post.* Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!
*Cym.* How now, my flesh, my child!
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?
*Imo.* Your blessing, sir. [*Kneeling.*
*Bel.* Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for't. [*To Guiderius and Arviragus.*
*Cym.* My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.
*Imo.* I'm sorry for't, my lord.
*Cym.* O, she was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how nor where.
*Pis.* My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feignèd letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he enforc'd from me, away he posts[187]
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour; what became of him

perhaps the original words were something like 'Think she's upon your neck.' No explanation has been given that is worth repeating." GRANT WHITE.—I believe the simple meaning of this affecting passage is; "Now prove your love; if you throw me from your arms now, my fall will be as fatal to me as if you had precipitated me from a rock."

([187]) *away he posts*, &c.] "Observe that Pisanio, v. 5, in the account he gives of Cloten's proceedings, says of him,

'away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate,' &c.;

though Cloten says nothing to this effect in his dialogue with Pisanio, iii. 5. Did Pisanio learn it from a subsequent conversation with the prince in his apartments? see the conclusion of the last-mentioned scene." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 332.

I further know not.

*Gui.* Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

*Cym.* Marry, the gods forfend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: prithee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

*Gui.* I've spoke it, and I did it.

*Cym.* He was a prince.

*Gui.* A most incivil one: the wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

*Cym.* I'm sorry for thee:[188]
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: thou'rt dead.

*Imo.* That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

*Cym.* Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

*Bel.* Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.[189]—[*To the Guard*] Let his arms alone;
They were not born for bondage.

*Cym.* Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

*Arv.* In that he spake too far.

([188]) *I'm sorry for thee:*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "*I am* sorrow *for thee;*" which no one, I presume, will attempt to defend who recollects that the expression "*I am sorry*" occurs more than fifty times in our author's other plays.

([189]) *Had ever scar for.*] "*i.e.* for meriting, or in attempting to merit." Capell's *Notes*, &c., vol. i. P. i. p. 121.—I can see no reason to question the correctness of this passage.

*Cym.* And thou shalt die for't.
*Bel.* We will die all three:
But I will prove that two on's are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.
*Arv.* Your danger's ours.
*Gui.* And our good his.
*Bel.* Have at it, then!—
By leave,—thou hadst, great king, a subject who
Was call'd Belarius.
*Cym.* What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.
*Bel.* He it is that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how a traitor.
*Cym.* Take him hence:
The whole world shall not save him.
*Bel.* Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I've receiv'd it.
*Cym.* Nursing of my sons!
*Bel.* I am too blunt and saucy: here's my knee:
Ere I arise I will prefer my sons;
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.
*Cym.* How! my issue!
*Bel.* So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere[190] offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—
For such and so they are—these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have as I

([190]) *mere*] The folio has "neere."

Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,[191]
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:—
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

*Cym.* Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service that you three have done is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children:
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

*Bel.* Be pleas'd awhile.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son: he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by th' hand
Of his queen-mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

*Cym.* Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

*Bel.* This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

*Cym.* O, what, am I
A mother to the birth of three? [192] Ne'er mother

[191] *Euriphile,*] See note 93.

[192] *O, what, am I*
*A mother to the birth of three?*]
"Surely [with Hanmer];

Rejoic'd deliverance more.—Bless'd pray[193] you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.
*Imo.* No, my lord;
I've got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When ye[194] were so indeed.
*Cym.* Did you e'er meet?
*Arv.* Ay, my good lord.
*Gui.* And at first meeting lov'd;
Continu'd so, until we thought he died.
*Cor.* By the queen's dram she swallow'd.
*Cym.* O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers?[195] how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance: but nor the time nor place
Will serve our long inter'gatories.[196] See,
Posthúmus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange

'O what am I?
A mother to the birth of three!'"
Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 330.

[193] *pray*] Altered by Rowe to "may."
[194] *ye*] The folio has "we."
[195] *brothers?*] The folio has "Brother?"
[196] *inter'gatories.*] Here the folio has "Interrogatories:" but in *All's well that ends well*, act iv. sc. 3, and (twice) towards the close of *The Merchant of Venice*, it has the old contracted form of the word.

Is severally in all.—Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
[*To Belarius*] Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.
*Imo.* You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.
*Cym.* All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.
*Imo.* My good master,
I will yet do you service.
*Luc.* Happy be you!
*Cym.* The fórlorn soldier, that so[197] nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.
*Post.* I am, sir,[198]
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd.—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.
*Iach.* I am down again: [*Kneeling.*
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.
*Post.* Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you is to spare you;
The malice towards you to forgive you: live,
And deal with others better.
*Cym.* Nobly doom'd!
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.
*Arv.* You holp us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we that you are.

[197] *so*] The folio has "no."—Corrected in the second folio.
[198] *I am, sir,*] Pope printed "'Tis *I am, sir.*"

*Post.* Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: as I slept, methought
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it: let him show
His skill in the construction.

*Luc.* Philarmonus,—

*Sooth.* Here, my good lord.

*Luc.* Read, and declare the meaning.

*Sooth.* [*reads*] "Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty."

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:
[*To Cymbeline*] The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
Which we call *mollis aer;* and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier:* [*To Posthumus*] which *mulier* I divine
Is thy most constant wife;[199] who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

*Cym.* This hath some seeming.

*Sooth.* The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stol'n,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,

(199) *Is thy most constant wife;*] So Capell, who saw that here Posthumus is addressed.—The folio has "*Is* this *most constant Wife.*"—"The Soothsayer here manifestly addresses Posthumus again, and the pronoun ['*thy*'] is required as an antecedent to 'who,' which else must refer to Cymbeline, who was not embraced by Imogen; and if he had been, 'the letter of the oracle' would not have been thereby fulfilled." GRANT WHITE.

To the majestic cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.
*Cym.* Well,
My peace[200] we will begin:—and, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,
Have laid most heavy hand.
*Sooth.* The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle,[201] at this instant
Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd; which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
Th' imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.
*Cym.* Laud we the gods;
And let our crookèd smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's-town march:
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there!—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace. [*Exeunt.*

(200) *My peace*] Altered by Hanmer to "By *peace.*"
(201) *Of this yet scarce-cold battle,*] The folio has "*Of* yet this *scarse-cold-Battaile.*"—Corrected in the third folio.

END OF VOLUME EIGHTH.

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